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HISTORICAL PORTRAITS LATELY EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

IT is customary to call the French people frivolous and vacillating. But they are showing at present a feeling which seems to be genuine and promises to be lasting. I mean their sympathy with those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who remain faithful to France. The chief organ of this sympathy is a society established for the protection of the Alsace-Lorraine loyalists, and especially to promote their emigration to Algeria. A great exhibition of works of art, under the auspices of this society, was opened on the 23d of April last in the building which is commonly called the Palais Bourbon. It was entirely a loan collection, and embraced a large number of objects which were never before exhibited to the public. The list of contributors contained the names of many private persons who, unless under the stimulus of great interest in the cause, would never have been willing to submit their household treasures to vulgar eyes. The result was a collection of exceptional interest and importance. There were sixteen large halls and galleries, some of which were entirely furnished by single individuals or families. It is said that one of these, which was supplied by Madame de Rothschild and her son, alone contained statues, old furniture, and bric-a-brac, the value of which was estimated by experts, for the purposes of insurance, at several millions of francs. This great exhibition has now been closed and its contents dispersed, never again to be seen as a whole by the public.

It is with reluctance that I limit my remarks to a single department of it. I therefore pass over what are technically called the *objets d'art* — the tapestries, the bronzes, the plate, the porcelain, the *faïence*, the jewels, the ivories, the enamels, the miniatures, the terra-cottas, the Palissy ware, the majolica, the autographs, the armor, the illuminated manuscripts, the statuettes, and the thousand and one other curiosities which are more admired and more eagerly sought after now than at any previous period in the history of art. I am strongly tempted to say a word about some of these which have a historical value, such as the red jasper cups of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the dinner service of Madame du Barry, the orchestral *bâton* of Mozart and his autograph score of Don Giovanni, the scissors and the writing-table of Marie Antoinette, the parasol of Diane de Poitiers, the Livre d'Heures of Anne de Bretagne, and the watches of Louis XV. and of Queen Hortense. It is still more difficult to avoid dilating upon objects of this class which have an artistic value in addition to that arising from their associations or their extreme

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rarity: such, for instance, as some of the illuminations, which, falling within the province of the bibliographer rather than of the art critic, have not always, it seems to me, had justice done to their excellence in point of drawing, expression, composition, and color.

I shall also pass over the great mass of the pictures, although some of these were so choice and had usually been so carefully secluded from the public that it was a great privilege to find them here. Among the more precious of these was the famous Virgin by Raphael, which was originally in the Regent's Gallery, and afterwards passed through those of Aguado and Delessert into that of the Duc d'Aumale, its present owner, who is also the owner of many others of the most valuable pictures exhibited. Here were the Joconde of Luini, an Ecce Homo of Mazzolini of Ferrara, a striking Tribute Money by Van Dyck, a March of Silenus by Rubens, and several admirable Hobbemas and Ruysdaels. Here also was a remarkable Christ, by Rembrandt, in which the artist has attributed to his subject hair and beard and eyes so darkly brown as to be virtually black. The forehead is very low, and the fine expression of suffering in the face, and the dark ringlets, reminded me of the head of Joseph Meyer, who took this character in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play of 1871.

The exhibition was particularly rich in works of the French artists, and gave perhaps almost as good an opportunity for study and comparison in this department as that of the Louvre, because here the pictures were fresh to the eyes, and thus their peculiarities were more salient and striking. The Classic and Romantic schools were each fully represented, and there were several of the best productions of the modern Realistic school, which has carried French art, in a technical point of view, to the height attained by Terburg and Metzu.

Of the one thousand and sixty-one numbers in the catalogue, more than one third were portraits; and of these about two hundred and fifty were of the French school. These French portraits were most curious and valuable, and it is of them that I shall have most to say.

Of the Italian school I was struck by a noble portrait by the Florentine Bronzino, a three-quarter length, of a young man, standing, dressed in black, with a black cap. The simple, manly beauty of the face and the natural grace of the posture are admirable, notwithstanding the conscience of the artist did not permit him to leave out the untidy condition of the finger nails of his subject, which probably, however, did not shock the connoisseurs of the sixteenth century. And this neglect of the toilet was also seen in a portrait of Luther by Cranach — one of the twenty-seven attributed to that artist. The great reformer has a soiled face. He had no time for shaving, and the stubble of the beard is apparent. There is a great deal of humor in the expression of the mouth, underneath the obstinacy which seems to have been its chief characteristic. There was also a beautiful portrait of a young man, attributed to Raphael; one of an old man, laughing, by Rembrandt; and two superb canvases by Van Dyck: one of a counselor, which for modeling and flesh tints was marvelous, and the other of Michel Le Blon, the Swedish agent in England (belonging to Baron Hottinguer), a man in a bluish black mantle with his right hand crossing his breast. I must dwell a little longer upon Franz Hals, the precursor of Rembrandt and the friend of Van Dyck, whom perhaps he excelled in genius. This is a master whose wonderful excellence seems to have only within a few years been fully appreciated. He is interesting to us in America because we have a capital specimen of his work in the Art Museum of New York. In the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery there were eleven of his portraits, several of them first-rate. They are executed in the manner of the New York picture, in streaks and splashes of paint without any blending or softening, but each touch so exact and indispensable that what seems close at hand to be a confused heap of jack-straws show at

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a little distance the perfection of flesh modeling. Here, for instance, was a collection of unblended dashes which resolved itself into a man in black with a large muslin collar and tall hat, sitting in a chair and looking as if he could rise and speak to you. In these pictures not one stroke is superfluous, not one touch is wanting to complete the effect. There are no timid *pentimenti*, no tentative, experimental lines. Hals knew from the first exactly what he intended to do, and he did it as if he were creating instead of imitating. I have no space here to speak of the Cardinal Fisher, by Hans Holbein the younger; of two superb works by Sir Antonio Moro, with colors as fresh as they were three hundred years ago; of a man sitting, by Rembrandt, which is life itself; of a Fornarina, by Giulio Romano, of wonderful grace and beauty: but I must stop for a moment before John De Witt, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, by Terburg. It is of cabinet size, but is so admirable in drawing, modeling, character, and color, that it seemed to me to be more valuable than the famous Congress of Munster in the British National Gallery by the same master, for which the Marquis of Hertford paid thirty-six thousand dollars. The Grand Pensionary is represented at full length, in a brown peruke and a straight black coat with arms short at the elbows, showing the full white shirt sleeves below. He wears a sword attached to a broad baldric, and rests his right hand on a cane. This figure is life itself. It looks directly out of its eyes into your own, and in perfection of detail it anticipates the best works in photography, with a vast deal more power and character.

I leave, however, these works of the other Continental schools, and pass to the two hundred and fifty French portraits, which were most of them of the greatest interest and value to historical students, and which, as I have already stated, will never probably again be united in a single exhibition.

These portraits included a period from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the present day. They embraced likenesses of Claude the wife of Francis I., of the Duc de Guise, of Francis of Lorraine, by Clouet; of Henry IV., by Dumoustier; of the famous physician Ambroise Paré, and of Marie de Medicis, by Porbus; of Colbert, of Turenne, of Henrietta the wife of Charles I. of England, of Madame Guyon, and of Cardinal Richelieu, by Philippe de Champagne; of Molière, of Madame de Montespan, and of Madame de Sévigné, by Mignard; of the poet Corneille, by Charles Le Brun; of Madame de Sévigné in pastel, and of Molière, by Nanteuil; of Thomas Corneille, by Jouvenet; of Regnard the comic poet, and of Mlle. Duclos the actress, by Largillière; of the Duc de Broglie, of Louis XV. as a boy, of Samuel Bernard the rich banker, of Philip V. of Spain, and his wife, of Le Notre the famous landscape gardener, by Rigaud; of Louis XIV. receiving the Persian Ambassadors, by Troy; of several French princesses and fine ladies, by Nattier; of Rousseau, of Pompadour, and of Louis XV. again as a child, and of Adrienne Lecouvreur, by La Tour; of Louis Philippe the fifth Duke of Orleans as a baby, by Boucher; of Marivaux the novelist, by Van Loo; of Louis XVI., of Gluck, and of Marie Antoinette, by Duplessis; of Wille the German engraver, of Louis XVI. again, of Voltaire in pastel, and of several distinguished beauties, by Greuze; of Le Kain the actor, by Le Noir; of Madame de Pompadour and other ladies of the court, by Drouais; of the dancer Guimard, by Fragonard; of old Joseph Vernet, by Lépicié; of Marshal Macdonald, of the dramatic poet Sedaine, of the actress Joly, of the Marquise d'Orvilliers, of the Countess de Sorcy, and of the great Napoleon, by David; of Baron Trenck, by Garneray; of Louis XVI., by Callet; of the Queen, of the Duc de Berri the first Dauphin, and many ladies of social distinction, by Madame Vigée Le Brun; of Talleyrand and Gros, by Prud'hon; of Madame de Staël, of the King of Rome, of the actresses Georges, Duchesnois, and Mars, and of the famous beauty Madame Récamier, by Gérard; of De

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Tracy the philosopher, of Lamennais, of Arago, and of Cavaignac, by Scheffer; of the late Duke of Orleans, and of M. Bertin, by Ingres; of Rachel the actress, by Gérôme, and also by Müller; and various other most curious and interesting portraits of Madame de Maintenon, of Francis I., of Louis XIII. as a child, of Louis XIV., of Charles V. of Spain, of Henry IV., of the daughters of Louis XV., of Charles I. and James II. of England, of Louis XVII., of Madame Elizabeth, of Marie Antoinette, and of Robespierre, by unknown artists.

I do not intend to speak of all these portraits in detail. I mention them (and I might add many others) to show what a very interesting collection this was. I shall ask the attention of my readers only to such of them as from their rarity, their merit, or some other circumstance deserve especial consideration. Perhaps the least tedious way to do this will be to divide them into groups according to the classes of character they represent.

I will begin with the women, and I will speak first of a personage who from her beauty, her rank, and her misfortunes is entitled to more attention than any of the others. I mean Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated wife of Louis XVI. There were at least eight portraits of her in this collection. Several of these were hung together and exhibited the queen at various periods of her life, from her childhood, while she was yet an Austrian princess, up to the time of her captivity and death. One of the earliest is by Charpentier, and was painted in 1768, when she was only thirteen years old, and two years before her marriage. She looks here like a pert girl, in her narrow, tight bodice. She is very much rouged, and wears blue ribbons and a blue robe matching her deep grayish blue eyes. Another is by Duplessis, an oval painted in 1775, which is less flattered than the others and shows more individuality and a little of the characteristic Austrian lip. It is still very pert and girlish, but full of *esprit* and *insouciance*. Blue evidently was her favorite color. She wears a blue bodice trimmed with white gauze, ornamented with gold. Her eyes are deep blue, her cheeks are rouged, her lips are very red, and her hair is powdered. This is a lovely portrait, and represents her at about the time when she was seen by Burke. The most important portraits of the queen were made by Madame Vigée Le Brun. There is one in this collection representing her in a red bodice trimmed with fur, a red cap with *aigrette* and plumes, and a pearl necklace, which is ascribed to Madame Le Brun, and is said to have been given to the Comte de Vaudreuil in 1778. But as Madame Le Brun did not paint the queen until 1779, this is probably a mistake, and the picture was either of later date or painted by another artist. But there are two undoubted portraits by this lady. One is a very valuable sketch of the head, which I think must have been made for the great picture at Versailles. It represents the hair dressed very high, and is extremely dignified and noble in expression. The other comes from the collection of the Marquis de Biencourt, and is still more important and interesting. It is a three-quarter length, showing the queen in a large muslin cap trimmed with crimson ribbons, a crimson velvet bodice bound with fur, and a gold-colored skirt. Her hair is powdered, and her face is turned to the spectator. Her body is in profile, and her hands, holding a book, rest on a blue velvet cushion. This is a most lovely portrait, and more pleasing to me than the great full length at Versailles.

Madame Vigée Le Brun in her Souvenirs gives a delightful description of the queen as she appeared at that time.

"It was in the year 1779," she says, "that I painted for the first time the portrait of the queen, then in all the freshness of her youth and beauty. Marie Antoinette was tall, admirably well-made, and sufficiently stout without appearing to be so. Her arms were superb, her hands small and perfect in shape, and her feet charming. Of all the women in France she was the most

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graceful walker. She carried her head very high, which showed she was the sovereign in the midst of all her court, but did not detract in the least from the sweetness and benevolence of her aspect. Her features were not regular. She inherited from her family that long, narrow, oval face which was peculiar to the Austrians. Her eyes were not large; their color was almost blue (*presque bleu*). Her expression was gentle and lovely, her nose refined, and her mouth not too large, although the lips were a little coarse. But what was most remarkable in the face was the *éclat* of her complexion. I have never seen one so brilliant; and 'brilliant' is the word, for her skin was so transparent that it did not take shadows, so I could never render it to my satisfaction. My colors failed to represent that freshness and those tones, so delicate that they seemed to be peculiar to her charming face, and which I have never found in any other woman."

In addition to the portraits of the queen which I have already mentioned, there is a striking sketch by Kucharsky, an artist whose history I have been unable to ascertain, but who painted both the queen and the Dauphin. These sketches are sometimes more valuable than finished works because they record the fresh impressions of an artist. Another curious likeness here was a *plaque* of metal said to have been chiseled or hammered out by Louis XVI. himself, assisted by his friend, the locksmith Germain. It is a profile in bas-relief, with an immense *tête* ornamented with flowers and feathers. It represents the nose as large and aquiline and quite unlike the flattering description given by Madame Vigée Le Brun. Finally, without enumerating all the portraits of the queen, let me come to one of the most interesting. It is a small cabinet piece, and it is described as having been made at the Temple after the death of the king, and given to the Comtesse de Béarn by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the only daughter of Marie Antoinette. It comes from the collection of the Prince de Béarn, and its authenticity, therefore, may be taken for granted. It represents the queen with gray hair, in a white cap trimmed with a broad black ribbon which descends and is crossed over the breast. She wears a black robe and a white muslin *fichu*. There is an expression of tears in the eyes and of disdain in the mouth. The background is the stone wall of the cell. Delaroche, in his famous picture of the queen going to the guillotine, has evidently availed himself of this portrait, which is one of the most touching and interesting I have ever seen.

But I pass from the queens of the court to the queens of society; to the women who have always ruled France from the beginning by letters patent more authentic, perhaps, than any issued by heralds or kings at arms. These portraits are curious illustrations of the manners of their times. It is impossible to avoid noticing the immodesty of many of them, especially those which were painted during the Regency and in the time of Louis XV. The want of scruples in the matter of costume, whenever the point was to display the picturesque or the classic, was not shown for the first time by Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, when she sat to Canova. It is said that Boucher, the fashionable painter of the court, was permitted by the Duchesse de Chartres to finish after nature his famous portrait of her as Hebe offering the cup of nectar to Jupiter's eagle, in which a garland of flowers and a light gauze were the only drapery worn by the goddess. There were several portraits in the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery representing fine ladies in all stages of the toilette, from that of the bath-room to that of the *salon*. One of them, by Watteau, was in the character of a river nymph, and was not encumbered by any drapery whatever. Another, Madame de Ludres, from the collection of the Duchesse de Fitz-James, had absolutely no clothing above the waist.

Another striking feature in all collections of female portraits of the eighteenth century is the influence of rouge and powder in giving what seem to be unnatural contrasts in flesh painting:

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any one who has seen the galleries of Versailles and the pastel rooms at Dresden will remember this, and the great works of Gainsborough and Reynolds in England are not free from the same drawback. It is curious to compare the portraits of the men and the women of those days. While the skin of the men is treated with great truth and naturalness, that of the women by the same artists appears forced and unreal. They look like dolls, and sometimes even like clowns in a pantomime, so violent is the contrast of the reds and the whites. May it not have been the necessity which this preposterous habit occasioned, that induced painters like Greuze and others to employ too much blue as a compensation in the half-tints? In some cases this was carried so far that his sitters look as if they had been under a medication of the nitrate of silver. Some women did not wear rouge, and among these was the famous Madame du Barry. Madame Le Brun was opposed to these artifices, and in 1786, when she was painting the queen, begged her to leave off powder and to part her hair over her forehead. The queen said: "I shall be the last to do this; people will say that I invented the fashion to conceal the height of my forehead."

There were several portraits of princesses in this collection by the famous Nattier. One of them, a daughter of Louis XV., is beautifully drawn with a broad, firm touch. She is a full length, seated, in a white robe with a grayish purple velvet mantle, her bare feet in sandals. She is deeply rouged, and there is a background of classic architecture with an altar in the distance, upon which I suppose the vestal flame is blazing. This picture belongs to Sir Richard Wallace. Another, from the gallery of the Duc d'Aumale, represents a Duchess of Orleans as Hebe — very *décolletée*, in a single white garment with blue drapery, which fails, however, to hide her bare limbs. She holds a pitcher in her right hand and a cup in her left. She is seated on a cloud and very much rouged. There were several others in the same style, but it is unnecessary to describe them. There were two portraits of the Pompadour, one in pastel by La Tour, very engaging, and a study perhaps for his great work in the Louvre, and the other in oils by Drouais, representing his subject as highly rouged, in a chintz dress, a lace cap tied under her chin, and looking out of her beautiful blue eyes in a most gracious, self-satisfied way.

I have just mentioned La Tour. Perhaps some of my readers may not be familiar with the name of Maurice Quentin de la Tour, and yet he exercised in his time such a sovereign dominion in the world of art that when he was summoned to Versailles to take the likeness of Madame de Pompadour he dared to say: "Tell Madame that I do not paint portraits out of my own studio." His reputation, as well as that of Boucher and other artists, was overwhelmed by the terrible waves of the great Revolution, and it is only lately that his fame has emerged again and posterity are doing justice to his extraordinary abilities. He painted almost exclusively in pastels, and those who are curious about him can see thirteen of his works at the Louvre, conspicuous among which is his extraordinary full length of Madame de Pompadour. I will translate a few passages in regard to him from a work upon the art of the eighteenth century which has just been published in Paris (L'Art du Dix-huitième Siècle, par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt).

"La Tour was called a 'magician' by Diderot, and he will keep that appellation. The work which he has left behind him is a kind of magic mirror in which, as in that of the Count de St. Germain, the dead return to life. Here are the princes, the seigneurs, and the fine ladies who gave all the splendor to Versailles. Here are the heads which embodied the philosophy, the science, and the art of that day, which the crayons of the artist, so feeble in the presence of imbeciles, have rendered with fervent love and enthusiasm. With the fugitive chalks of his pastel, as volatile as the hair powder of his period, he

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knew how to bestow a fragile and delicate immortality (*une fragile et délicate immortalité*) upon all that was graceful and beautiful and intellectual in the humanity of his time."

Nothing could be more lovely than some of Greuze's portraits, notwithstanding that blueness of the half-tints of which I have spoken; that of Madame de Courcelles, for instance, which is as fresh as if it were painted yesterday, with its shapely hands most gracefully disposed and on the right wrist a bracelet of pearls in a medallion clasp. Nobody ever painted young girls just entering upon womanhood like Greuze. Here was a lovely likeness of Mademoiselle de Courcelles, afterwards the Comtesse de Guibert, in a blue dress, and with her hair slightly powdered. The blue tones predominate in this picture, but in drawing and sentiment it is delightful. So the Marquise de Champcenetz is one of the most exquisite faces that was ever seen, beautifully modeled, but from the peculiarity of treatment I have mentioned seeming to be absolutely wanting in red blood. It is like a drawing in grayish blue with a faint flesh tint washed in. The head by Greuze in the New York Museum of Art shows much less of this peculiarity. It is stronger in the treatment of the skin, and is more valuable as a specimen of this master than many of the heads for which immense prices were paid, particularly some of those in Sir Richard Wallace's collection, lately exhibited at Bethnal Green.

It is a wide step from Greuze to David. Not in point of time, for they were to a certain extent contemporaries, there being but twenty-three years' difference in their ages; but in point of style, from the affected innocence of the one, which was only sensuality in disguise, to the stern and savage simplicity of the other. It is curious to see how the characteristics of each successive period in France are reproduced in its art. The grandiose turn of the language and manners and dress of the age of Louis XIV. appears in the portraits of Largillière and Rigaud, the elegant and graceful licentiousness of Louis XV. in the erotic decorations of Boucher; the coquetry which travestied the ladies of the court of Louis XVI. into dairy-maids gleams from the cunning *ingênues* of Greuze, while the inexorable severity of the Revolutionary epoch frowns upon you in the naked canvases of David. There is nothing in art so grim and terrible as David's Assassination of Marat. A bath-tub, with the head of the victim thrown backward and his right arm falling outside of it; beside the bath the bloody knife, a block of wood, a leaden inkstand, and a broken pen: this is all, and yet how full and complete the impression it makes on the spectator!

With David, as with so many of the French school, form was everything. He disdained the delights of color, and that magic of *chiaro-scuro* which appeals to the imagination and makes the fancy of the spectator supplement and heighten the conceptions of the artist. Everything is made out with exactness and precision. There is not an inch in his canvases which will not illustrate the rules of perspective and the mathematics of art. In his figures he seems to have painted the bony structure first, then the muscular integuments, then the clothing. In that most extraordinary unfinished work which may be seen at the Louvre, the Oath of the Tennis Court, the figures are all naked, like so many statues, with some of the accessories, however, finished, such as the hats in some of the hands, which give the groups a most grotesque appearance. It is not often that one can see an important portrait by David. There were several in the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery, and it was curious to observe how in these, as in historic compositions, he had carried out his system. His women sit like statues completely detached from the backgrounds. Here was the Marquise d'Orvilliers in a white dress and white cashmere scarf. She might be put into marble without any change. Here was the Comtesse de Sorcy with her arms resting on a chair and her hands clasped. Over the back of the chair falls a drapery of lace. She wears

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a black dress with a scarlet sash at her waist, a lace kerchief of the times crossed on her bosom, and her hair slightly powdered. The background is gray and perfectly plain, the figure in the chair being the only object seen; but how individual it is!

But to leave women whose chief attraction was their beauty or their rank, let me come to those whose power sprung from charms still more lasting.

There were two portraits of Madame de Sévigné in this collection: one by Mignard in oils, representing her in a grayish satin dress, black mantle, and pearl necklace, with her right hand pointing across her bosom. The flesh in this picture is poor in color, but it is well modeled, and the expression is charming. We can easily believe it was a good likeness because it was painted for Madame de Grignan, the daughter of Madame de Sévigné, and it came to its present owner, the Comte de Lucay, by direct succession. The other portrait is a pastel by Nanteuil; and it shows this cleverest of all letter-writers full of smiling good-nature, with small gray eyes set in a fair expanse of face, and a pearl necklace clasped around her opulent throat.

Another woman of genius is Madame de Staël, by Gérard: a three-quarter length, wearing an ugly turban of orange and brown, a robe of the same colors with short sleeves, and a black mantle. She rests her right hand on a table and holds a sprig of leaves in her left. She seems to have had the habit of carrying something of this sort and shaking it in the excitement of conversation. She has a commonplace face, with dingy skin and stubbed features like a cook, and resembles her own Corinne as little as it is possible to conceive. When Madame Le Brun painted her at Coppet in 1808, she endeavored to infuse some poetic fervor into the expression of her sitter by making her recite passages from Corneille and Racine.

In striking contrast with Madame de Staël was the elegant Madame Récamier, also by Baron Gérard. This portrait was interesting because Madame Récamier seems to have owed her distinction as the queen of the society of her time (Madame Tallien perhaps being her only rival) rather to her loveliness than to her wit, and it was curious to see the counterfeit presentment of those charms which gave her such an influence in the world. This portrait certainly justifies all the admiration which was bestowed upon the original. It is the one at the final completion of which her admirers rushed in crowds to see the beautiful sitter in her charming pose, very much to the annoyance of the painter. A writer in Fraser's Magazine says that he saw it in the antechamber of Madame Récamier's apartments, about 1842, when she said to him, "This is what I was forty years ago, when I was in England." She is represented at full length, seated in a chair of classic shape. She wears a simple white robe, which clings to her figure and appears to be her only garment, except an orange-colored shawl which is thrown over her knees. Her hair is dressed like that of a Greek bust, and her feet are bare. This nudity of the feet was very much liked by the fine ladies of that day when they sat for their portraits; particularly when they represented mythological personages. Madame Le Brun says that when she painted the young Princess Lichtenstein as Iris, the husband and other members of the family were greatly scandalized to see her drawn without shoes or stockings. When the prince exhibited it in his gallery at Vienna, he placed beneath it a pretty pair of slippers, telling the grandparents that Iris had dropped them in her upward flight to heaven.

Baron Gérard had excellent opportunities for studying the celebrities of his time. He had among his sitters almost all the crowned heads of Europe of his day, almost all the members of the Boparte family, the emperors of Russia and Austria, the kings of Prussia and Saxony, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, General Moreau, General Foy, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Canning, Wellington, Isabey, Mademoiselle

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Brogniart, Dubois the surgeon, Ducis the poet, and the actresses Georges, Duchesnois, and Mars. Actresses have always been favorite subjects with portrait painters, and there were many portraits of them in this collection. Besides those I have just mentioned there were Adrienne Lecouvreur, Joly, Guimard, Duclos, Sainval, and Rachel. Adrienne Lecouvreur is in pastel by La Tour, and is represented as a Magdalen holding a golden vase. It is a miracle of grace and beauty. Some of my readers may remember with what spirit and feeling Rachel acted in the charming play of which Adrienne was the heroine. Rachel was here in the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery in two portraits, not in the character of Adrienne, but once by Müller in her every-day dress of black with a white collar, and again by Gérôme in one of her classic costumes, a red tunic with a white fillet; the latter portrait a good likeness, but as a work of art hard and metallic. Duclos is by Largillière, one of the great portrait artists of France. It is a three-quarter length in crimson velvet, her neck and bosom superbly modeled, and a Love hovering over her head with a crown of stars in his hand. Mademoiselle Georges, by Gérard, has a superb classical head and a charming expression, so that one can well understand how she might have captivated the great Napoleon. Her hair is dressed close, and the flesh tints of her neck and beautifully rounded shoulders are well brought out by the crimson drapery of the background. Mademoiselle Mars is taken in a white dress with short sleeves and a pearl necklace. She wears pearl ear-rings, and her hair is arranged compactly in small curls clustering over her forehead, with a high knot behind. This portrait scarcely does justice to the engaging beauty of Mademoiselle Mars, and of this I can myself vouch, for it is one of the compensations for an early date in the family register, that it gave me the great privilege of seeing this exquisite woman in several characters; among others in the Valerie of Scribe, and in Molière's Tartuffe. She was nearly sixty years of age at that time, but her voice was like flute music, and her form was still so beautifully rounded and her complexion so smooth and delicate that she played in the successive acts of one piece the parts of a girl of seventeen, a wife of thirty, and a matron of fifty; all with equal truth and fidelity to nature.

I shall conclude what I have to say of the female portraits of this collection by mentioning that of Madame Vigée Le Brun. This was a charming picture by herself, representing her in a white dress, with scarlet ribbons at the neck and waist, a black mantle edged with lace, and a black hat and plume. It belongs to the Comte de Greffulhe, and it seemed to me more agreeable even than the celebrated likenesses in Florence and at the Louvre. Madame Le Brun is one of the best of the second class of portrait artists. She turned off a good many pictures, some of which were uninteresting. But whenever her heart was in her work she was admirable. Like all favorite portrait painters, — like Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Sir Joshua, — she knew the most distinguished persons of her time, and under circumstances too when they were in their most charming moods. She painted all the royal family of France; Marie Antoinette picked up her brushes for her, as Charles V. did those of Titian. While she was still young she made the acquaintance of the most brilliant personages in Parisian society, and being obliged by the Revolution to leave France, she visited Italy, Germany, and Russia; where she met the warmest welcome, and resided until the course of events enabled her to return to her native country. At Naples she painted the queen, who was the sister of Marie Antoinette, and her children. In Vienna she had for sitters the most famous beauties of the court; in Berlin, the Queen of Prussia; in St. Petersburgh, the Emperor Alexander and the empress, the wife of the Emperor Paul, and the flower of the nobility; in England, the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The great Catharine of Russia was only prevented from sit-

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ting to her by a stroke of apoplexy, and Pope Pius VI. by the rule that all women must be veiled in his presence, which she thought would interfere with her success. She painted Madame Du Barry three times. Madame Catalani sang at her concerts in Paris, and Mrs. Billington and Signora Grassini in London. She dined with Buffon and the great actress Clairon. She arranged the clever Duchesnois's costume for her first appearance. She passed many evenings with Doctor Franklin at the house of his intimate friend, Madame de Brion; she supped with Paul Jones at Madame Thilories's. She posed Lady Hamilton in her *tableaux vivants*, and was astonished afterwards to see that graceful creature drink two or three bottles of porter at supper. She witnessed a performance of Semiramis at Coppet, in which Madame Récamier failed from fright in the part of the heroine, and Madame de Staël was occasionally successful in that of Azéma. She attended the *séances* of Mesmer, and was only prevented from joining hands in his magnetic circle by her suspicions as to the state of her neighbor's fingers. She found out, with her professional penetration, that one of the eyes of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was imperfect, and finally she saw the crowning of the great Voltaire at the Comédie Française. She narrates all these things and many more, which I have not space to quote, with great vivacity, and with that extraordinary power of seeing personal peculiarities which belongs to clever artists.

I come now to the male portraits in this collection, with which, however, I will not detain my readers long, as they were by no means so interesting as those of the women.

The great dramatist Pierre Corneille appeared in the picture copied from the original of Charles Le Brun, for use by Caffieri in his extraordinary bust, which may be seen in the *foyer* of the Théâtre Français. It is somewhat wanting in color, but it is strong in modeling. A much more vigorous work was the grand, individual, life-like representation, by Mignard, of Molière in the dress of Cæsar in the play of La Mort de Pompée. This also belongs to the French Theatre. He has thick eyebrows and a small mustache. He wears a scarlet mantle, a truncheon, and a vast, full-bottomed, gray peruke surmounted by a laurel crown tied with red ribbons. It was one of the most striking works in the gallery.

The famous actor Le Kain was represented in a portrait by Le Noir, a three-quarter length, in a Turkish character, and full of spirit. Madame Le Brun, who saw him when she was a child, says that he was so exceedingly ugly in plays of this sort that he gave her a fright. In striking contrast to this head was that of Regnard, the comic poet and dramatist, by Largillière. It is broadly painted, with a firm hand, and represents a noble head framed in an immense blonde wig. He had dark eyes, a well-shaped mouth, and a face somewhat sensuous in its beauty, like that of Lord Byron. It was a high privilege to see so many of Largillière's works. There were at least eleven in this gallery. He was a man of great genius, and well able to represent the ostentatious and what may be called the "flamboyant" style of his time. There was a superb portrait by him here of a grand seigneur: a half length, in a full-bottomed brownish periwig, in orange drapery, and a collar open to the breast; one hand thrust in the waistcoat and the other at the side. The nobility of the forms in this picture, the play of light and shadow on the white shirt sleeves, and the harmony of color were most striking and beautiful.

Of Voltaire there was no important portrait; only a small work in *gouache* attributed both to Greuze and to Carmontel. The figure is seated at table, in a red coat trimmed with fur, and black breeches. Of Rousseau there were two pastels by La Tour, which I believe are the standard likenesses; at any rate they were those which Rousseau himself preferred. One is in powder, in a drab coat and white cravat, and the other in a gray cap trimmed

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with brown and black fur, a light gray coat edged with the same material, and a red waistcoat. The last is a study in bluish chalks, with the flesh tints lightly rubbed in. Both of these heads seemed to me to be commonplace and wanting in elevation. There was a spirited portrait of Marivaux the novelist, by Van Loo, and a well modeled head of De Tracy the philosopher, by Scheffer. There were others of Lamennais and Arago by the same artist, in respect to which I find no notes in my catalogue. I have marked there two cabinet portraits of Gluck, the composer, by Duplessis, as cleverly painted. He is represented in a coat of changeable silk and a powdered wig, and in one of them he is shown improvising at the piano. But I have no desire to present a mere list of names.

Of revolutionary personages there were not so many portraits as I expected to find; not so many as I had seen a short time before in the Queen of Holland's Collection at the palace in the Wood at the Hague, where were displayed the miniatures of Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Fouquier-Tinville, La Fayette, and, strangest of all, a wax medallion of the head of Charlier severed by the guillotine, with the raw and bloody flesh! In the Alsace-Lorraine Gallery there were two likenesses of Talleyrand, one by Greuze and the other by Prud'hon. In the former portrait he appears as a charming young man with his hair parted in the middle, a dark blue coat, white double-breasted waistcoat, yellow breeches, and top-boots. In the other he is quite fat and plethoric, and his chin is nearly swallowed in a huge white cravat. The most curious of all the revolutionary portraits was a three-quarter length, by an unknown artist, of Robespierre. His skin is soft and smooth as that of a child. There is an infantile smile on his placid countenance, and his expression is the most gentle and innocent that can be imagined. He is standing with his left hand on the hilt of his dress sword, and his right touching the broad brim of his cocked hat, which he holds under the other arm. He is in a full suit of black, with lace *jabot* and wrist ruffles, and a couple of watch chains.

Of the great Napoleon, whether from political reasons or otherwise, there were only four or five portraits. Two of these were drawings, and another was a cabinet piece by Charlet, which was not so much a portrait as a bit of melodrama. It represents the emperor on the evening after Waterloo. He is sitting perfectly still and alone on his white horse in a wood, with an outlook of ruddy sky. The head of the horse catches the sunset light. Everything else is in shadow. The head of Napoleon declining upon his breast suggests the humiliation of his fall. It was well for the painter to keep it in the shade and to trust to the imagination of the spectator to supply the details of that sublime despair which no artistic power could satisfactorily render. There was one portrait of Napoleon here, however, from the collection of the Duke of Bassano, which amply made up for the small number contributed. It was a sketch in oil of the First Consul, by David, only the head and part of the bust, and even these portions unfinished. The skin is wanting in flesh tints, and the color of the hair and the blue and red of the uniform barely indicated; but it is one of the noblest heads I ever saw, and full of a sort of melancholy grandeur which is unique and striking. I believe the French critics consider that Baron Gros' likeness of Napoleon at the Bridge of Arcole is the best. At any rate M. Burger, who was one of the cleverest of them, said in his extravagant way that the nineteenth century had perhaps produced only one fine portrait, *la tête d'aigle*, the eagle head of Napoleon by Gros. But this head by David must be considered nearly equal to the other. It is much finer than that in the Bonaparte Crossing the Alps, by the same artist. It is extraordinary how popular this last-named composition became. David repeated it four or five times, receiving twenty-five thousand francs for each copy. Even now we see it constantly in paintings and engravings, in bronze and in plaster: the

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horse rearing among the Alps, with the general's orange-colored cloak blown out before him by the wind of those airy regions. "Paint me," said Bonaparte to David, "paint me calm upon a fiery horse." The popularity of the pose shows that he knew how to have his portraits painted as well as to have his bulletins written.

These heads by Gros and David are very different from the standard head of Bonaparte. That was his head later in life, after he had gained flesh, and when the artists, either intentionally or not, began to attribute to him the characteristic physiognomy of the Roman emperors. There was a most interesting collection of the miniatures of the Bonaparte family in the Bethnal Green Exhibition of Sir Richard Wallace's treasures, lately closed in London. The difference between Napoleon First Consul and Napoleon Emperor was very marked: the first haggard and anxious; the last rotund, although thoughtful. Some of my readers may have visited the curious Soane Museum in London. There may be seen a portrait of Napoleon at the age of twenty-eight, painted in 1797 by Goma, at Verona, and beside it another, by Isabey, painted at Elba in 1814. One can scarcely imagine that they represent the same personage. The Italian picture shows a square, projecting forehead, thin face, sunken eye, and head of great intellectual power; the other a soft, flabby countenance, under which much of the intellectuality is buried out of sight. And strangely enough, all of these likenesses are different from the mask of the face taken after death by Dr. Antommarchi, at St. Helena. In this the forehead seems much smaller, proportionally, than it appears in any of the paintings.

The last series of portraits which I shall mention is that of the royal children of France. These were not placed together, but it will be convenient to treat them as a group. They were Louis XIII., by an unknown hand, in crown and ermine robe; Louis XV., represented twice, by Rigaud and La Tour respectively; Louis Philippe the fifth Duke of Orleans, as a baby with his toys, by Boucher; the King of Rome, by Gérard; the Duke de Berri the first Dauphin, by Madame Le Brun; and the Duke de Normandie the second Dauphin, painted twice, once by Kucharsky, and again by an unknown artist.

By far the most interesting of these children's heads were those of Louis XV., and of that poor boy his descendant, who may be said also to have been his victim, and to have been murdered on account of the prodigality and excesses of his great-grandfather. Louis XV. was painted by Hyacinthe Rigaud, at a time when men still wore those enormous periwigs which gave them such an imposing aspect, and the artist treated the natural hair of the child to make it look as much like a wig as possible, frizzing it out in profuse curls. His left hand rests on a globe, while his right presses the blue drapery of his robe to his breast over his white satin underdress. It is curious to see how that air of theatrical majesty which pervades all the portraits of the time is conspicuous also in this. The other likeness of Louis XV. as a lad is a pastel, by La Tour. Oh, *le beau jeune homme!* The head, with its beautiful hazel eyes, and its arch and lively expression, is perfectly charming. It was taken at a later date than the other, and when the hair was worn more closely to the head, and powdered. The boy looks like a hero of La Clos or of Louvet de Couvray, and one sees how easily he might have fascinated the ladies of the court, even if he had not had his royal privileges to help him.

How inexpressibly sad and touching is the contrast between this Cherubino, this gay gallant of sixteen with all the world at his feet, and his descendant, that poor little child of ten, who was kicked and buffeted by his jailers, and died at last, covered with rags and vermin, in the prison of the Temple!

I was interested, many years ago, in the attempt made by Mr. Hanson and Dr. Hawkes, and afterwards by Dr. Frank Vinton, to show that Eleazer Williams, the half-breed Episcopal clergyman, was really King Louis XVII.

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It appeared to me that in this discussion too little was said about the personal appearance of the Dauphin, and that if this had been exactly ascertained it would have effectually stopped all the pretensions of Mr. Williams's friends that he was the same person.

The description of Mr. Williams, as gathered from Hanson's book, from Mr. Fagnani's portrait, and from a daguerreotype of which I have a copy, shows that he had dark hazel eyes, a short nose, a receding forehead, black hair, long lips, a very dark complexion, a large mouth, and a long chin.

Now, what were the personal characteristics of the Dauphin? I took the trouble to consult all the authorities I could find on this subject, particularly M. Simeon Depreaux, who wrote only twenty-two years after the Dauphin's death; the deputy Harmand, who visited the child officially in prison; Madame Rambaud, who was in his service until he was seven years old; Cléry, the valet of Louis XVI.; M. Gruan, the advocate of Naundorf who claimed to be Louis XVII., and who founded his pretensions upon his personal resemblance to the Dauphin; M. Beauchesne, who has written the most exhaustive work on this subject, and finally M. de La Martine, the historian. It appears from these authorities that the Dauphin had blue eyes, curling hair of a blonde chestnut color, a long nose, a very white and pale complexion, a forehead broad and projecting at the top and narrow between the temples, a short neck, and a small mouth. In all these particulars he was as unlike Eleazer Williams as possible.

I have taken some trouble upon repeated visits to Europe to confirm these literary descriptions of the young prince, the substance of which I have just given, by an inspection of authentic portraits. Several of these are at Versailles. Many of my readers will remember the superb group in the gallery there, by Madame Le Brun, representing the queen holding the Duc de Normandie in her arms, with the Duc de Berri the first Dauphin, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême standing beside her. Louis XVII. was then a child of two years of age, and is represented with reddish, golden blonde hair, eyes dark blue, and a very fair skin.

In one of the grand apartments of the palace he appears again in an allegorical picture, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

The most satisfactory portrait at Versailles is a pastel, over the mantel-piece of Marie Antoinette's bed-chamber at the Petit Trianon. It shows the Dauphin with a cane in his hand, his lace collar open, and the star of the Order of the Holy Ghost on the breast of his little coat. His hair is brown in this portrait, and his eyes are deep blue, like his mother's. This picture is attributed to Madame Le Brun, and is one of the most charming I have ever seen.

There were two portraits of the Dauphin in the Alsace-Lorraine Exhibition. Both of them are classed among those by unknown artists, but one of them is also attributed to Kucharsky. I think it is a copy from Madame Le Brun's pastel. It represents the prince with blonde hair, thin eyebrows, and dark blue eyes. He wears an open collar and a shirt frill trimmed with lace. He has two orders on his breast, and a broad blue ribbon underneath his coat.

The other portrait, although not so elaborate, is perhaps of more importance in this discussion. It was given by the sister of the Dauphin, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, to the Comtesse de Béarn, and therefore we must presume it was correct, at any rate in such important points as the hair and the complexion. This picture confirms in every respect the literary authorities which I have quoted in regard to the Dauphin's personal appearance, and represents him as unlike Eleazer Williams as it is possible to imagine.

There is a picture in the New York Historical Society which forms a part of the Bryan Collection and is called Louis XVII. It is not a work of much pretension, and it seems to have been hastily finished. Mr. Hanson caused it to be engraved for his work. It has a

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small nose, dark hazel eyes, and dark hair. I have no doubt that it represents the Duc de Berri instead of the Duc de Normandie. There is a portrait by Madame Le Brun, in the Alsace-Lorraine Collection, of the Duc de Berri, which, so far as I can recollect it, must have been the original of this Bryan picture. At any rate, both these portraits are entirely unlike all the descriptions and all the authentic portraits of the second Dauphin, Louis XVII.

W. J. Hoppin

PENNA'S DAUGHTER.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

I TOOK my baby to the sands,
Undid her coats and swaddling bands;
I held her tight in tender hands
And dipped her in the sea:
Ah me! how pink her fair face showed!
Her ivory body blushed and glowed,
Her dimpled legs my arm bestrode,
She screamed with baby glee.

That summer sea, how soft it laves
The long and lonely shore of graves!
Her eyes were bluer than its waves,
Her yellow curls flew free.
I looked at her with lips apart,
I kissed her with a hungry heart;
Out of my arms with sudden dart
She leapt into the sea.

My voice died out, I could not shriek,
My helpless hands hung cold and weak;
Before my stiffened lips could speak
The child came back to me!
Like any dancing spray of foam
That on the billows loves to roam,
She floated back to me and home,
This baby of the sea.

'Oh is she mine, or is she thine?
The lapping water made no sign.
She grew like rose-trees straight and fine,
This creature from the sea.
Her hair was gay as golden thread;
From off her fair and haughty head,
Down to the ground it waved and spread,
As bright as sunbeams be.

She grew to be a dainty maid,
But never in the church she prayed,

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And never in her home she stayed,
    To rock the babes for me.
But night and day, and day and night,
When morn was red or stars were bright,
She strayed beside her sole delight,
    The moaning, glittering sea.

Sometimes she smiled, sometimes she sung;
No laugh went rippling from her tongue;
As light from stone to stone she sprung
    As plovers flit and flee;
Or on a rock, with hair outspread
And lips like coral wet and red,
She bent to see her shining head
    Glassed in the shining sea.

Alas! alas! the day is long,
But dew-fall brings to even-song.
The squire's young heir was tall and strong,
    And well he loved the sea.
You saw his pinnace, when the gale
Went howling by through shroud and sail,
Fly o'er the billows fiery pale,
    As over blooms the bee.

Where wild and white the breakers pour,
His cheery shout above the roar
Came ringing to the frighted shore
    Like bells across the lea.
He saw my lass upon the beach,
He made good speed her side to reach,
He wiled her well with guileful speech,
    He whispered like the sea.

Oh saddest heart! oh tale to tell!
My gold and milk-white lily-bell,
Before the blast it bowed and fell,
    It fell and died by me.
Her father's heart was hard and old,
Her lover's lips were sneering cold;
I wrapped her shroud in fold on fold
    And laid her by the sea.

Oh was she mine, or was she thine?
The awful water gave no sign.
I kissed the clay, my love was mine;
    The child was child to me.
And he who killed her sailed away;
He stayed a year, he stayed a day, —
From God he could no longer stay,
    Nor from the hungry sea.

The revel lights had long been out,
The revel songsters ceased to shout;

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He lost his path, he strayed about,
And on the rock sat she.
Her long hair in the moonlight shone,
She called to him with piteous moan,
"Ah love! my love! I weep alone.
Come down beside the sea."

She clasped him close, she clasped him tight,
She wrapped him in her tresses bright:
"My breast shall be thy bed to-night,
Thy curfew-bell the sea.
If Penna's daughter drooped and died,
Her tale is told; behold thy bride."
She clasped him to her icy side,
Nor sign nor sound made he.

When clouded red with blood and flame
The dawning day in tempest came,
In vain they called Lord Walter's name;
From tower nor town came he:
At night he tossed, a broken thing,
Flapped by the screaming sea-bird's wing,
Where sullen waters heave and swing,
Cast from the scornful sea.

Rose Terry Cooke

BROTHER CHRISTOPHER.

I HAVE never considered myself proud; I have cherished democratic ideas, and scarcely ever observed a poor person thoughtfully, without a wish that there were not those distinctions of rich and poor, cultured and uncultured, and a vision of the blessedness of the millennium, when a fortunate few will not be thus favored above their fellows. My sympathies have always been with the weak, and I have endeavored to cast what little influence I had in that scale.

And yet, — and yet, — is the remark not made every day, "He is human"? Ah, yes, there it is; I am human. I have, in spite of my democratic principles, been all the time conscious of a terrible humanness which brought all my lofty, generous, liberal ideas down to the very earth, and dragged them in its mire.

I pitied the poor. If I could have done so without any detriment to myself, or with none to speak of, I would have enriched every one of them. I believed there were brighter minds and truer hearts and nobler souls among them than are always to be found in the mansions of the rich. I have spoken to my poor acquaintances in the street with nearly as much politeness and carefulness as to my more fortunate friends. I went to call upon them sometimes, even, and was very condescending and affable towards them at all times, and, in my own mind, ready to admit that in reality, and the sight of Heaven, very many of them were my superiors.

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But I might as well say it outright, since I have undertaken the confession: I was ashamed of my brother Christopher, and of his wife Sophronia, and of their children.

Now, I can inform persons who have had no experience in the matter, that it is quite a different thing to bow politely and benignly to shabby, inelegant persons in the street, whom one may happen to know, but with whom one has no personal connection, from what it is to go through public civilities toward one's own blood relations, when they happen to be of the shabby and inelegant class.

We were orphans, my brother and myself. He was the elder, by nine years. Christopher lived around with the different uncles; now in town, going to school awhile, now out on the farm with uncle Ben; there, or wherever he happened to be, doing what tasks were found suited to his age, committing the usual boyish misdemeanors, and getting thrashed for them in genuine Puritanic fashion; also rebelling occasionally against the reasonable or unreasonable government, whichever it was, and gaining the name of being a headstrong, unmanageable boy.

Twice he ran away; but he was found easily enough, and safe enough, as soon as the little money he had taken with him was exhausted. Yet he still managed, in one way or other, to keep me, and all connected with him, in a constant state of anxiety. He delighted in the society of the wildest and commonest boys that could be found, and would listen neither to the warnings nor to the commands of his guardians; he was also inclined to be disrespectful, and in all his conduct, instead of regarding those who had charge of him as friends, he waged a rebellious warfare against them as enemies.

I have never been able to get at any substantial evidence as to the amount of blame due to my relatives for mismanagement or lack of gentle methods of treatment; but as near as I can come to the facts of the case, although the influences which surrounded the boy were far from being as propitious as is the case when a child is brought up under the home roof, with his father and mother, yet my relatives, who were persons of high character, good standing, and no little family pride, appear to have been very anxious that their brother's child should become a good and useful citizen, and to have done what seemed to them best, under the difficult aspects of the case, to bring about that desirable result; but they found upon their hands a being who could not be molded, and did not of himself incline toward a respectable end. The fact is, he was eccentric from a child. He had opinions of his own, not derived from those around him, and an obstinacy in clinging to them which it was a hopeless task to oppose.

When he began to approach manhood, one of his most strongly expressed determinations was to belong to the common people, and he scoffed at the aristocratic ideas which prevailed in the family to some extent. He preferred the commonest clothes, the commonest manners, and rejected, in spite of the good opportunities which were proffered him in that direction, any but the commonest education.

Another strong predisposition was toward a sea-faring life, a business than which one could scarcely have been found more foreign and displeasing to the family habits and tastes. And, sure enough, his second runaway trip was to a sea-port, where he hired himself out on board a fishing-smack. "A fishing-smack!" I remember now the shame that thrilled through our little family community when this fact was ascertained, and which burned warmly in my young veins while as yet I had not the remotest idea of what a smack was, except the kind I gave Jennie Wright one day, at her earnest solicitation; which smack made my face burn as warmly as this fishing-smack news, so that, in fact, the two kinds gained an association in my mind beyond what the mere similarity in spelling would have occasioned.

After suitable deliberation and con-

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sultation, it was concluded to let him fish it, or smack it, until he grew tired of the amusement, which happened after about two years of rough knocking about in this business, when he came back and signified his willingness to learn a trade. Therefore, although a trade was something unknown in the family, our friends bestirred themselves, and found him a good place for obtaining the trade he had chosen, even this turn being more than they had expected, so decided an inclination for a roving life had he displayed.

And behold! shortly, this wild fellow, in whose very wildness my own boyish partiality for an elder brother had found something upon which to build both hopes and admiration, settled down into a plodding, contented journeyman; as mild and harmless and tame a specimen as could ever have been produced by continual adherence to a mother's apron-strings.

If you could but know him, and then be told that this man was once a wild, irrepressible, runaway boy, keeping his friends in a continual flutter of alarm, you would be tempted to express an utter disbelief in the statement. He is as steady as any eight-day clock.

This, however, did not all happen in a day. After the trade was learnt, he went, now and then, on a "spree," and still continued to set us on nettles occasionally.

At length, when he had, by seeking common society, wearing the commonest clothes, and adopting the commonest manners, fully settled himself among the commonest of the respectable class of people (for he never descended to mean company, or, that I ever knew, did a mean act in his life), thus achieving the height of his youthful ambition, he selected from the very commonest of this respectable common class a wife who had also the commonest manners, and looks which were only redeemed from commonness by being very uncommonly plain. She was a factory girl, who had not been to school since she was eleven years of age. She was a trifle older than Christopher himself, and in her manners that which cannot be adequately described by any other word than "outlandish." Yet she was a kind-hearted woman, and not deficient in mind. This was the climax. It was a terrible blow to the family pride; for although we were not aristocrats, either by rank or wealth, that generation was one of superior intelligence and energy, its members were among the substantial part of the community, and their ancestors had always belonged to the respected middle class. Every generation looks forward to some progress in its descendants; my uncles had risen above the place in which they started, — being sons of a worthy farmer, — and would fain have had the coming generation rise yet higher. There was some talk, among the prouder members of the family, of disowning Christopher. But he could hardly have been disowned. Who could disown him? he was only a nephew. I could have disowned him, but I was a mere boy of twelve. Disown him! Well, I have unworthy traits enough, and I have just begun the story of one of my meannesses, but I have never come to that yet. It is no easy thing to disown your own mother's son. If he had been only a brother on the father's side, perhaps I could have done it, although that is very doubtful; but there is something in a man's heart that makes him true to his mother, even if, as in my case, he only beheld her with the unconscious eyes of early infancy.

After Christopher's marriage, he left off the sprees. This was not hard for him; he never had any fondness for liquor, and drank merely because he was in drinking company and imagined he had no one to keep sober for. Thus, abandoning the last symptom of youthful wildness, he at once became, as I have stated, as steady as any machine, a faithful workman, a good husband, always at home when not at the shop, and as fond and faithful to this homely factory girl, who could not put three words together correctly (to his praise be it spoken), as if she had been one of the fairest and most accomplished ladies of the land.

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Now I, the little brother, though having the same father and mother, was as great a contrast to Christopher in everything but a physical family resemblance of features, as could have been possible had one of us been born of Eastern origin, on the opposite side of the globe.

My very first instincts, as far as I can remember, were ambitious ones. I inherited, to a degree which exceeded the inheritance, if I may so speak, the love of books and literature which prevailed in the family. I was almost morbidly sensitive in regard to appearances. I was anxious to far exceed the hopes of any one who might be inclined to take an interest in me; which last was, indeed, an easy matter; for so inclined are persons to believe in family likenesses in character, as well as in looks, that my best efforts excited but feeble expectations in the minds of my relatives, who were always looking for me, sooner or later, to develop some of the traits so noticeable in Christopher. But, however these traits may have lain dormant in my character, they have as yet only developed in the characteristic of which I spoke in the opening of this chapter: a warm sympathy with the humble and despised, and a wish that social distinctions were not so marked. Yet how far I ought to thank my brother Christopher for this state of mind, and how far it is inherent in my own character, I cannot tell.

As a child, I looked upon the deeds of others to wish and hope that I might yet do as well or better. I regarded all greatness and grandeur with a passionate desire to realize it in my own experience, and, though an orphan, little regarded and encouraged, I never lost heart, nor thought it worth while to stop trying to be "somebody," believing I had it in me to become that indefinite personage, even if every one around me did seem to be perfectly unsuspicious of any such possibility.

I made a success finally in a small way by getting the name of a somewhat remarkable scholar at school, which so emboldened me that, after what was supposed to be my graduation, as far as education was concerned, I asked if there was n't some possibility of my going to college.

"College!" Why, I created almost as much commotion as Christopher stirred up when he ran away and went smacking. "College!" Why, not even one of my uncles, who considered themselves very grand in comparison with Christopher's little brother Reuben, had been to college, although in their youth every one of them had longed for the opportunity.

"I 'll *make* the opportunity," I said with quivering lip but beaming eye. "Only let me go, and I 'll make the opportunity."

"Go? Make the opportunity? Pshaw! Go and make it, then," they said in derision.

And I went. They helped me somewhat, and I helped myself more. I worked my way, and a year after I left college, beyond my own support I had earned enough to pay my uncles back, with interest, all they had forwarded for my assistance. I chose the law for my profession, and, while I studied that, supported myself by reporting for the papers, assistant editorship, and other newspaper work. Step by step, although not without varied difficulties and discouragements, I have been enabled to advance, until now I feel myself gaining a substantial footing in my profession, as well as in some other directions. I am petted and flattered in society to a degree very far beyond my deserts, and have learned by experience the truth of the old saying, that not only will every one give the man who is going down hill a push in that direction, but will also lend a helping hand to a person who is already on the ascent. I have received so much of this gratuitous hoisting, recently, that the climbing process has been not a little accelerated. I some time since left in the rear, as regards the social scale, the relatives who naturally enough, in my childhood, looked with distrust upon my future, and have far outstripped any of their offspring; and if so, how

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far have I left behind my poor brother Christopher!

I say this in no boastful spirit; it is for those who possess inherited rank thus to boast, if any one, not he who in the winning it has found how small and poor a thing it is, — a thing which a man may gain for himself with his own puny energies, which he can hold only for a brief period, and which, while he has it, seems, thus safe in hand, dull and commonplace to what it appeared when glistening in the distance. It is more a symbol of might than of merit, and I know that when we come to be ranked according to this latter standard I may take a lowly place, while many a one now beneath me goes above. Then (and my heart leaps gladly at the thought) my brother Christopher may have a chance. For indeed, a kindlier spirit than his never lived. That is where the difficulty lies. If a man is malicious, mean, mischievous, our consciences uphold us for declining to associate with him; but if he merely eats onions, smokes poor tobacco, wears seedy, ill-made clothes, changes his linen but once a week, and has no ambitions beyond the commonest necessities of existence, where shall we condemn him? As well condemn the lower animals because their capacities are so limited. If I were to seek to lay my finger upon one mean or evil trait in my brother Christopher's character, I believe I should seek in vain. Kindly, affectionate, generous, honest, forgiving, faithful, unenvious, uncomplaining — what a list of good qualities I might make out, and still adhere closely to facts. On the other hand, what does he lack? Energy, ambition, superior capacity, a refined taste, self-esteem, aristocratic ideas. Are these virtues? Is any one of them essential to true worth and goodness? I cannot say "Yes," — and can any one?

Where then is my excuse for being ashamed of my brother Christopher, and of his wife and children? For against the latter I can say no more than I can say against him, and all I have said in his favor I can say in theirs.

I find no argument in my own behalf. Therefore I tell my story and make my confession, with my head, figuratively speaking, covered with sackcloth and ashes.

Christopher loves me, and I love Christopher. The ties of blood are strong, and let who will dispute it, he deals falsely with his own heart.

I visit Christopher two or three times a year, and stay part of a day. If I stay longer than this it depresses my spirits, and I fall into a fault-finding mood and say things which I regret very much afterwards. For instance, once when I had committed the blunder of stopping with him over Sunday, I asked him why he did n't have his clothes cut in a later style. I also inquired if it was the fashion to put a child of three years into trousers, and offered to buy Sophronia a chignon. Then I suggested that a tenement in a house containing less than five families might be preferable. I noticed, at the time, that my queries and suggestions did not have any pleasanter effect than might have been anticipated, and heard afterwards that my brother and his wife had felt "deeply hurt" at some remarks which I made at that visit. Now, of all things, I have one of the greatest antipathies to the word "hurt." I have learned to be thick-skinned myself, and if anything ever does make me smart, I never "let on," as the boys say, and generally get something out of the smart by learning a lesson of some kind from it, as I used from a whipping in my boyhood, so that it serves me a good turn in the end. But I knew that in Christopher's and Sophronia's case the hurt meant simply a hurt which had not done any good, and which was merely cruel. So, whenever I went afterwards, I made no more sharp queries or suggestions out of the ordinary line.

My brother and his wife have several times since my settlement in B—— stated that they were coming up to see me sometime, and to this I have always replied, "Let me know when you are coming, and I will meet you at the depot." I did not urge the visit, for I did

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not feel anxious about it; or rather I did feel anxious in one sense, inasmuch as the very thought of it filled my mind with a dread, of which I was then, and am now, thoroughly ashamed, but which, it seemed to me, I could no more help than I could an ague chill. But if they would come, they must. I thought very likely they would, and made up my mind that, sooner or later, the ordeal awaited me; but the period being indefinite, and a long space of time having passed away without the fulfillment of the intention, I had at length almost ceased to think of it, except once in a great while, as a possible future infliction.

I seemed to grow more and more popular every day, in my profession and in society, and I was even a favorite in the fashionable world of the place, with the wealthy and stylish ladies generally, as well as with their fathers and brothers. I was not transported, however, with these gay ladies of the *bon ton;* for only two or three of them did I feel half the inward respect which I cherished for my unlettered, uncouth sister Sophronia. But their adulation had not yet lost the charm of novelty, while for me it had at this time something also of the charm of conquest, and I should have been chagrined to lose it. They had a certain dignity and prestige in virtue of their wealth and position, the influence of which I felt as much as any one could, — I who had just risen from the ranks, as it were.

I have, for more than a year past, had a very comfortable and pleasant suite of rooms at one of the best hotels in B——. I can very well afford this, in the present state of my income; yet I should not have incurred the expense, — as I am not of an extravagant turn of mind, — had I not considered it at first, and afterwards proved it to be, the best policy. I have by this means been brought in contact with a very much larger number of people than I could otherwise have met; and it has given me excellent opportunities for the study of human nature and character, a knowledge of which is of great value in my profession. There is at this house quite a large number of regular boarders, persons of wealth and high social standing, with whom I am on very friendly terms, and with whom I exchange frequent and informal calls.

One morning, as I was looking over the mail which my office-boy had just brought in, I found a note from brother Christopher. It was like all his letters, brief and to the point, and ran as follows: —

Dear Reuben, — Sophronia and I thought, as mother Hendricks is down, and can take care of the children, we would run up and see you to-day, and bring Willie and Frank with us, as it won't hurt them to travel a little. I thought I'd write, and let you know, as you spoke about it. Yours truly,

Christopher.

The time of trial had come. I have had several teeth extracted; I underwent a painful surgical operation once; I was also in a very severe battle at the time of the war: and in every such position which I can remember, however much I may have felt a cowardly dread beforehand, when the critical moment arrived, "Let the worst come, I can stand it," was the language of my thoughts. I have shaken inwardly until the dentist's steel clinched the tooth, and then, although I could not set my teeth, I set my resolution with a will, and thought, "Pull away, old fellow, all you please;" and after the surgeon's knife had once cleft the skin, I felt as if I could be cut up into delicate slices with a good grace. So, on the battlefield, although I marched to the encounter with trembling limbs, after the first peal of artillery, I could have fought hand to hand with genuine pleasure. And now, after I had read brother Christopher's letter, I felt as though should he bring a troop like himself and his Sophronia, I could endure. Still, as in the case of the dentist's forceps, the surgeon's knife, the battlefield, there was a call for stolid endurance in every nerve; there was a coward

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heart within me to be vanquished, and it all but conquered me.

I must play the brother's part; I must show them the town; I must take them in to dinner with my friends, and to tea, too, if they would consent to remain until after that meal; I must introduce them to such of my acquaintance as they should chance to meet. I laid out as elaborate a programme, indeed, as if I were to receive a visit from some high dignitary and his wife, and in the sudden valor of my heart resolved to carry it out like a man, let what would come.

When I went to the depot at ten o'clock to meet my relatives, I felt like a valiant hero about to perish in a good cause. But alas for lofty human resolutions! As soon as I saw my brother Christopher and sister Sophronia, every good purpose deserted me on the instant, and I, who had faced every other trial that I could recall to mind with some show of courage, turned and fled, figuratively speaking, before nothing but my own brother and his wife.

My brother is a little dumpy, odd-looking man in figure, scarcely reaching to my shoulder, and with a large head which used to perplex our relatives not a little, since they could not understand how a broad square forehead like his could help having something in it; and I believe they for a time cherished hopes that some talent hidden closely away at present in that generous cranium might yet come to development. His wife, also, is short and dumpy after a square and angular fashion. They were as usual, on this occasion, attired in a style not recognizable as that of any particular kind or period, but certainly a caricature of that of the present day.

I don't know much about the technicalities of feminine apparel, and the only thing which I was certain was lacking in my sister's outfit, to which consciousness I am able to give expression, was the entire lack of — I hope I shall get the word right — bustle. I do not admire this invention. I detest the Grecian bend, but it did seem to me that, in the present universal prevalence of this fashion, a small newspaper or some such thing, which I have been told ladies of less ambitious toilets sometimes use as a substitute, would have made Sophronia a trifle less likely to attract attention, a result which seems to me very desirable in the way of dress, as a general rule. Further than this, language fails me in a description of Sophronia's appearance. I only felt the fresh conviction which comes over me every time I see her, that she is thoroughly nondescript; and so, in a masculine style, was my brother. He wore a striped shirt, a suit of clothes each member of which was of a different color and texture from either of its neighbors, a new felt hat of a peculiar and unbecoming shape, and he carried in his hand a rough, covered basket, in which, as afterwards appeared, the dear fellow had brought some choice apples for me, knowing my partiality for that fruit. I went up and shook hands with them, with as much apparent pleasure and cordiality as I could possibly counterfeit. The boys tumbled out of the cars after them, two bright, pleasant little chaps, but not as handsome or graceful as if they had been got up in better style, and kept in genteel and careful habits.

Instead of asking them to walk up to the hotel with me, in the bright, pleasant October sunlight, what did I do? I said, "Step into the ladies' room a moment, please; I 'll be back presently," and hurried off to procure a carriage, into which I speedily put my visitors, and ordered the driver to take us, first, around the suburbs.

After a whirl about the outskirts of the town, I rallied a little of my recreant courage, and took my friends around the park, past the principal public buildings, down several of the aristocratic streets, with, however, the inward reflection that no one would dream of their being my connections. Ladies and gentlemen were bowing to me on all sides, and there was evident on most of the faces a look of passing wonder and curiosity; but all my friends knew of my democratic and condescending manners, and probably thought I was playing the

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agreeable to some country acquaintances or clients — at least, so I said to myself. I was where I was not called upon to introduce my guests, and the thought now occurred to me that, after all, I might be able to get through the day without showing any lack of attention and politeness to them, and yet without presenting them to any of my friends. And no sooner did this dastard thought enter my mind than it summoned to its aid all my ingenuity to carry out the project. For the first time, it now occurred to me that I might, as I sometimes did when I had company, order a dinner in my own parlor. And having made my company at home in my apartments, I went directly and gave information that I had friends from out of town with me who were accustomed to dine early, and that I would like to have dinner served in my rooms as soon as possible. After dinner I left my guests to entertain themselves a while, having some important business to attend to that afternoon. In fact, a trial in which our whole community was greatly interested was to come off, and I was to make a plea upon which some important interests were supposed to depend to a considerable degree. I had expended more time and labor on that plea than on almost any other I had been called upon to prepare since my very first efforts in that line, although it was a by no means lengthy affair. I had felt no little enthusiasm in my subject, but this sudden and exciting diversion had, for a few hours, driven it almost out of mind. Usually I pay but slight after-attention to my MS., finding that in working it up I get it fully established in my mind; but now, for almost the first time in my experience as a speaker, I distrusted myself, and felt more anxious over this coming plea than over my maiden plea. I put my speech in my pocket, concluding to go down to my office and get into the spirit of it by reading it over alone, for it seemed to me that the whole fabric had fallen out of my memory since ten o'clock that morning.

Therefore I informed my friends I had some important business at my office, and added that before I came home I should have to deliver a plea at the court-house. As this building was near the hotel, and I had pointed it out to my brother as we were riding, I told Christopher if he should step in there about three o'clock or sooner he would have the opportunity of criticising my speech, and perhaps Sophronia and the boys would like to go with him.

They were all highly pleased at the idea, and I rather liked it myself; it would serve as an entertainment for them destitute of any embarrassment and difficulty for me, and would while away the chief portion of the time remaining before their return home.

I had noted considerable amusement depicted upon the faces of clerks and waiters at the peculiarities noticeable in the looks and manners of my guests, and had wondered that the feeling was not more repressed, as all belonging to the establishment were in the habit of showing the greatest deference to me and those whom I chose to favor; but as I then suspected, and afterwards ascertained, it was the general impression that the family were witnesses in this very case.

At my office, behind lock and key, I soon worked myself into the spirit of my plea so thoroughly that, for the time being, I forgot brother Christopher and everybody else, myself included, except my client and the various characters concerned in his case. My fears in regard to the success of this day's speech had not been prophetic ones. I went to the court-room as full of my theme and as oblivious of all other matters as if nothing out of the usual course had diverted my mind that morning.

I don't know how I spoke, except by the account of others; but I know I thought of nothing but making a desperate effort to gain the case for my client, feeling, with all my heart, that right was on his side.

I was not even aware, until the plea was finished, that my head was aching terribly. I felt so dizzy and ill when it was over that I dreaded to sit there

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and await the delivery of the verdict, especially as the room was oppressively close where I sat, and if I awaited the conclusion I might have to encounter interminable hand-shakes and greetings. So, without even looking about to see what impression I had produced, being conscious that I had done as well as I could, and consequently less anxious in regard to the result, I left the platform and slipped quietly out at a side door.

When I reached my rooms, I found the boys already there before me, the exhibition having lost its interest for them when uncle Reuben ceased to be the actor. They were playing checkers very happily at the centre-table with my chess-men, jumping knights over castles, and bishops over knights, and so on, in a style quite as amusing to me as to themselves. I threw myself wearily on the sofa and watched the pleasant little fellows, listening to their boyish prattle and bright repartee, while turning over in my mind what could be done for their interests, for they were evidently capable little boys, and not deficient in energy. As the excitement which my recent effort in the court-room had induced began to subside, my mind recurred to the dilemma in which I was placed by the presence of my visitors. I looked at my watch. It was nearly five o'clock. At seven the train left which was to bear away my brother Christopher and his family. Two hours! I drew a breath of relief, yet almost hated myself for doing it. Just then brother Christopher and Sophronia came in, very happy and beaming.

"That was pretty well done, brother," said the former, with a look of pride stealing into his honest, affectionate eyes. "But they could n't make out what had become of you. I should think there were fifty waiting to congratulate you, and asking where you were."

"Oh," said I, thinking of the result for the first time, "do you know how it came out?"

"Yes, we stayed it through. Mr. G—— got the case by a unanimous verdict."

I went and ordered tea in my room at six, after which I sat conversing with Christopher and Sophronia in regard to the boys, inquiring into their progress at school, their individual traits, etc., when a light tap came at the door, accompanied by a murmur of voices.

It flashed upon my mind in an instant that some friends had probably called to talk over the favorable result of the case with me. The time of trial had come, after all. A cold sweat seemed to break out over me in an instant, and my limbs almost trembled as I stepped to the door. But as I threw it open, and met that brilliant little assembly, full half of them ladies in their rich dinner costumes, got up, too, with especial care for this occasion — did I grow faint? did I become embarrassed? Well, I might have done so with scarcely less credit to myself than I could claim for the courage and resolution which nerved me on the instant, and sent the warm, invigorating blood coursing again through my veins, for it was but the courage and animation of sheer despair.

I asked them in with punctilious politeness, those lively, well-dressed, sparkling ladies and gentlemen.

"What under the sun did you do with yourself, Patterson? Every one said you had gone out of town in a hurry, you left so mysteriously. We 've been discussing your whereabouts all dinner-time, and not in the best of humor either, for we had got up something extra in your honor. If you had come past the dining-room just now, instead of round the other way, you 'd have heard some scolding, on the part of the ladies, at least."

By this time I had ushered in the whole company and closed the door. As soon as it became evident to all that I was not alone, a genteel hush occurred, and then, of course, tongues being tied, eyes were called into extra requisition. There sat my group of Christopher, Sophronia, and the boys, a target for all those keen though polite glances.

It touched even my dastard heart, this pleasant, honest, unassuming family, in their simplicity and plainness facing

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these gay aspirants to rank and wealth and culture, and with my desperate courage there did mingle, at length, I firmly believe, some straggling remnants of true, democratic feeling, and honest, unblushing brotherly allegiance and love.

"Gentlemen and ladies," I said, turning to Christopher and Sophronia with, I think, a trifle more coolness and urbanity than if I had been presenting a princely guest, "allow me to introduce to you my brother, Mr. Patterson, and his wife, and their sons, Willie and Frank, who have come up from G—— to-day to make me a little visit. We had an early dinner in my rooms, which accounts for my not dining with you as usual. I left the court-room early on account of a severe headache which the close air seemed to aggravate, and was not aware, until my brother just informed me, of the favorable verdict."

Apologies were profuse. They were not aware that I had company with me, they would not thus have intruded, etc. Some of the ladies were evidently a little inclined to smile and exchange glances at Sophronia's costume, but politeness kept the mastery.

Sophronia talked with perfect freedom and vivacity, not being of a diffident disposition, and displayed her Down-East dialect to good advantage; but Christopher, who is not much of a society man, did not speak except when addressed; and if I had not become possessed of a stolid indifference which would have endured almost anything within the region of possibilities, I could scarcely have told which was most embarrassing, Christopher's statue-like silence or Sophronia's peculiar eloquence.

As for me, I astonished myself. Nothing annoyed me. I cared not in the least what any one thought. The Rubicon was crossed, — not, it is true, by my own courage; I had been plunged in headlong, and had swum for my life, — but it was crossed, nevertheless, and fear or hesitancy as to my course was over for good. I forgot my headache; Christopher and Sophronia caused me no more anxiety than if they were some other man's relatives instead of mine. I was as collected, as cheerful, as unconscious as if there were nothing out of the ordinary course.

The visit was a somewhat constrained one on the part of my guests; but I did my best to entertain them, and I don't think they could complain of any lack of cordiality and sociability on my part. They left just in time to be out of the way when the waiters brought in the early tea I had ordered.

It was one of the pleasantest meals I had ever known, with Frank and Will sitting, one on either side of me, and Christopher and Sophronia opposite, and I a happier man, it seemed to me, than I had ever been before. The mean and false pride within me which shrank from owning my honest and true-hearted brother, because he lacked brilliant graces and endowments, was, as I hoped, laid forever.

I was the personification of jollity. Not a vestige remained of the headache which I had almost regarded as a premonitory symptom of typhoid or brain fever. I kept the boys in a high state of merriment, while Christopher and Sophronia looked admiringly on.

After tea, when all were arrayed for departure, I took Sophronia on my arm, and, with Christopher and the boys following, walked down the brightly lighted hall, past the open parlors, where the beauty and fashion of the house were assembled, out at the ladies' entrance and towards the depot, where I waited until the train was off, and I had made a last bow to my friends at the car windows.

Before I received the visit I have described, I was but half a democrat compared with what I am to-day. I have also put aside all condescending airs toward my less worldly-prosperous fellows, and, in owning my brother, I have owned them all.

Yet when I see, as I do daily, some persons of aristocratic feelings and expression, I can only say: "It is not so much to be wondered at; he has no brother Christopher."

E. S. Thayer.

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FANCY'S MASQUERADE.

WANDERING sunny meadows o'er,
Came a pretty child to me,
And a golden bow he bore,
While as blithe as any bee
Rang his voice across the lea,
"Follow, follow, follow me!"

"Who then art thou, dear my child?
Sure I've seen that shining bow:
But that laughter, sweet and wild,
Sounds not like the voice I know:
That is ever sweet and low."
"Follow, follow, where I go!

"I am Love, thy lord and king;
See you not my arrows here?
Hark! their barbèd pointlets ring
In my quiver crystal-clear.
Come, if Love to thee be dear,
Follow, follow, all that hear!"

"Sweet my child, I know thee now;
Thou art Fancy, fair and free!
Thou mayst mask that sunny brow,
But thy rainbow wings I see.
Vain thy masking, dear, for me;
Well I know true Love from thee!

"He hath eyes as bright as thine,
But they wear a softer sheen,
And a sadness half divine
Veils the sweetness of his mien;
Yes, whoe'er his face hath seen
Knoweth it from thine, I ween.

"All the voices of the earth
Call him excellent and great,
But grief, hand in hand with mirth,
Still doth on his footsteps wait,
And the shadowy wings of fate
Darken o'er his royal state!

"On his left hand and his right
Pain and pleasure ever go;
And before his eyes the sight
Of the anguish and the woe
That his dearest ones must know
Maketh still his laughter low!

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"Vain thy pretty masquerade,
Fancy fleet! on Love alone
Can those constant hearts be stayed
That have once his secrets known;
When thy facile wings have flown,
His sway hath but stronger grown!"

Kate Hillard.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

III.

THE CONTINUED PERPLEXITIES OF "CUB" PILOTING.

At the end of what seemed a tedious while, I had managed to pack my head full of islands, towns, bars, "points," and bends; and a curiously inanimate mass of lumber it was, too. However, inasmuch as I could shut my eyes and reel off a good long string of these names without leaving out more than ten miles of river in every fifty, I began to feel that I could take a boat down to New Orleans if I could make her skip those little gaps. But of course my complacency could hardly get start enough to lift my nose a trifle into the air, before Mr. B—— would think of something to fetch it down again. One day he turned on me suddenly with this settler:—

"What is the shape of Walnut Bend?"

He might as well have asked me my grandmother's opinion of protoplasm. I reflected respectfully, and then said I did n't know it had any particular shape. My gunpowdery chief went off with a bang, of course, and then went on loading and firing until he was out of adjectives.

I had learned long ago that he only carried just so many rounds of ammunition, and was sure to subside into a very placable and even remorseful old smooth-bore as soon as they were all gone. That word "old" is merely affectionate; he was not more than thirty-four. I waited. By and by he said,—

"My boy, you 've got to know the *shape* of the river perfectly. It is all there is left to steer by on a very dark night. Everything else is blotted out and gone. But mind you, it has n't the same shape in the night that it has in the day-time."

"How on earth am I ever going to learn it, then?"

"How do you follow a hall at home in the dark? Because you know the shape of it. You can't see it."

"Do you mean to say that I 've got to know all the million trifling variations of shape in the banks of this interminable river as well as I know the shape of the front hall at home?"

"On my honor you 've got to know them *better* than any man ever did know the shapes of the halls in his own house."

"I wish I was dead!"

"Now I don't want to discourage you, but"—

"Well, pile it on me; I might as well have it now as another time."

"You see, this has got to be learned; there is n't any getting around it. A clear starlight night throws such heavy shadows that if you did n't know the shape of a shore perfectly you would claw away from every bunch of timber, because you would take the black shadow of it for a solid cape; and you see you would be getting scared to death every fifteen minutes by the watch. You

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would be fifty yards from shore all the time when you ought to be within twenty feet of it. You can't see a snag in one of those shadows, but you know exactly where it is, and the shape of the river tells you when you are coming to it. Then there 's your pitch dark night; the river is a very different shape on a pitch dark night from what it is on a starlight night. All shores seem to be straight lines, then, and mighty dim ones, too; and you 'd *run* them for straight lines, only you know better. You boldly drive your boat right into what seems to be a solid, straight wall (you knowing very well that in reality there is a curve there), and that wall falls back and makes way for you. Then there 's your gray mist. You take a night when there 's one of these grisly, drizzly, gray mists, and then there is n't *any* particular shape to a shore. A gray mist would tangle the head of the oldest man that ever lived. Well, then, different kinds of *moonlight* change the shape of the river in different ways. You see" —

"Oh, don't say any more, please! Have I got to learn the shape of the river according to all these five hundred thousand different ways? If I tried to carry all that cargo in my head it would make me stoop-shouldered."

"*No!* you only learn *the* shape of the river; and you learn it with such absolute certainty that you can always steer by the shape that 's *in your head*, and never mind the one that 's before your eyes."

"Very well, I 'll try it; but after I have learned it can I depend on it? Will it keep the same form and not go fooling around?"

Before Mr. B—— could answer, Mr. W—— came in to take the watch, and he said, —

"B——, you 'll have to look out for President's Island and all that country clear away up above the Old Hen and Chickens. The banks are caving and the shape of the shores changing like everything. Why, you would n't know the point above 40. You can go up inside the old sycamore snag, now." [1]

So that question was answered. Here were leagues of shore changing shape. My spirits were down in the mud again. Two things seemed pretty apparent to me. One was, that in order to be a pilot a man had got to learn more than any one man ought to be allowed to know; and the other was, that he must learn it all over again in a different way every twenty-four hours.

That night we had the watch until twelve. Now it was an ancient river custom for the two pilots to chat a bit when the watch changed. While the relieving pilot put on his gloves and lit his cigar, his partner, the retiring pilot, would say something like this: —

"I judge the upper bar is making down a little at Hale's Point; had quarter twain with the lower lead and mark twain [2] with the other."

"Yes, I thought it was making down a little, last trip. Meet any boats?"

"Met one abreast the head of 21, but she was away over hugging the bar, and I could n't make her out entirely. I took her for the Sunny South — had n't any skylights forward of the chimneys."

And so on. And as the relieving pilot took the wheel his partner [3] would mention that we were in such-and-such a bend, and say we were abreast of such-and-such a man's wood-yard or plantation. This was courtesy; I supposed it was *necessity*. But Mr. W—— came on watch full twelve minutes late, on this particular night — a tremendous breach of etiquette; in fact, it is the unpardonable sin among pilots. So Mr. B—— gave him no greeting whatever, but simply surrendered the wheel and marched out of the pilot-house without a word. I was appalled; it was a villainous night for blackness, we were in a particularly wide and blind part of the river, where there was no shape or substance to anything, and it seemed incredible that Mr. B—— should have left that poor fellow to kill the boat trying to

[1] It may not be necessary, but still it can do no harm to explain that "inside" means between the snag and the shore. — M. T.

[2] Two fathoms. Quarter twain is 2¼ fathoms, 13½ feet. Mark three is three fathoms.

[3] "Partner" is technical for "the other pilot."

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find out where he was. But I resolved that I would stand by him any way. He should find that he was not wholly friendless. So I stood around, and waited to be asked where we were. But Mr. W—— plunged on serenely through the solid firmament of black cats that stood for an atmosphere, and never opened his mouth. Here is a proud devil, thought I; here is a limb of Satan that would rather send us all to destruction than put himself under obligations to me, because I am not yet one of the salt of the earth and privileged to snub captains and lord it over everything dead and alive in a steamboat. I presently climbed up on the bench; I did not think it was safe to go to sleep while this lunatic was on watch.

However, I must have gone to sleep in the course of time, because the next thing I was aware of was the fact that day was breaking, Mr. W—— gone, and Mr. B—— at the wheel again. So it was four o'clock and all well — but me; I felt like a skinful of dry bones and all of them trying to ache at once.

Mr. B—— asked me what I had stayed up there for. I confessed that it was to do Mr. W—— a benevolence: tell him where he was. It took five minutes for the entire preposterousness of the thing to filter into Mr. B——'s system, and then I judge it filled him nearly up to the chin; because he paid me a compliment — and not much of a one either. He said, —

"Well, taking you by-and-large, you do seem to be more different kinds of an ass than any creature I ever saw before. What did you suppose he wanted to know for?"

I said I thought it might be a convenience to him.

"Convenience! Dash! Did n't I tell you that a man 's got to know the river in the night the same as he 'd know his own front hall?"

"Well, I can follow the front hall in the dark if I know it *is* the front hall; but suppose you set me down in the middle of it in the dark and not tell me which hall it is; how am *I* to know?"

"Well, you 've *got* to, on the river!"

"All right. Then I 'm glad I never said anything to Mr. W——."

"I should say so. Why, he 'd have slammed you through the window and utterly ruined a hundred dollars' worth of window-sash and stuff."

I was glad this damage had been saved, for it would have made me unpopular with the owners. They always hated anybody who had the name of being careless, and injuring things.

I went to work, now, to learn the shape of the river; and of all the eluding and ungraspable objects that ever I tried to get mind or hands on, that was the chief. I would fasten my eyes upon a sharp, wooded point that projected far into the river some miles ahead of me, and go to laboriously photographing its shape upon my brain; and just as I was beginning to succeed to my satisfaction, we would draw up toward it and the exasperating thing would begin to melt away and fold back into the bank! If there had been a conspicuous dead tree standing upon the very point of the cape, I would find that tree inconspicuously merged into the general forest, and occupying the middle of a straight shore, when I got abreast of it! No prominent hill would stick to its shape long enough for me to make up my mind what its form really was, but it was as dissolving and changeful as if it had been a mountain of butter in the hottest corner of the tropics. Nothing ever had the same shape when I was coming down-stream that it had borne when I went up. I mentioned these little difficulties to Mr. B——. He said, —

"That 's the very main virtue of the thing. If the shapes did n't change every three seconds they would n't be of any use. Take this place where we are now, for instance. As long as that hill over yonder is only one hill, I can boom right along the way I 'm going; but the moment it splits at the top and forms a V, I know I 've got to scratch to starboard in a hurry, or I 'll bang this boat's brains out against a rock; and then the moment one of the prongs of the V swings behind the other, I 've

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got to waltz to larboard again, or I 'll have a misunderstanding with a snag that would snatch the keelson out of this steamboat as neatly as if it were a sliver in your hand. If that hill did n't change its shape on bad nights there would be an awful steamboat grave-yard around here inside of a year."

It was plain that I had got to learn the shape of the river in all the different ways that could be thought of, — upside down, wrong end first, inside out, fore-and-aft, and "thortships," — and then know what to do on gray nights when it had n't any shape at all. So I set about it. In the course of time I began to get the best of this knotty lesson, and my self-complacency moved to the front once more. Mr. B—— was all fixed, and ready to start it to the rear again. He opened on me after this fashion: —

"How much water did we have in the middle crossing at Hole-in-the-Wall, trip before last?"

I considered this an outrage. I said:

"Every trip, down and up, the leadsmen are singing through that tangled place for three quarters of an hour on a stretch. How do you reckon I can remember such a mess as that?"

"My boy, you 've got to remember it. You 've got to remember the exact spot and the exact marks the boat lay in when we had the shoalest water, in every one of the two thousand shoal places between St. Louis and New Orleans; and you must n't get the shoal soundings and marks of one trip mixed up with the shoal soundings and marks of another, either, for they 're not often twice alike. You must keep them separate."

When I came to myself again, I said, —

"When I get so that I can do that, I 'll be able to raise the dead, and then I won't have to pilot a steamboat in order to make a living. I want to retire from this business. I want a slush-bucket and a brush; I 'm only fit for a roustabout. I have n't got brains enough to be a pilot; and if I had I would n't have strength enough to carry them around, unless I went on crutches."

"Now drop that! When I say I 'll learn[1] a man the river, I mean it. And you can depend on it I 'll learn him or kill him."

There was no use in arguing with a person like this. I promptly put such a strain on my memory that by and by even the shoal water and the countless crossing-marks began to stay with me. But the result was just the same. I never could more than get one knotty thing learned before another presented itself. Now I had often seen pilots gazing at the water and pretending to read it as if it were a book; but it was a book that told me nothing. A time came at last, however, when Mr. B—— seemed to think me far enough advanced to bear a lesson on water-reading. So he began: —

"Do you see that long slanting line on the face of the water? Now that 's a reef. Moreover, it 's a bluff reef. There is a solid sand-bar under it that is nearly as straight up and down as the side of a house. There is plenty of water close up to it, but mighty little on top of it. If you were to hit it you would knock the boat's brains out. Do you see where the line fringes out at the upper end and begins to fade away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is a low place; that is the head of the reef. You can climb over there, and not hurt anything. Cross over, now, and follow along close under the reef — easy water there — not much current."

I followed the reef along till I approached the fringed end. Then Mr. B—— said, —

"Now get ready. Wait till I give the word. She won't want to mount the reef; a boat hates shoal water. Stand by — wait — wait — keep her well in hand. *Now* cramp her down! Snatch her! snatch her!"

He seized the other side of the wheel and helped to spin it around until it was hard down, and then we held it so. The boat resisted and refused to answer for a while, and next she came surging to

[1] "Teach" is not in the river vocabulary.

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starboard, mounted the reef, and sent a long, angry ridge of water foaming away from her bows.

"Now watch her; watch her like a cat, or she 'll get away from you. When she fights strong and the tiller slips a little, in a jerky, greasy sort of way, let up on her a trifle; it is the way she tells you at night that the water is too shoal; but keep edging her up, little by little, toward the point. You are well up on the bar, now; there is a bar under every point, because the water that comes down around it forms an eddy and allows the sediment to sink. Do you see those fine lines on the face of the water that branch out like the ribs of a fan? Well, those are little reefs; you want to just miss the ends of them, but run them pretty close. Now look out — look out! Don't you crowd that slick, greasy-looking place; there ain't nine feet there; she won't stand it. She begins to smell it; look sharp, I tell you! Oh blazes, there you go! Stop the starboard wheel! Quick! Ship up to back! Set her back!"

The engine bells jingled and the engines answered promptly, shooting white columns of steam far aloft out of the scape pipes, but it was too late. The boat had "smelt" the bar in good earnest; the foamy ridges that radiated from her bows suddenly disappeared, a great dead swell came rolling forward and swept ahead of her, she careened far over to larboard, and went tearing away toward the other shore as if she were about scared to death. We were a good mile from where we ought to have been, when we finally got the upper hand of her again.

During the afternoon watch the next day, Mr. B—— asked me if I knew how to run the next few miles. I said: —

"Go inside the first snag above the point, outside the next one, start out from the lower end of Higgins's woodyard, make a square crossing and" —

"That 's all right. I 'll be back before you close up on the next point."

But he was n't. He was still below when I rounded it and entered upon a piece of river which I had some misgivings about. I did not know that he was hiding behind a chimney to see how I would perform. I went gayly along, getting prouder and prouder, for he had never left the boat in my sole charge such a length of time before. I even got to "setting" her and letting the wheel go, entirely, while I vaingloriously turned my back and inspected the stern marks and hummed a tune, a sort of easy indifference which I had prodigiously admired in B—— and other great pilots. Once I inspected rather long, and when I faced to the front again my heart flew into my mouth so suddenly that if I had n't clapped my teeth together I would have lost it. One of those frightful bluff reefs was stretching its deadly length right across our bows! My head was gone in a moment; I did not know which end I stood on; I gasped and could not get my breath; I spun the wheel down with such rapidity that it wove itself together like a spider's web; the boat answered and turned square away from the reef, but the reef followed her! I fled, and still it followed — still it kept right across my bows! I never looked to see where I was going, I only fled. The awful crash was imminent — why did n't that villain come! If I committed the crime of ringing a bell, I might get thrown overboard. But better that than kill the boat. So in blind desperation I started such a rattling "shivaree" down below as never had astounded an engineer in this world before, I fancy. Amidst the frenzy of the bells the engines began to back and fill in a furious way, and my reason forsook its throne — we were about to crash into the woods on the other side of the river. Just then Mr. B—— stepped calmly into view on the hurricane deck. My soul went out to him in gratitude. My distress vanished; I would have felt safe on the brink of Niagara, with Mr. B—— on the hurricane deck. He blandly and sweetly took his tooth-pick out of his mouth between his fingers, as if it were a cigar, — we were just in the act of climbing an overhanging big tree, and the passengers were scudding astern

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like rats, — and lifted up these commands to me ever so gently: —

"Stop the starboard. Stop the larboard. Set her back on both."

The boat hesitated, halted, pressed her nose among the boughs a critical instant, then reluctantly began to back away.

"Stop the larboard. Come ahead on it. Stop the starboard. Come ahead on it. Point her for the bar."

I sailed away as serenely as a summer's morning. Mr. B—— came in and said, with mock simplicity, —

"When you have a hail, my boy, you ought to tap the big bell three times before you land, so that the engineers can get ready."

I blushed under the sarcasm, and said I had n't had any hail.

"Ah! Then it was for wood, I suppose. The officer of the watch will tell you when he wants to wood up."

I went on consuming, and said I was n't after wood.

"Indeed? Why, what could you want over here in the bend, then? Did you ever know of a boat following a bend up-stream at this stage of the river?"

"No, sir, — and *I* was n't trying to follow it. I was getting away from a bluff reef."

"No, it was n't a bluff reef; there is n't one within three miles of where you were."

"But I saw it. It was as bluff as that one yonder."

"Just about. Run over it!"

"Do you give it as an order?"

"Yes. Run over it."

"If I don't, I wish I may die."

"All right; I am taking the responsibility."

I was just as anxious to kill the boat, now, as I had been to save her before. I impressed my orders upon my memory, to be used at the inquest, and made a straight break for the reef. As it disappeared under our bows I held my breath; but we slid over it like oil.

"Now don't you see the difference? It was n't anything but a wind reef. The wind does that."

"So I see. But it is exactly like a bluff reef. How am I ever going to tell them apart?"

"I can't tell you. It is an instinct. By and by you will just naturally *know* one from the other, but you never will be able to explain why or how you know them apart."

It turned out to be true. The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book — a book that was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day. Throughout the long twelve hundred miles there was never a page that was void of interest, never one that you could leave unread without loss, never one that you would want to skip, thinking you could find higher enjoyment in some other thing. There never was so wonderful a book written by man; never one whose interest was so absorbing, so unflagging, so sparklingly renewed with every re-perusal. The passenger who could not read it was charmed with a peculiar sort of faint dimple on its surface (on the rare occasions when he did not overlook it altogether); but to the pilot that was an *italicized* passage; indeed, it was more than that, it was a legend of the largest capitals with a string of shouting exclamation points at the end of it; for it meant that a wreck or a rock was buried there that could tear the life out of the strongest vessel that ever floated. It is the faintest and simplest expression the water ever makes, and the most hideous to a pilot's eye. In truth, the passenger who could not read this book saw nothing but all manner of pretty pictures in it, painted by the sun and shaded by the clouds, whereas to the trained eye these were not pictures at all, but the grimmest and most dead-earnest of reading-matter.

Now when I had mastered the language of this water and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew

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the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry had gone out of the majestic river! I still keep in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steamboating was new to me. A broad expanse of the river was turned to blood; in the middle distance the red hue brightened into gold, through which a solitary log came floating, black and conspicuous; in one place a long, slanting mark lay sparkling upon the water; in another the surface was broken by boiling, tumbling rings, that were as many-tinted as an opal; where the ruddy flush was faintest, was a smooth spot that was covered with graceful circles and radiating lines, ever so delicately traced; the shore on our left was densely wooded, and the sombre shadow that fell from this forest was broken in one place by a long, ruffled trail that shone like silver; and high above the forest wall a clean-stemmed dead tree waved a single leafy bough that glowed like a flame in the unobstructed splendor that was flowing from the sun. There were graceful curves, reflected images, woody heights, soft distances; and over the whole scene, far and near, the dissolving lights drifted steadily, enriching it, every passing moment, with new marvels of coloring.

I stood like one bewitched. I drank it in, in a speechless rapture. The world was new to me, and I had never seen anything like this at home. But as I have said, a day came when I began to cease noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river's face; another day came when I ceased altogether to note them. Then, if that sunset scene had been repeated, I would have looked upon it without rapture, and would have commented upon it, inwardly, after this fashion: This sun means that we are going to have wind to-morrow; that floating log means that the river is rising, small thanks to it; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody's steamboat one of these nights, if it keeps on stretching out like that; those tumbling "boils" show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that execrable place is shoaling up dangerously; that silver streak in the shadow of the forest is the "break" from a new snag, and he has located himself in the very best place he could have found to fish for steamboats; that tall, dead tree, with a single living branch, is not going to last long, and then how is a body ever going to get through this blind place at night without the friendly old landmark?

No, the romance and the beauty were all gone from the river. All the value any feature of it had for me now was the amount of usefulness it could furnish toward compassing the safe piloting of a steamboat. Since those days, I have pitied doctors from my heart. What does the lovely flush in a beauty's cheek mean to a doctor but a "break" that ripples above some deadly disease? Are not all her visible charms sown thick with what are to him the signs and symbols of hidden decay? Does he ever see her beauty at all, or does n't he simply view her professionally, and comment upon her unwholesome condition all to himself? And does n't he sometimes wonder whether he has gained most or lost most by learning his trade?

Mark Twain.

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HILDA.

THE church-yard lies a wood beside,
Where shadows from the boughs abide;
And marbles sleep o'er young and old,
A stony flock in slumber cold.

'T was here gray Hilda mutt'ring came,
A withered gypsy, bent and lame,
When first the witches' feeble light
Flickers from windows of the night.

Her magic circle thrice she drew,
Conjured the wizard pow'rs anew;
Then lone she sat as ghost may be,
Among her dreams all silently.

Such dreams are watchers in disguise,
Which, when we sleep, look through our eyes,
And seeing far some future thing,
The admonition of it bring.

From the green flame a maiden rose
As from bright leaves the lily grows,
And unto heaven raised her eyes
Like quiet pools to quiet skies.

While thus she gazed, her sheltered breast.
A moment by the winds undressed,
Was crossed by shade as when the night
O'er newest snow begins her flight.

Like unseen fingers on the lyre,
Lay on her lips the heart's desire;
And fitful, faint, their music breathed
The saddest song e'er soul bequeathed.

Her murmured prayer old Hilda heard,
And aye remembered every word;
For she was fair as any maid
Whom guile hath won and guile betrayed

Alack! Now struck the village bell,
And Hilda cursed with curse of hell;
The charm was broken — back to air
The maiden vanished like her prayer.

But all night with uncovered head,
The old witch sat among the dead,

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Where overhead the mournful bough
Sighed with her then and sigheth now.

She told this tale and went her way
Like a live mist, so thin and gray;
Forgotten was her prophecy,
Despised, forever gone was she.

But oh, Time saw a burial there
Where Hilda tore her hoary hair;
God rest her soul, where'er she be —
The sweet girl sleeps so peacefully!

John Vance Cheney.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME AMERICA.

THE controversy as to the priority of discovery and the honor of bestowing a name on the New World has been so long undecided, — almost three centuries, — that any light thrown upon this intricate problem may help its true solution, if the truth be discoverable at this late day; and with this hope I offer the following contribution.

Americ, *Amerrique*, or *Amerique* is the name in Nicaragua for the high land or mountain range that lies between Juigalpa and Libertad, in the province of Chontales, and which reaches on the one side into the country of the Carcas Indians, and on the other into that of the Ramas Indians. The Rios Mico, Artigua, and Carca, that form the Rio Blewfields; the Rio Grande Matagalpa, and the Rios Rama and Indio, that flow directly into the Atlantic; as well as the Rios Comoapa, Mayales, Acoyapa, Ajocuapa, Oyale, and Terpenaguatapa, flowing into the Lake of Nicaragua, all have their sources in the Americ range.[1]

The names of places, in the Indian dialects of Central America, often terminate in *ique* or *ic*, which seems to mean "great," "elevated," "prominent," and is always applied to dividing ridges, or to elevated, mountainous countries, but not to volcanic regions: for instance, Nique and Aglasinique in the Isthmus of Darien (Estados Unidos de Colombia); Tucarique and Amerrique in Nicaragua; Amatique, Manabique, Chaparristique, Lepaterique, Llotique, and Ajuterique in Honduras; Atenquique (Estados Unidos de Mexico); Tactic and Polochic in Guatemala; Tepic, Acatic, and Mesquitic in the state of Jalisco. The list of Indian local or other names, with the termination of *ique* or *ic*, as Cacique or Cacic, great chief, might be easily lengthened.

It is now well known, through the learned researches of philologists for the last twenty years, that no denominations are more securely established than the names of localities — mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers. Even the most absolute conquest, unless it totally exterminate the aboriginal race inhabiting a country, does not destroy entirely the names of localities, or *lieux-dits*, as the French so well express it. These names may be slightly modified, by various spelling, but the primitive sound remains. And even where the aboriginal race entirely disappears, the names of places are often preserved, at least as synonyms; of which there are many examples in Canada, in New England, in the State

[1] See public documents of the Nicaragua government; and The Naturalist in Nicaragua, by Thomas Belt, 8vo, London, 1873.

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of New York, and elsewhere throughout the Union.

The question to be decided is, whether the word Americ or Amerrique, designating a part of the *terra firma* discovered by Cristoforo Colombo, on his fourth and last voyage to the New World, was known to the great navigator, and consequently could have been repeated by him or by the companions of his voyage. There is no certainty of this; for the word is not found in the very brief account he has left us. But as the origin of the word Americ has been until now an enigma, in spite of the different interpretations of it that have been given, and as Vespuchy had nothing to do with this name, entirely unknown to him, — the inventor of the word Americi or America being a printer and bookseller in a small town hidden in the Vosges Mountains, — it is perhaps well to review the facts, and to show where lies the greatest probability for a true solution of the origin of this word America, which denominates alone a hemisphere.

In the Lettera Rarissima of Cristoforo Colombo giving an abridged description of his fourth voyage, 1502–3, he says that after having passed the Cape Gracias a Dios, on the Mosquito coast, he reached the Rio Grande Matagalpa, which he called the Disaster River, and after remaining anchored there for several days, he stopped some time for repairing his ships and giving rest to the crews, between the small island of La Huerta (the Garden Quiribiri) and the continent, opposite the village Cariaï or Cariay. Cariaï is so like Carcaï, or the dwelling-place of the Carcas Indians, who still live in that neighborhood, that it is possible the variation is caused by an error in reading the manuscript letter of Colombo, the *c* having been mistaken for an *i*.

The great object of the desires and researches of Colombo and his company was the finding of gold mines; and of these the inhabitants of Cariaï or Carcaï had much to relate; they led Colombo to another village called Carambaru, whose inhabitants wore golden mirrors round their necks. These Indians named several places where mines of gold existed, the last named being Veragua, twenty-five leagues distant on the coast.

Colombo and his company were struck by the number of sorcerers (medicine men) among the Cariaï or Carcaï; and the sailors afterwards thought they had been bewitched by them, as they suffered from the many tempests and mishaps of all sorts they were obliged to endure for the rest of the voyage.

What was the geographical position of Cariaï (Carcaï), Carambaru, and Veragua? Veragua is known to be in the great Bay of Chiriqui (Costa Rica): Colombo says in his narration, "It is the custom in this territory of Veragua to bury the chief men with all the gold they possess;" and in these last years gold has been found in the tombs of the aborigines of that country. Carambaru was at least twenty-five leagues distant from Veragua (Chiriqui), which brings us a little to the north of the Rio San Juan and Greytown. Cariaï (Carcaï) must have been a little farther north, in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Rio Blewfields (of which the Rio Carca is one of the affluents), where are several islands, and this accords with the narration of Colombo. The Carcas Indians inhabit all this region, and work to-day in the gold mines of Santo Domingo and Libertad, on the Rio Mico, another affluent of the Blewfields, at the foot of the Americ (or Amerrique) range. Carambaru was probably near the Rio Rama, and in the country of the Ramas Indians. Now the Ramas and Carcas Indians have always resisted all attempts at civilization; most of them, especially the Ramas, are wholly savage, and allow no one to penetrate into their country; they have remained the same as they were when Colombo visited them in 1502.

It is well known with what tenacity the Indians attach themselves to all their surroundings; and the Americ or Amerrique range forms the highest chain of mountains in the country of the Carcas and Ramas Indians, the average being three thousand feet; making a dividing line between the waters flowing directly

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into the Atlantic, and those that empty into the Lake of Nicaragua. According to travelers who have visited certain places in the neighborhood of Libertad, Juigalpa, and Acoyapo, this mountain range is very conspicuous; it is seen from afar, with its precipitous rocks, great white cliffs, and huge, isolated, rocky pinnacles. This ridge divides the country into two parts, distinguished by totally different climates. To the east continual rains have caused impenetrable forests, and to the west of this dividing line the country is arid and unproductive for want of rain. The Americ range prevents the passage of all the moisture from the Atlantic. The direction is from north-northwest to south-southeast, and the last spur of the range is on the Atlantic coast a little to the north of Greytown; the ramifications being in the country of the unapproachable and savage Ramas Indians.

There is the strongest evidence that this word, denoting the range and the rocks of Amerrique, Amerique, or Americ, is an indigenous word, the terminal *ique* or *ic* being common for the names of locality, in the language of the Lenca Indians of Central America, a part of Mexico; and that this name has been perpetuated without alteration since the discovery of the New World, by the complete isolation of the Indians who live in this part of the continent, who call their mountains by the same word to-day as they did in 1502, when Colombo visited them, Amerrique, Amerique, or Americ. These mountains are auriferous; at their foot lie the gold mines of Libertad and Santo Domingo, and further, the gold of the alluvium or the placers is entirely exhausted, which can only be explained through a previous washing by the Indians themselves; at present the gold is to be found only in the veins of quartz rock.

Colombo says the Indians named several localities rich in gold, but he does not give the names in his very curtailed account, contenting himself with citing the name of the province of Ciamba; but it is highly probable that this name Americ or Amerrique was often pronounced by the Indians in answer to the pressing demands of the Europeans of the expedition. The eagerness for gold was such among the first navigators that it formed their chief preoccupation everywhere; and it is almost certain that to their continual questions as to the place where the gold was found that the Indians wore as ornaments, the reply would be, from Americ, this word signifying the most elevated and conspicuous part of the interior, the upper country, the distinguishing feature of the province of Ciamba.

It does not follow that Colombo was ignorant of the word Americ because he has omitted it in the Lettera Rarissima, which was addressed by him to his Catholic Majesty, the powerful King of Spain. It is evident, from his mention of several places where gold was to be found, as the Indians had told him without giving their names, that he did not tell all he knew; and it must be remembered that the Lettera Rarissima was written under the most painful circumstances. He was a prisoner in the island of Jamaica, loaded with chains, old, infirm, and overwhelmed by suffering and injustice, and not in a position to make a very full report of his expedition. His account of his fourth voyage is the least clear and precise of all his writings, showing in its confused and melancholy style the sad condition to which he was reduced, and although the name Americ is not seen therein, the region may have been considered by Colombo and his companions as an unexplored El Dorado, occupying the interior of the country in the province of Ciamba, along the coasts of which they had navigated.

We may suppose that Colombo and his companions on their return to Europe, when relating their adventures, would boast of the rich gold mines they had discovered through the Indians of Nicaragua, and say they lay in the direction of Americ. This would make popular the word Americ, as the common designation of that part of the Indies in which the richest mines of gold in the New World were situated.

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The word Americ, a synonym for this golden country, would become known in the sea-ports of the West Indies and then in those of Europe, and would gradually penetrate into the interior of the continent, so that a printer and bookseller in Saint Dié, at the foot of the Vosges, would have heard the word Americ without understanding its true meaning as an indigenous Indian word, but would become acquainted with it in conversations about these famous discoveries, as designating a country in the New Indies very rich in mines of gold.

Hylacomylus[1] of Saint Dié, ignorant of any printed account of these voyages but those of Albericus Vespucius, — published in Latin in 1505, and in German in 1506, — thought he saw in the Christian name Albericus the origin of this, for him, altered and corrupted word, Americ or Amerique, and renewing the fable of the monkey and the dolphin, who took the Piræus for a man, called this country by the only name among those of the navigators that had reached him, and which resembled the word Americ or Amerique.

In order to accomplish this it was necessary to change considerably the Christian name of Vespucius, and from Albericus, Alberico, Amerigo,[2] and Morigo, — which are the different ways of spelling the first name of Vespuzio, or Vespuchy, or Vespucci, — he made Americus! Thus, according to my view, it is owing to a grave mistake of Hylacomylus that the aboriginal name of the New World, Americ or Amerique, has been Europeanized and connected with the son of Anastasio Vespuzio.

Had this mistake occurred in Spain, Portugal, or the West Indies, evidently it would have been corrected; for Vespuzio and many of the companions of Colombo were still living. But in the little town of Saint Dié, the name of which probably was never known to Cristoforo Colombo or Alberico Vespuzio, distant from any sea-port, this little pamphlet of the bookseller Hylacomylus[3] was restricted to a small circle; and in truth it is around this limited area that the error was propagated and prolonged by the publication of a new edition of the pamphlet of Hylacomylus at Strasburg in 1509, and by the appearance at Basle, in 1522, of the first map upon which was seen America provincia.

This map, with the name America upon it, reached Spain long after the death of Cristoforo Colombo, which took place in 1506; and the companions of his expedition, almost all unlearned men, were also either dead or gone back to the Indies, and no one was there who could correct the mistake, even supposing that the map gave the origin of the word. The name Americ had been heard, not as that of a man, but of a country, of an undetermined portion of the terra firma of the New World, and it was accepted without difficulty, no attention being paid to the mistake of the printer and bookseller of Saint Dié, whose pamphlet was probably unknown in Spain.

There can be little doubt that the word Americ was not only known, but popularized to a certain extent, in the sea-ports of Spain, Portugal, and the Indies, or it would not have been thus at once accepted by universal consent, without discussion. This is all the more probable from the fact that Hylacomylus, beside the marked alteration of the first name, Alberico, disregarded the rule which has always been followed in naming countries, by giving the first name instead of the family name of his hero; he should have called the New World Vespuzia or Vespuchia.

The Christian name of an ordinary man is never used to designate a coun-

[1] This teacher, bookseller, and printer of Saint Dié (Vosges) is so little known that even his name is not exactly known; it is thought to have been Martin Waldseemüller or Waltzemüller, and that the Latin name of Hylacomylus was adopted by him in accordance with the custom of the time.

[2] It is important to remark that Hylacomylus knew only the names Albericus and Alberico, which renders the creation by him of the name America still more improbable, if he had not heard the indigenous name Americ. The first name of Vespuzio was only spelt Amerigo and Morigo in Spanish documents that remained unpublished until many years after the death of Hylacomylus.

[3] Entitled, Cosmographiæ Introductio cum quibusdam Geometriæ ac Astronomiæ principis; ad eam Rem necessariis insuper quatuor Americii Vespucii Navigationes; p. 52 in quarto, 1507.

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try, but only that of an emperor, king, queen, or prince; thus we say Straits of Magellan, Vancouver's Island, Tasmania, Van Diemen's Land, etc., while we have, on the other hand, Louisiana, Carolina, Georgia, Maryland, Filipinas, Victoria, etc. There is no exception to this rule in the case of Cristoforo Colombo, for no one has thought of giving the name of Cristoforia to a country, and that of Cristoforo to a town; while at several epochs many names of Colombia, Columbia, Columbus, and Colon have been given. Furthermore, in giving to Vespuzio the honor of naming the New World, Hylacomylus, using the Christian name contrary to all precedent, should have named it Albericia or Amerigia or Amerigonia or Morigia, and not America.

The only way to explain this name, reached with such difficulty, is that Hylacomylus had previously heard pronounced the name Americ or Amerique.

Amerigo Vespuchy (as the name is written by Cristoforo Colombo in his letter dated Seville, 5 February, 1505) died in 1512, long before the publication at Basle of the map in *Mela cum Commentatio Vadiani*, without knowing "the dangerous glory that was preparing for him at Saint Dié," as Humboldt expresses it; he believed until the end of his life that the New World was the coast of Asia, and died as he had lived, *piloto mayor de Indias*.

This belief in the Indies, and the nearness to the river Ganges of their discoveries, prevented Colombo, his contemporaries, and his successors, from giving the countries they found a collective name. The idea originated with men in the interior of the Continent of Europe, unacquainted practically with the navigation of those times, so feverish with the excitement of voyages; and who, repeating the sayings of the sailors, without knowing very well what they were about, applied a name already known to those who had returned from the Indies, but which was without any exact geographical position, to an entire group of newly discovered lands, hardly then recognized as a whole.

The mistake of the theoretical geographers of Saint Dié, Strasburg, and Basle could hardly have been corrected, unless by Colombo, who was no longer in this world; and then the discoveries of Cortez, Pizarro, and others, came to change the direction of ideas as to the countries fabulously rich in gold.

Although Nicaragua was conquered in 1522 by Gil Gonzales de Avida, a part of it remained wholly unknown, especially the region extending from the Atlantic to Lake Nicaragua, in which lies the Amerrique range; and the ignorance of this part of America has continued so long, that the Californian emigration even has passed by it across the Isthmus of Nicaragua without any knowledge of or interest in its existence. It may be said that the region of country lying between the Caribbean Sea and the dividing line for the waters that flow into Lake Nicaragua is to this day entirely unknown; the Carcas and Ramas Indians, especially the latter, oppose any entrance into their country, rejecting even the Indians who search for caoutchouc, and who intrepidly pursue their work in countries as yet closed.

The theory I have presented has some great advantages. In the first place, it takes nothing from the glory of Colombo, the name of the continent discovered by him being an indigenous name which, from designating a small and limited country, has been extended to include the whole of the New World, through the mistake of a teacher, printer, and bookseller in a little town hidden among the Vosges Mountains.

The accusations of plagiarism from which Alberico Vespuzio has suffered are abolished, and there is no longer any reason to reproach him with having imposed, or having suffered to be imposed, his Christian name on a whole continent; inasmuch as this name was never Americ or Amerique, but Alberico or Amerigo. The name Americ, although aboriginal, makes no confusion between a part and the whole, because the locality where it exists as lieu-dit is too small, obscure, and insignificant to give rise to any false or double mean-

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ings of the term. Finally, this name appears to be admirably chosen, extending as the Americ range does from the centre to the extremities of the continent, radiating as it were, giving one hand to the North and one to the South, looking to the Antilles and to the Pacific, and being even the central point of the immense chain of mountains which extends from the Tierra del Fuego to the borders of Mackenzie River, and forms the backbone of the western hemisphere; in truth, the longest range of mountains upon our globe.

It is well chosen, also, as it probably was heard by the great Admiral Colombo on his fourth voyage, the illustrious discoverer of the New World being the first European who heard and pronounced the word Americ or Amerrique, although we have no material certainty of this. Had the name belonged to a part of either extremity of the continent, it would hardly have been so readily accepted; but it grasped and took the New World as it were round the centre, vaguely, merely signifying a region very rich in gold mines; and it was employed and accepted without a thought of the pilot Alberico Vespuzio; it was a long time after that discussions arose among learned geographers, and that the gross mistake of Hylacomylus was imposed upon the world as truth. In a word, the name Americ is American.

Jules Marcou.

DELAY.

Taste the sweetness of delaying,
Till the hour shall come for saying
  That I love you with my soul;
Have you never thought your heart
Finds a something in the part,
  It would miss from out the whole?

In this rosebud you have given,
Sleeps that perfect rose of heaven
  That in Fancy's garden blows;
Wake it not by touch or sound,
Lest, perchance, 't were lost, not found,
  In the opening of the rose.

Dear to me is this reflection
Of a fair and far perfection,
  Shining through a veil undrawn;
Ask no question then of fate;
Yet a little longer wait
  In the beauty of the dawn.

Through our mornings, veiled and tender,
Shines a day of golden splendor,
  Never yet fulfilled by day;
Ah! if love be made complete,
Will it, can it, be so sweet
  As this ever sweet delay?

Louisa Bushnell.

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RODERICK HUDSON.

III.

ROME.

One warm, still day, late in the Roman autumn, our two young men were sitting beneath one of the high-stemmed pines of the Villa Ludovisi. They had been spending an hour in the moldy little garden-house, where the colossal mask of the famous Juno looks out with blank eyes from that dusky corner which must seem to her the last possible stage of a lapse from Olympus. Then they had wandered out into the gardens, and were lounging away the morning under the spell of their magical picturesqueness. Roderick declared that he would go nowhere else; that, after the Juno, it was a profanation to look at anything but sky and trees. There was a fresco of Guercino, to which Rowland, though he had seen it on his former visit to Rome, went dutifully to pay his respects. But Roderick, though he had never seen it, declared that it could n't be worth a fig, and that he did n't care to look at ugly things. He remained stretched on his overcoat, which he had spread on the grass, while Rowland went off envying the intellectual comfort of genius, which can arrive at serene conclusions without disagreeable processes. When the latter came back, his friend was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. Rowland, in the geniality of a mood attuned to the mellow charm of a Roman villa, found a good word to say for the Guercino; but he chiefly talked of the view from the little belvedere on the roof of the casino, and how it looked like the prospect from a castle turret in a fairy tale.

"Very likely," said Roderick, throwing himself back with a yawn. "But I must let it pass. I 've seen enough for the present; I 've reached the top of the hill. I 've an indigestion of impressions; I must work them off before I go in for any more. I don't want to look at any more of other people's works, for a month — not even at Nature's own. I want to look at Roderick Hudson's. The result of it all is that I 'm not afraid. I can but try, as well as the rest of them! The fellow who did that gazing goddess yonder only made an experiment. The other day, when I was looking at Michael Angelo's Moses, I was seized with a kind of defiance — a reaction against all this mere passive enjoyment of grandeur. It was a rousing great success, certainly, that rose there before me, but somehow it was not an inscrutable mystery, and it seemed to me, not perhaps that I should some day do as well, but that at least I *might!*"

"As you say, you can but try," said Rowland. "Success is only passionate effort."

"Well, the passion is blazing; we have been piling on fuel, handsomely. It came over me just now that it is exactly three months to a day since I left Northampton. I can't believe it!"

"It certainly seems more."

"It seems like ten years. What a blessed young fool I was!"

"Do you feel so wise now?"

"Verily! Don't I look so? Surely I have n't the same face. Have n't I a different eye, a different expression, a different voice?"

"I can hardly say, because I have seen the transition. But it 's very likely. You are, in the literal sense of the word, more civilized. I dare say," added Rowland, "that Miss Garland would think so."

"That 's not what she would call it; she would say I was corrupted."

Rowland asked few questions about Miss Garland, but he always listened narrowly to his companion's voluntary observations.

"Are you very sure?" he replied.

"Why, she 's a stern moralist, and she would infer from my appearance that

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I had become a reckless Epicurean." Roderick had, in fact, a Venetian watch-chain round his neck and a magnificent Roman intaglio on the third finger of his left hand.

"Will you think I take a liberty," asked Rowland, "if I say you judge her superficially?"

"For Heaven's sake," cried Roderick, laughing, "don't tell me she 's not a moralist! It was for that I fell in love with her, and with rigid virtue in her person."

"She is a moralist, but not, as you imply, a narrow one. That 's more than a difference in degree; it 's a difference in kind. I don't know whether I ever mentioned it, but I admire her extremely. There is nothing narrow about her but her experience; everything else is large. My impression of her is of a person of great capacity, as yet wholly unmeasured and untested. Some day or other, I 'm sure, she 'll judge fairly and wisely of everything."

"Hold on!" cried Roderick; "you 're a better Catholic than the Pope. I shall be content if she judges fairly of me — of my merits, that is. The rest she must not judge at all. She 's a simple, devoted little creature; may she always remain so! Changed as I am, I adore her none the less. What becomes of all our emotions, our impressions," he went on, after a long pause, "all the material of thought that life pours into us at such a rate during such a memorable three months as these? There are twenty moments a week — a day, for that matter, some days — that seem supreme, twenty impressions that seem ultimate, that appear to form an intellectual era. But others come treading on their heels and sweeping them along, and they all melt like water into water and settle the question of precedence among themselves. The curious thing is that the more the mind takes in, the more it has space for, and that all one's ideas are like the Irish people at home who live in the different corners of a room, and take boarders."

"I fancy it is our peculiar good luck that we don't see the limits of our minds," said Rowland. "We are young, compared with what we may one day be. That belongs to youth; it is perhaps the best part of it. They say that old people do find themselves at last face to face with a solid blank wall, and stand thumping against it in vain. It resounds, it seems to have something beyond it, but it won't move! That 's only a reason for living with open doors as long as we can!"

"Open doors?" murmured Roderick. "Yes, let us close no doors that open upon Rome. For this, for the mind, is eternal summer! But though my doors may stand open to-day," he presently added, "I shall see no visitors. I want to pause and breathe; I want to dream of a statue. I have been working hard for three months; I have earned a right to a reverie."

Rowland, on his side, was not without provision for reflection, and they lingered on in broken, desultory talk. Rowland felt the need for intellectual rest, for a truce to present care for churches, statues, and pictures, on even better grounds than his companion, inasmuch as he had really been living Roderick's intellectual life the past three months, as well as his own. As he looked back on these full-flavored weeks, he drew a long breath of satisfaction, almost of relief. Roderick, thus far, had justified his confidence and flattered his perspicacity; he was unfolding into all the brilliancy he had foreseen. He was changed even more than he himself suspected; he had stepped, without faltering, into his birthright, and was spending money, intellectually, as lavishly as a young heir who has just won an obstructive lawsuit. Roderick's glance and voice were the same, doubtless, as when they enlivened the summer dusk on Cecilia's veranda, but in his person, generally, there was an indefinable expression of experience rapidly and easily assimilated. Rowland had been struck at the outset with the instinctive quickness of his observation, and his free appropriation of whatever might serve his purpose. He had not been, for instance, half an hour on English soil before he

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perceived that he was dressed like a rustic, and he had immediately reformed his toilet with the most unerring tact. His appetite for novelty was insatiable, and for everything characteristically foreign, as it presented itself, he had an extravagant greeting; but in half an hour the novelty had faded, he had guessed the secret, he had plucked out the heart of the mystery and was clamoring for a keener sensation. At the end of a month, he presented, mentally, to his companion, a puzzling spectacle. He had caught, instinctively, the key-note of the old world. He observed and enjoyed, he criticised and rhapsodized, but though all things interested him and many delighted him, none surprised him; he had divined their logic and measured their proportions, and referred them unerringly to their categories. Witnessing the rate at which he did intellectual execution on the general spectacle of European life, Rowland, at moments, felt vaguely uneasy for the future; the boy was living too fast, he would have said, and giving alarming pledges to ennui in his later years. But we must live as our pulses are timed, and Roderick's struck the hour very often. He was, by imagination, though he never became in manner, a natural man of the world; he had intuitively, as an artist, what one may call the historic consciousness. He had a relish for social subtleties and mysteries, and, in perception, when occasion offered him an inch he never failed to take an ell. A single glimpse of a social situation of the elder type enabled him to construct the whole, with all its complex chiaroscuro, and Rowland more than once assured him that he made him believe in the metempsychosis, and that he must have lived in European society, in the last century, as a gentleman in a cocked hat and flowered waistcoat. Hudson asked Rowland questions which poor Rowland was quite unable to answer, and of which he was equally unable to conceive where he had picked up the data. Roderick ended by answering them himself, tolerably to his satisfaction, and in a short time he had almost turned the tables and become in their walks and talks the accredited source of information. Rowland told him that when he turned sculptor a capital novelist was spoiled, and that to match his eye for social detail one would have to go to Honoré de Balzac. In all this Rowland took a generous pleasure; he felt an especial kindness for his comrade's radiant youthfulness of temperament. He was so much younger than he himself had ever been! And surely youth and genius, hand in hand, were the most beautiful sight in the world. Roderick added to this the charm of his more immediately personal qualities. The vivacity of his perceptions, the audacity of his imagination, the picturesqueness of his phrase when he was pleased, — and even more when he was displeased, — his abounding good-humor, his candor, his unclouded frankness, his unfailing impulse to share every emotion and impression with his friend; all this made comradeship a pure felicity, and interfused with a deeper amenity their long evening talks at café doors in Italian towns.

They had gone almost immediately to Paris, and had spent their days at the Louvre and their evenings at the theatre. Roderick was divided in mind as to whether Titian or Mademoiselle Delaporte was the greater artist. They had come down through France to Genoa and Milan, had spent a fortnight in Venice and another in Florence, and had now been a month in Rome. Roderick had said that he meant to spend three months in simply looking, absorbing, and reflecting, without putting pencil to paper. He looked indefatigably, and certainly saw great things — things greater, doubtless, at times, than the intentions of the artist. And yet he made few false steps and wasted little time in theories of what he ought to like and to dislike. He judged instinctively and passionately, but never vulgarly. At Venice, for a couple of days, he had half a fit of melancholy over the pretended discovery that he had missed his way, and that the only proper vestment of plastic conceptions was the coloring of Titian and Paul Veronese. Then

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one morning the two young men had themselves rowed out to Torcello, and Roderick lay back for a couple of hours watching a brown-breasted gondolier making superb muscular movements, in high relief, against the sky of the Adriatic, and at the end jerked himself up with a violence that nearly swamped the gondola, and declared that the only thing worth living for was to make a colossal bronze and set it aloft in the light of a public square. In Rome his first care was for the Vatican; he went there again and again. But the old imperial and papal city altogether delighted him; only there he really found what he had been looking for from the first — the complete antipodes of Northampton. And indeed Rome is the natural home of those spirits with which we just now claimed fellowship for Roderick — the spirits with a deep relish for the artificial element in life and the infinite superpositions of history. It is the immemorial city of convention. The stagnant Roman air is charged with convention; it colors the yellow light and deepens the chilly shadows. And in that still recent day the most impressive convention in all history was visible to men's eyes, in the Roman streets, erect in a gilded coach drawn by four black horses. Roderick's first fortnight was a high æsthetic revel. He declared that Rome made him feel and understand more things than he could express: he was sure that life must have there, for all one's senses, an incomparable fineness; that more interesting things must happen to one than anywhere else. And he gave Rowland to understand that he meant to live freely and largely, and be as interested as occasion demanded. Rowland saw no reason to regard this as a menace of dissipation, because, in the first place, there was in all dissipation, refine it as one might, a grossness which would disqualify it for Roderick's favor, and because, in the second, the young sculptor was a man to regard all things in the light of his art, to hand over his passions to his genius to be dealt with, and to find that he could live largely enough without exceeding the circle of legitimate activity. Rowland took immense satisfaction in his companion's deep impatience to *make something* of all his impressions. Some of these indeed found their way into a channel which did not lead to statues, but it was none the less a safe one. He wrote frequent long letters to Miss Garland; when Rowland went with him to post them he thought wistfully of the fortune of the great, loosely-written missives, which cost Roderick unconscionable sums in postage. He received punctual answers of a more frugal form, written in a clear, minute hand, on paper vexatiously thin. If Rowland was present when they came, he turned away and thought of other things — or tried to. These were the only moments when his sympathy halted, and they were brief. For the rest he let the days go by unprotestingly, and enjoyed Roderick's serene efflorescence as he would have done a beautiful summer sunrise. Rome, for the past month, had been delicious. The annual descent of the Goths had not yet begun, and sunny leisure seemed to brood over the city.

Roderick had taken out a note-book and was roughly sketching a memento of the great Juno. Suddenly there was a noise on the gravel, and the young men, looking up, saw three persons advancing. One was a woman of middle age, with a rather grand air and a great many furbelows. She looked very hard at our friends as she passed, and glanced back over her shoulder, as if to hasten the step of a young girl who slowly followed her. She had such an expansive majesty of mien that Rowland supposed she must have some proprietary right in the villa, and was not just then in a hospitable mood. Beside her walked a little elderly man, tightly buttoned in a shabby black coat, but with a flower in his lappet, and a pair of soiled light gloves. He was a grotesque-looking personage, and might have passed for a gentleman of the old school, reduced by adversity to playing cicerone to foreigners of distinction. He had a little black eye which glittered like a diamond and

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rolled about like a ball of quicksilver, and a white mustache, cut short and stiff, like a worn-out brush. He was smiling with extreme urbanity, and talking in a low, mellifluous voice to the lady, who evidently was not listening to him. At a considerable distance behind this couple strolled a young girl, apparently of about twenty. She was tall and slender, and dressed with extreme elegance; she led by a cord a large poodle of the most fantastic aspect. He was combed and decked like a ram for sacrifice; his trunk and haunches were of the most transparent pink, his fleecy head and shoulders as white as jeweler's cotton, and his tail and ears ornamented with long blue ribbons. He stepped along stiffly and solemnly beside his mistress, with an air of conscious elegance. There was something at first slightly ridiculous in the sight of a young lady gravely appended to an animal of these incongruous attributes, and Roderick, with his customary frankness, greeted the spectacle with a confident smile. The young girl perceived it and turned her face full upon him, with a gaze intended apparently to enforce greater deference. It was not deference, however, her face provoked, but startled, submissive admiration; Roderick's smile fell dead, and he sat eagerly staring. A pair of extraordinary dark blue eyes, a mass of dusky hair over a low forehead, a blooming oval of perfect purity, a flexible lip, just touched with disdain, the step and carriage of a tired princess — these were the general features of his vision. The young lady was walking slowly and letting her long dress rustle over the gravel; the young men had time to see her distinctly before she averted her face and went her way. She left a vague, sweet perfume behind her as she passed.

"Immortal powers!" cried Roderick, "what a vision! In the name of transcendent perfection, who is she?" He sprang up and stood looking after her until she rounded a turn in the avenue. "What a movement, what a manner, what a poise of the head! I wonder if she would sit to me."

"You 'd better go and ask her," said Rowland, laughing. "She 's certainly most beautiful."

"Beautiful? She 's beauty itself — she 's a revelation. I don't believe she 's living — she 's a phantasm, a vapor, an illusion!"

"The poodle," said Rowland, "is certainly alive."

"Nay, he too may be a grotesque phantom, like the black dog in Faust."

"I hope at least that the young lady has nothing in common with Mephistopheles. She looked dangerous."

"If beauty is immoral, as people think at Northampton," said Roderick, "she 's the incarnation of evil. The mamma and the queer old gentleman, moreover, are a pledge of her reality. Who are they all?"

"The Prince and Princess Ludovisi and the *principessina*," suggested Rowland.

"There are no such people," said Roderick. "Besides, the little old man is n't the papa." Rowland smiled, wondering how he had ascertained these facts, and the young sculptor went on. "The old man is a Roman, a hanger-on of the mamma, a useful personage who now and then gets asked to dinner. The ladies are foreigners, from some Northern country; I won't say which."

"Perhaps from the State of Maine," said Rowland.

"No, she 's not an American, I 'll lay a wager on that. She 's a daughter of this elder world. We shall see her again, I pray my stars; but if we don't, I shall have done something I never expected to — I shall have had a glimpse of ideal beauty." He sat down again and went on with his sketch of the Juno, scrawled away for ten minutes, and then handed the result in silence to Rowland. Rowland uttered an exclamation of surprise and applause. The drawing represented the Juno as to the position of the head, the brow, and the broad fillet across the hair; but the eyes, the mouth, the physiognomy, were a vivid portrait of the young girl with the poodle. "I have been wanting a subject," said

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Roderick: "there's one made to my hand! And now for work!"

They saw no more of the young girl, though Roderick looked hopefully, for some days, into the carriages on the Pincian. She had evidently been but passing through Rome; Naples or Florence now happily possessed her, and she was guiding her fleecy companion through the Villa Reale or the Boboli Gardens with the same superb defiance of irony. Roderick went to work and spent a month shut up in his studio; he had an idea, and he was not to rest till he had embodied it. He had established himself in the basement of a huge, dusky, dilapidated old house in that long, tortuous, and preëminently Roman street which leads from the Corso to the Bridge of St. Angelo. The black archway which admitted you might have served as the portal of the Augean stables, but you emerged presently upon a moldy little court, of which the fourth side was formed by a narrow terrace, overhanging the Tiber. Here, along the parapet, were stationed half a dozen shapeless fragments of sculpture, with a couple of meagre orange-trees in terra-cotta tubs, and an oleander that never flowered. The unclean, historic river swept beneath; behind were dusky, reeking walls, spotted here and there with hanging rags and flower-pots in windows; opposite, at a distance, were the bare brown banks of the stream, the huge rotunda of St. Angelo, tipped with its seraphic statue, the dome of St. Peter's, and the broad-topped pines of the Villa Doria. The place was crumbling and shabby and melancholy, but the river was delightful, the rent was a trifle, and everything was picturesque. Roderick was in the best humor with his quarters from the first, and was certain that the working mood there would be intenser in an hour than in twenty years of Northampton. His studio was a huge, empty room with a vaulted ceiling, covered with vague, dark traces of an old fresco, which Rowland, when he spent an hour with his friend, used to stare at vainly for some surviving coherence of floating draperies and clasping arms. Roderick had lodged himself economically in the same quarter. He occupied a fifth floor on the Ripetta, but he was only at home to sleep, for when he was not at work, he was either lounging in Rowland's more luxurious rooms, or strolling through streets and churches and gardens.

Rowland had found a convenient corner in a stately old palace not far from the Fountain of Trevi, and made himself a home to which books and pictures and prints and odds and ends of curious furniture gave an air of leisurely permanence. He had the tastes of a collector; he spent half his afternoons ransacking the dusty magazines of the curiosity-mongers, and often made his way, in quest of a prize, into the heart of impecunious Roman households, which had been prevailed upon to listen — with closed doors and an impenetrably wary smile — to proposals for an hereditary "antique." In the evening, often, under the lamp, amid dropped curtains and the scattered gleam of firelight upon polished carvings and mellow paintings, the two friends sat with their heads together, criticising intaglios and etchings, water-color drawings, and illuminated missals. Roderick's quick appreciation of every form of artistic beauty reminded his companion of the prolific temperament of those Italian artists of the sixteenth century who were indifferently painters and sculptors, sonneteers and engravers. At times, when he saw how the young sculptor's day passed in a single sustained pulsation, while his own was broken into a dozen conscious devices for disposing of the hours, and intermingled with sighs, half suppressed, some of them, for conscience' sake, over what he failed of in action and missed in possession — he felt a pang of something akin to envy. But Rowland had two substantial aids for giving patience the air of contentment: he was a promiscuous reader and a passionate rider. He plunged into bulky German octavos on Italian history, and he spent long afternoons in the saddle, ranging over the grassy desolation of the Campagna. As the season went on and the social

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groups began to constitute themselves, he found that he knew a great many people and that he had easy opportunity for knowing others. He enjoyed a quiet corner of a drawing-room beside an agreeable woman, and although the machinery of what calls itself society seemed to him to have many superfluous wheels, he accepted invitations and made visits punctiliously, from the conviction that the only way not to be overcome by the ridiculous side of most of such observances is to take them with exaggerated gravity. He introduced Roderick right and left, and suffered him to make his way himself — an enterprise for which Roderick very soon displayed an all-sufficient capacity. Wherever he went he made, not exactly what is called a favorable impression, but what, from a practical point of view, is better — a puzzling one. He took to evening parties as a duck to water, and before the winter was half over was the most freely and frequently discussed young man in the heterogeneous foreign colony. Rowland's theory of his own duty was to let him run his course and play his cards, only holding himself ready to point out shoals and pitfalls, and administer a friendly propulsion through tight places. Roderick's manners on the precincts of the Pincian were quite the same as his manners on Cecilia's veranda: that is, they were no manners at all. But it remained as true as before that it would have been impossible, on the whole, to violate ceremony with less of lasting offense. He interrupted, he contradicted, he spoke to people he had never seen, and left his social creditors without the smallest conversational interest on their loans; he lounged and yawned, he talked loud when he should have talked low, and low when he should have talked loud. Many people, in consequence, thought him insufferably conceited, and declared that he ought to wait till he had something to show for his powers, before he assumed the airs of a spoiled celebrity. But to Rowland and to most friendly observers this judgment was quite beside the mark, and the young man's undiluted naturalness was its own justification. He was impulsive, spontaneous, sincere; there were so many people at dinner-tables and in studios who were not, that it seemed worth while to allow this rare specimen all possible freedom of action. If Roderick took the words out of your mouth when you were just prepared to deliver them with the most effective accent, he did it with a perfect good conscience and with no pretension of a better right to being heard, but simply because he was full to overflowing of his own momentary thought and it sprang from his lips without asking leave. There were persons who waited on your periods much more deferentially, who were a hundred times more capable than Roderick of a reflective impertinence. Roderick received from various sources, chiefly feminine, enough finely-adjusted advice to have established him in life as an embodiment of the proprieties, and he received it, as he afterwards listened to criticisms on his statues, with unfaltering candor and good-humor. Here and there, doubtless, as he went, he took in a reef in his sail; but he was too adventurous a spirit to be successfully tamed, and he remained at most points the florid, rather strident young Virginian whose serene inflexibility had been the despair of Mr. Striker. All this was what friendly commentators (still chiefly feminine) alluded to when they spoke of his delightful freshness, and critics of harsher sensibilities (of the other sex) when they denounced his damned impertinence. His appearance enforced these impressions — his handsome face, his radiant, unaverted eyes, his childish, unmodulated voice. Afterwards, when those who loved him were in tears, there was something in all this unspotted comeliness that seemed to lend a mockery to the causes of their sorrow.

Certainly, among the young men of genius who, for so many ages, have gone up to Rome to test their powers, none ever made a fairer beginning than Roderick. He rode his two horses at once with extraordinary good fortune;

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he established the happiest *modus vivendi* betwixt work and play. He wrestled all day with a mountain of clay in his studio, and chattered half the night away in Roman drawing-rooms. It all seemed part of a kind of divine facility. He was passionately interested, he was feeling his powers; now that they had thoroughly kindled in the glowing æsthetic atmosphere of Rome, the ardent young fellow should be pardoned for believing that he never was to see the end of them. He enjoyed immeasurably, after the chronic obstruction of home, the downright act of production. He kept models in his studio till they dropped with fatigue; he drew, on other days, at the Capitol and the Vatican, till his own head swam with his eagerness, and his limbs stiffened with the cold. He had promptly set up a life-sized figure which he called an "Adam" and was pushing it rapidly toward completion. There were naturally a great many wiseheads who smiled at his precipitancy, and cited him as one more example of Yankee crudity, a capital recruit to the great army of those who wish to dance before they can walk. They were right, but Roderick was right too, for the success of his statue was not to have been foreseen; it partook, really, of the miraculous. He never surpassed it afterwards, and a good judge here and there has been known to pronounce it the finest piece of sculpture of our modern era. To Rowland it seemed to justify superbly his highest hopes of his friend, and he said to himself that if he had invested his happiness in fostering a genius, he ought now to be in possession of a boundless complacency. There was something especially confident and masterly in the artist's negligence of all such small picturesque accessories as might serve to label his figure to a vulgar apprehension. If it represented the father of the human race and the primal embodiment of human sensation, it did so in virtue of its look of balanced physical perfection, and deeply, eagerly sentient vitality. Rowland, in fraternal zeal, traveled up to Carrara and selected at the quarries the most magnificent block of marble he could find, and when it came down to Rome, the two young men had a "celebration." They drove out to Albano, breakfasted boisterously (in their respective measure) at the inn, and lounged away the day in the sun on the top of Monte Cavo. Roderick's head was full of ideas for other works, which he described with infinite spirit and eloquence, as vividly as if they were ranged on their pedestals before him. He had an indefatigable fancy; things he saw in the streets, in the country, things he heard and read, effects he saw just missed or half-expressed in the works of others, acted upon his mind as a kind of challenge, and he was terribly restless until, in some form or other, he had taken up the glove and set his lance in rest.

The Adam was put into marble, and all the world came to see it. Of the criticisms passed upon it this history undertakes to offer no record; over many of them the two young men had a daily laugh for a month, and certain of the formulas of the connoisseurs, restrictive or indulgent, furnished Roderick with a permanent supply of humorous catch-words. But people enough spoke flattering good sense to make Roderick feel as if he were already half famous. The statue passed formally into Rowland's possession, and was paid for as if an illustrious name had been chiseled on the pedestal. Poor Roderick owed every franc of the money. It was not for this, however, but because he was so gloriously in the mood, that, denying himself all breathing-time, on the same day he had given the last touch to the Adam, he began to shape the rough contour of an Eve. This went forward with equal rapidity and success. Roderick lost his temper, time and again, with his models, who offered but a gross, degenerate image of his splendid ideal; but his ideal, as he assured Rowland, became gradually such a fixed, vivid presence, that he had only to shut his eyes to behold a creature far more to his purpose than the poor girl who stood posturing at forty sous an hour. The Eve was finished in a month, and the

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feat was extraordinary, as well as the statue, which represented an admirably beautiful woman. When the spring began to muffle the rugged old city with its clambering festoons, it seemed to him that he had done a handsome winter's work and had fairly earned a holiday. He took a liberal one, and lounged away the lovely Roman May, doing nothing. He looked very contented; with himself, perhaps, at times, a trifle too obviously. But who could have said without good reason? He was "flushed with triumph;" this classic phrase portrayed him, to Rowland's sense. He would lose himself in long reveries, and emerge from them with a quickened smile and a heightened color. Rowland grudged him none of his smiles, and took an extreme satisfaction in his two statues. He had the Adam and the Eve transported to his own apartment, and one warm evening in May he gave a little dinner in honor of the artist. It was small, but Rowland had meant it should be very agreeably composed. He thought over his friends and chose four. They were all persons with whom he lived in a certain intimacy.

One of them was an American sculptor of French extraction, or remotely, perhaps, of Italian, for he rejoiced in the somewhat fervid name of Gloriani. He was a man of forty, he had been living for years in Paris and in Rome, and he now drove a very pretty trade in sculpture of the ornamental and fantastic sort. In his youth he had had money; but he had spent it recklessly, much of it scandalously, and at twenty-six had found himself obliged to make capital of his talent. This was quite inimitable, and fifteen years of indefatigable exercise had brought it to perfection. Rowland admitted its power, though it gave him very little pleasure; what he relished in the man was the extraordinary vivacity and frankness, not to call it the impudence, of his ideas. He had a definite, practical scheme of art, and he knew at least what he meant. In this sense he was solid and complete. There were so many of the æsthetic fraternity who were floundering in unknown seas, without a notion of which way their noses were turned, that Gloriani, conscious and compact, unlimitedly intelligent and consummately clever, dogmatic only as to his own duties, and at once gracefully deferential and profoundly indifferent to those of others, had for Rowland a certain intellectual refreshment quite independent of the character of his works. These were considered by most people to belong to a very corrupt, and by many to a positively indecent school. Others thought them tremendously knowing, and paid enormous prices for them; and indeed, to be able to point to one of Gloriani's figures in a shady corner of your library was tolerable proof that you were not a fool. Corrupt things they certainly were; in the line of sculpture they were quite the latest fruit of time. It was the artist's opinion that there is no essential difference between beauty and ugliness; that they overlap and intermingle in a quite inextricable manner; that there is no saying where one begins and the other ends; that hideousness grimaces at you suddenly from out of the very bosom of loveliness, and beauty blooms before your eyes in the lap of vileness; that it is a waste of wit to nurse metaphysical distinctions, and a sadly meagre entertainment to caress imaginary lines; that the thing to aim at is the expressive, and the way to reach it is by ingenuity; that for this purpose everything may serve, and that a consummate work is a sort of hotch-potch of the pure and the impure, the graceful and the grotesque. Its prime duty is to amuse, to puzzle, to fascinate, to savor of a complex imagination. Gloriani's statues were florid and meretricious; they looked like magnified goldsmith's work. They were extremely elegant, but they had no charm for Rowland. He never bought one, but Gloriani was such an honest fellow, and withal was so deluged with orders, that this made no difference in their friendship. The artist might have passed for a Frenchman. He was a great talker, and a very picturesque one; he was almost bald; he had a small, bright eye, a broken nose,

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and a mustache with waxed ends. When sometimes he received you at his lodging, he introduced you to a lady with a plain face whom he called Madame Gloriani — which she was not.

Rowland's second guest was also an artist, but of a very different type. His friends called him Sam Singleton; he was an American, and he had been in Rome a couple of years. He painted small landscapes, chiefly in water-colors; Rowland had seen one of them in a shop window, had liked it extremely, and, ascertaining his address, had gone to see him and found him established in a very humble studio near the Piazza Barberini, where, apparently, fame and fortune had not yet found him out. Rowland took a fancy to him and bought several of his pictures; Singleton made few speeches, but was grateful. Rowland heard afterwards that when he first came to Rome he painted worthless daubs and gave no promise of talent. Improvement had come, however, hand in hand with patient industry, and his talent, though of a slender and delicate order, was now incontestable. It was as yet but scantily recognized, and he had hard work to live. Rowland hung his little water-colors on the parlor wall, and found that, as he lived with them, he grew very fond of them. Singleton was a meagre, almost dwarfish personage; he looked like a precocious child. He had a high, protuberant forehead, a transparent brown eye, a perpetual smile, an extraordinary expression of modesty and patience. He listened much more willingly than he talked, with a little fixed, grateful grin; he blushed when he spoke, and always offered his ideas in a kind of sidelong fashion, with an implied apology. His modesty set them off, and they were eminently to the point. He was so perfect an example of the little noiseless, laborious artist whom chance, in the person of a moneyed patron, has never taken by the hand, that Rowland would have liked to befriend him by stealth. Singleton had expressed a fervent admiration for Roderick's productions, but had not yet met the young master. Roderick was lounging against the chimney-piece when he came in, and Rowland presently introduced him. The little water-colorist stood with folded hands, blushing, smiling, and looking up at him as if Roderick were himself a statue on a pedestal. Singleton began to murmur something about his pleasure, his admiration; the desire to make his compliment smoothly gave him a kind of grotesque formalism. Roderick looked down at him surprised, and suddenly burst into a laugh. Singleton paused a moment and then, with an intenser smile, went on: "Well, sir, your statues are beautiful, all the same!"

Rowland's other two guests were ladies, and one of them, Miss Blanchard, belonged also to the artistic fraternity. She was an American, she was young, she was pretty, and she had made her way to Rome alone and unaided. She lived alone, or with no other duenna than a bushy-browed old serving-woman, though indeed she had a friendly neighbor in the person of a certain Madame Grandoni, who in various social emergencies lent her a protecting wing, and had come with her to Rowland's dinner. Miss Blanchard had a little money, but she was not above selling her pictures. These represented generally a bunch of dew-sprinkled roses, with the dew-drops very highly finished, or else a wayside shrine, and a peasant woman, with her back turned, kneeling before it. She did backs very well, but she was a little weak in faces. Flowers, however, were her specialty, and though her touch was a little old-fashioned and finical, she painted them with remarkable skill. Her pictures were chiefly bought by the English. Rowland had made her acquaintance early in the winter, and as she kept a saddle-horse and rode a great deal, he had asked permission to be her cavalier. In this way they had become almost intimate. Miss Blanchard's name was Augusta; she was slender, pale, and elegant-looking; she had a very pretty head and brilliant auburn hair, which she braided with classical simplicity. She talked in a sweet, soft voice, used language at times a trifle superfine, and

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made literary allusions. These had often a patriotic strain, and Rowland had more than once been irritated by her quotations from Mrs. Sigourney in the cork-woods of Monte Mario, and from Mr. Willis among the ruins of Veii. Rowland was of a dozen different minds about her, and was half surprised, at times, to find himself treating it as a matter of serious moment whether he liked her or not. He admired her, and indeed there was something admirable in her combination of beauty and talent, of isolation and tranquil self-support. He used sometimes to go into the little, high-niched, ordinary room which served her as a studio, and find her working at a panel six inches square, at an open casement, profiled against the deep blue Roman sky. She received him with a meek-eyed dignity that made her seem like a painted saint on a church window, receiving the daylight in all her being. The breath of reproach passed her by with folded wings. And yet Rowland wondered why he did not like her better. If he failed, the reason was not far to seek. There was another woman whom he liked better, an image in his heart which refused to yield precedence.

On that evening to which allusion has been made, when Rowland was left alone between the starlight and the waves with the sudden knowledge that Mary Garland was to become another man's wife, he had made, after a while, the simple resolution to forget her. And every day since, like a famous philosopher who wished to abbreviate his mourning for a faithful servant, he had said to himself in substance — "Remember to forget Mary Garland." Sometimes it seemed as if he were succeeding; then, suddenly, when he was least expecting it, he would find her name, inaudibly, on his lips, and seem to see her eyes meeting his eyes. All this made him uncomfortable, and seemed to portend a possible discord. Discord was not to his taste; he shrank from imperious passions, and the idea of finding himself jealous of an unsuspecting friend was absolutely repulsive. More than ever, then, the path of duty was to forget Mary Garland, and he cultivated oblivion, as we may say, in the person of Miss Blanchard. Her fine temper, he said to himself, was a trifle cold and conscious, her purity prudish, perhaps, her culture pedantic. But since he was obliged to give up hopes of Mary Garland, Providence owed him a compensation, and he had fits of angry sadness in which it seemed to him that, to attest his right to sentimental satisfaction, he would be capable of falling in love with a woman he absolutely detested, if she were the best that came in his way. And what was the use, after all, of bothering about a possible which was only, perhaps, a dream? Even if Mary Garland had been free, what right had he to assume that he would have pleased her? The actual was good enough. Miss Blanchard had beautiful hair, and if she was a trifle old-maidish, there is nothing like matrimony for curing old-maidishness.

Madame Grandoni, who had formed with the companion of Rowland's rides an alliance which might have been called defensive on the part of the former and attractive on that of Miss Blanchard, was an excessively ugly old lady, highly esteemed in Roman society for her homely benevolence and her shrewd and humorous good sense. She had been the widow of a German archæologist, who had come to Rome in the early ages as an *attaché* of the Prussian legation on the Capitoline. Her good sense had been wanting on but a single occasion, that of her second marriage. This occasion was certainly a momentous one, but these, by common consent, are not test cases. A couple of years after her first husband's death, she had accepted the hand and the name of a Neapolitan music-master, ten years younger than herself, and with no fortune but his fiddle-bow. The marriage was most unhappy, and the Maestro Grandoni was suspected of using the fiddle-bow as an instrument of conjugal correction. He had finally run off with a *prima donna assoluta*, who, it was to be hoped, had given him a taste of the quality implied in her title. He was believed to be living still, but

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he had shrunk to a small black spot in Madame Grandoni's life, and for ten years she had not mentioned his name. She wore a light flaxen wig, which was never very artfully adjusted, but this mattered little, as she made no secret of it. She used to say, "I was not always so ugly as this; as a young girl I had beautiful golden hair, very much the color of my wig." She had worn from time immemorial an old blue satin dress, and a white crape shawl embroidered in colors; her appearance was ridiculous, but she had an interminable Teutonic pedigree, and her manners, in every presence, were easy and jovial, as became a lady whose ancestor had been cup-bearer to Frederick Barbarossa. Thirty years' observation of Roman society had sharpened her wits and given her an inexhaustible store of anecdotes, but she had beneath her crumpled bodice a deep-welling fund of Teutonic sentiment, which she communicated only to the objects of her particular favor. Rowland had a great regard for her, and she repaid it by wishing him to get married. She never saw him without whispering to him that Augusta Blanchard was just the girl.

It seemed to Rowland a sort of foreshadowing of matrimony to see Miss Blanchard standing gracefully on his hearth-rug, and blooming behind the central bouquet at his circular dinner-table. The dinner was very prosperous and Roderick amply filled his position as hero of the feast. He had always an air of buoyant enjoyment in his work, but on this occasion he manifested a good deal of harmless pleasure in his glory. He drank freely and talked bravely; he leaned back in his chair with his hands in his pockets, and flung open the gates of his eloquence. Singleton sat gazing and listening open-mouthed, as if Apollo in person were talking. Gloriani showed a twinkle in his eye and an evident disposition to draw Roderick out. Rowland was rather regretful, for he knew that theory was not his friend's strong point, and that it was never fair to take his measure from his talk.

"As you have begun with Adam and Eve," said Gloriani, "I suppose you are going straight through the Bible." He was one of the persons who thought Roderick delightfully fresh.

"I may make a David," said Roderick, "but I shan't try any more of the Old Testament people. I don't like the Jews; I don't like pendulous noses. David, the boy David, is rather an exception; you can think of him and treat him as a young Greek. Standing forth there on the plain of battle between the contending armies, rushing forward to let fly his stone, he looks like a beautiful runner at the Olympic games. After that I shall skip to the New Testament. I mean to make a Christ."

"You 'll put nothing of the Olympic games into him, I hope," said Gloriani.

"Oh, I shall make him very different from the Christ of tradition; more—more"—and Roderick paused a moment to think. This was the first that Rowland had heard of his Christ.

"More rationalistic, I suppose," suggested Miss Blanchard.

"More idealistic!" cried Roderick. "The perfection of form, you know, to symbolize the perfection of spirit."

"For a companion piece," said Miss Blanchard, "you ought to make a Judas."

"Never! I mean never to make anything ugly. The Greeks never made anything ugly, and I'm a Hellenist; I'm not a Hebraist! I have been thinking lately of making a Cain, but I should never dream of making him ugly. He should be a very handsome fellow, and he should lift up the murderous club with the beautiful movement of the fighters in the Greek friezes, who are chopping at their enemies."

"There 's no use trying to be a Greek," said Gloriani. "If Phidias were to come back, he would recommend you to give it up. I 'm half Italian and half French, and, as a whole, a Yankee. What sort of a Greek should I make? I think the Judas is a capital idea for a statue. Much obliged to you, madame, for the suggestion. What an insidious little scoundrel one might

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make of him, sitting there nursing his money-bag and his treachery! There can be a great deal of expression in a pendulous nose, my dear sir, especially when it is cast in green bronze."

"Very likely," said Roderick. "But it is not the sort of expression I care for. I care only for perfect beauty. There it is, if you want to know it! That 's as good a profession of faith as another. In future, so far as my things are not positively beautiful, you may set them down as failures. For me, it 's either that or nothing. It 's against the taste of the day, I know; we have really lost the faculty to understand beauty in the large, ideal way. We stand like a race with shrunken muscles, staring helplessly at the weights our forefathers easily lifted. But I don't hesitate to proclaim it — I mean to lift them again! I mean to go in for big things; that 's my notion of my art. I mean to do things that will be simple and vast and infinite. You 'll see if they won't be infinite! Excuse me if I brag a little; all those Italian fellows in the Renaissance used to brag. There was a sensation once common, I am sure, in the human breast — a kind of religious awe in the presence of a marble image newly created and expressing the human type in superhuman purity. When Phidias and Praxiteles had their statues of goddesses unveiled in the temples of the Ægean, don't you suppose there was a passionate beating of hearts, a thrill of mysterious terror? I mean to bring it back; I mean to thrill the world again! I mean to produce a Juno that will make you tremble, a Venus that will make you swoon!"

"So that when we come and see you," said Madame Grandoni, "we must be sure and bring our smelling-bottles. And pray have a few soft sofas conveniently placed."

"Phidias and Praxiteles," Miss Blanchard remarked, "had the advantage of believing in their goddesses. I insist on believing, for myself, that the pagan mythology is not a fiction, and that Venus and Juno and Apollo and Mercury used to come down in a cloud into this very city of Rome where we sit talking nineteenth century English."

"Nineteenth century nonsense, my dear!" cried Madame Grandoni. "Mr. Hudson may be a new Phidias, but Venus and Juno — that 's you and I — arrived to-day in a very dirty cab; and were cheated by the driver, too."

"But, my dear fellow," objected Gloriani, "you don't mean to say you are going to make over in cold blood those poor old exploded Apollos and Hebes."

"It won't matter what you call them," said Roderick. "They shall be simply divine forms. They shall be Beauty; they shall be Wisdom; they shall be Power; they shall be Genius; they shall be Daring. That 's all the Greek divinities were."

"That 's rather abstract, you know," said Miss Blanchard.

"My dear fellow," cried Gloriani, "you 're delightfully young."

"I hope you 'll not grow any older," said Singleton, with a flush of sympathy across his large white forehead. "You can do it if you try."

"Then there are all the Forces and Mysteries and Elements of Nature," Roderick went on. "I mean to do the Morning; I mean to do the Night! I mean to do the Ocean and the Mountains; the Moon and the West Wind. I mean to make a magnificent statue of America!"

"America — the Mountains — the Moon!" said Gloriani. "You 'll find it rather hard, I 'm afraid, to compress such subjects into classic forms."

"Oh, there 's a way," cried Roderick, "and I shall think it out. My figures shall make no contortions, but they shall mean a tremendous deal."

"I 'm sure there are contortions enough in Michael Angelo," said Madame Grandoni. "Perhaps you don't approve of him."

"Oh, Michael Angelo was not me!" said Roderick, with sublimity. There was a great laugh; but after all, Roderick had done some fine things.

Rowland had bidden one of the servants bring him a small portfolio of prints, and had taken out a photograph

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of Roderick's little statue of the youth drinking. It pleased him to see his friend sitting there in radiant ardor, defending idealism against so knowing an apostle of corruption as Gloriani, and he wished to help the elder artist to be confuted. He silently handed him the photograph.

"Bless me!" cried Gloriani, "did he do this?"

"Ages ago," said Roderick.

Gloriani looked at the photograph a long time, with evident admiration.

"It 's deucedly pretty," he said at last. "But, my dear young friend, you can't keep this up."

"I shall do better," said Roderick.

"You 'll do worse! You 'll become weak. You 'll have to take to violence, to contortions, to romanticism, in self-defense. This sort of thing is like a man trying to lift himself up by the seat of his trousers. He may stand on tip-toe, but he can't do more. Here you stand on tip-toe, very gracefully, I admit; but you can't fly; there 's no use trying."

"My 'America' shall answer you!" said Roderick, shaking toward him a tall glass of champagne and drinking it down.

Singleton had taken the photograph and was poring over it with a little murmur of delight.

"Was this done in America?" he asked.

"In a square, white, wooden house at Northampton, Massachusetts," Roderick answered.

"Dear old white, wooden houses!" said Miss Blanchard.

"If you could do as well as this there," said Singleton, blushing and smiling, "one might say that really you had only to lose by coming to Rome."

"Mallet 's to blame for that," said Roderick. "But I 'm willing to risk the loss."

The photograph had been passed to Madame Grandoni. "It reminds me," she said, "of the things a young man used to do whom I knew years ago, when I first came to Rome. He was a German, a pupil of Overbeck and a votary of spiritual art. He used to wear a black velvet tunic and a very low shirt collar; he had a neck like a sickly crane, and let his hair grow down to his shoulders. His name was Herr Schafgans. He never painted anything so profane as a man taking a drink, but his figures were all of the simple and slender and angular pattern, and nothing if not innocent — like this one of yours. He would not have agreed with Gloriani any more than you. He used to come and see me very often, and in those days I thought his tunic and his long neck infallible symptoms of genius. His talk was all of gilded aureoles and beatific visions; he lived on weak wine and biscuits, and wore a lock of Saint Somebody's hair in a little bag round his neck. If he was not a Beato Angelico, it was not his own fault. I hope with all my heart that Mr. Hudson will do the fine things he talks about, but he must bear in mind the history of dear Mr. Schafgans as a warning against high-flown pretensions. One fine day this poor young man fell in love with a Roman model, though she had never sat to him, I believe, for she was a buxom, bold-faced, high-colored creature, and he painted none but pale, sickly women. He offered to marry her, and she looked at him from head to foot, gave a shrug, and consented. But he was ashamed to set up his ménage in Rome. They went to Naples, and there, a couple of years afterwards, I saw him. The poor fellow was ruined. His wife used to beat him, and he had taken to drinking. He wore a ragged black coat, and he had a blotchy, red face. Madame had turned washerwoman and used to make him go and fetch the dirty linen. His talent had gone Heaven knows where! He was getting his living by painting views of Vesuvius in eruption on the little boxes they sell at Sorrento."

"Moral: don't fall in love with a buxom Roman model," said Roderick. "I 'm much obliged to you for your story, but I don't mean to fall in love with any one."

Gloriani had possessed himself of the photograph again, and was looking at it curiously. "It 's a happy bit of youth,"

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he said. "But you can't keep it up — you can't keep it up!"

The two sculptors pursued their discussion after dinner, in the drawing-room. Rowland left them to have it out in a corner, where Roderick's Eve stood over them in the shaded lamplight, in vague, white beauty, like the guardian angel of the young idealist. Singleton was listening to Madame Grandoni, and Rowland took his place on the sofa, near Miss Blanchard. They had a good deal of familiar, desultory talk. Every now and then Madame Grandoni looked round at them. Miss Blanchard at last asked Rowland certain questions about Roderick: who he was, where he came from, whether it was true, as she had heard, that Rowland had discovered him and brought him out at his own expense. Rowland answered her questions; to the last he gave a vague affirmative. Finally, after a pause, looking at him, "You 're very generous," Miss Blanchard said. The declaration was made with a certain richness of tone, but it brought to Rowland's sense neither delight nor confusion. He had heard the words before; he suddenly remembered the grave sincerity with which Miss Garland had uttered them as he strolled with her in the woods the day of Roderick's picnic. They had pleased him then; now he asked Miss Blanchard whether she would have some tea.

When the two ladies withdrew, he attended them to their carriage. Coming back to the drawing-room, he paused outside of the open door; he was struck by the group formed by the three men. They were standing before Roderick's statue of Eve, and the young sculptor had lifted up the lamp and was showing different parts of it to his companions. He was talking ardently, and the lamplight covered his head and face. Rowland stood looking on, for the group struck him with its picturesque symbolism. Roderick, bearing the lamp and glowing in its radiant circle, seemed the beautiful image of a genius which combined sincerity with power. Gloriani, with his head on one side, pulling his long mustache and looking keenly from half-closed eyes at the lighted marble, represented art with a worldly motive, skill unleavened by faith, the mere base maximum of cleverness. Poor little Singleton, on the other side, with his hands behind him, his head thrown back, and his eyes following devoutly the course of Roderick's elucidation, might pass for an embodiment of aspiring candor, with feeble wings to rise on. In all this, Roderick's was certainly the *beau rôle.*

Gloriani turned to Rowland as he came up, and pointed back with his thumb at the statue, with a smile half sardonic, half good-natured. "A pretty thing — a devilish pretty thing," he said. "It 's as fresh as the foam in the milk-pail. He can do it once, he can do it twice, he can do it at a stretch half a dozen times. But — *but*" —

He was returning to his former refrain, but Rowland intercepted him. "Oh, he 'll keep it up," he said, smiling, "I 'll answer for him."

Gloriani was not encouraging, but Roderick had listened smiling. He was floating unperturbed on the tide of his deep self-confidence. Now, suddenly, however, he turned with a flash of irritation in his eye and demanded in a ringing voice, "In a word, then, you prophesy that I 'm to fail?"

Gloriani answered imperturbably, patting him kindly on the shoulder. "My dear fellow, passion burns out, inspiration runs to seed. Some fine day every artist finds himself sitting face to face with his lump of clay, with his empty canvas, with his sheet of blank paper, waiting in vain for the revelation to be made, for the Muse to descend. He must learn to do without the Muse! When the fickle jade forgets the way to your studio, don't waste any time in tearing your hair and meditating on suicide. Come round and see me, and I 'll show you how to console yourself."

"If I break down," said Roderick, passionately, "I shall stay down. If the Muse deserts me, she shall at least have her infidelity on her conscience."

"You have no business," Rowland said to Gloriani, "to talk lightly of the

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Muse in this company. Mr. Singleton, too, has received pledges from her which place her constancy beyond suspicion." And he pointed out on the wall, near by, two small landscapes of the modest water-colorist.

The sculptor examined them with deference, and Singleton himself began to laugh nervously; he was trembling with hope that the great Gloriani would be pleased. "Ay, these are fresh too," Gloriani said; "extraordinarily fresh! How old are you?"

"Twenty-six, sir," said Singleton.

"For twenty-six they are deucedly fresh. They must have taken you a long time; you work slowly."

"Yes, unfortunately, I work very slowly. One of them took me six weeks, the other two months."

"Upon my word! The Muse pays you long visits." And Gloriani turned and looked, from head to foot, at so unlikely an object of her favors. Singleton smiled and began to wipe his forehead very hard. "Oh, you!" said the sculptor; "you 'll keep it up!"

A week after his dinner-party, Rowland went into Roderick's studio and found him sitting before an unfinished piece of work with a hanging head and a heavy eye. He could have fancied that the fatal hour foretold by Gloriani had struck. Roderick rose with a sombre yawn and flung down his tools. "It 's no use," he said, "I give it up!"

"What is it?"

"I 've struck a shallow! I 've been sailing bravely, but for the last day or two my keel has been crunching the bottom."

"A difficult place?" Rowland asked, with a sympathetic inflection, looking vaguely at the roughly modeled figure.

"Oh, it 's not the poor clay!" Roderick answered. "The difficult place is *here!*" And he struck a blow on his heart. "I don't know what 's the matter with me. Nothing comes; all of a sudden I hate things. My old things look ugly; everything looks stupid."

Rowland was perplexed. He was in the situation of a man who has been riding a blood horse at an even, elastic gallop, and of a sudden feels him stumble and balk. As yet, he reflected, he had seen nothing but the sunshine of genius; he had forgotten that it has its storms. Of course it has! And he felt a flood of comradeship rise in his heart which would float them both safely through the worst weather. "Why, you 're tired!" he said. "Of course you 're tired. You 've a right to be!"

"Do you think I 've a right to be?" Roderick asked, looking at him.

"Unquestionably, after all you 've done."

"Well, then, right or wrong, I 'm tired. I certainly have done a fair winter's work. I want a change."

Rowland declared that it was certainly high time they should be leaving Rome. They would go north and travel. They would go to Switzerland, to Germany, to Holland, to England. Roderick assented, his eye brightened, and Rowland talked of a dozen things they might do. Roderick walked up and down; he seemed to have something to say which he hesitated to bring out. He hesitated so rarely that Rowland wondered, and at last asked him what was on his mind. Roderick stopped before him, frowning a little.

"I have such unbounded faith in your good-will," he said, "that I believe nothing I can say would offend you."

"Try it," said Rowland.

"Well, then, I think my journey will do me more good if I take it alone. I need n't say I prefer your society to that of any man living. For the last six months it has been everything to me. But I have a perpetual feeling that you are expecting something of me; that you are measuring my doings by a terrifically high standard. You are watching me; I don't want to be watched. I want to go my own way; to work when I choose and to loaf when I choose. It is n't that I don't know what I owe you; it is n't that we are not friends. It is simply that I want a taste of absolutely unrestricted freedom. Therefore, I say, let us separate."

Rowland shook him by the hand.

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"Willingly. Do as you desire. I shall miss you, and I venture to believe you 'll pass some lonely hours. But I have only one request to make: that if you get into trouble of any kind whatever, you 'll immediately let me know."

They began their journey, however, together, and crossed the Alps side by side, muffled in one rug, on the top of the St. Gothard coach. Rowland was going to England to pay some promised visits; his companion had no plan save to ramble through Switzerland and Germany as fancy guided him. He had money, now, that would outlast the summer; when it was spent he would come back to Rome and make another statue. At a little mountain village by the way, Roderick declared that he would stop; he would scramble about a little in the high places and doze in the shade of the pine forests. The coach was changing horses; the two young men walked along the village street, picking their way between dunghills, breathing the light, cool air, and listening to the plash of the fountain and the tinkle of cattle-bells. The coach overtook them, and then Rowland, as he prepared to mount, felt an almost overmastering reluctance.

"Say the word," he exclaimed, "and I 'll stop too."

Roderick frowned. "Ah, you don't trust me; you don't think I 'm able to take care of myself. That proves that I was right in feeling as if I were watched!"

"Watched, my dear fellow!" said Rowland. "I hope you may never have anything worse to complain of than being watched in the spirit in which I watch you. But I 'll spare you even that. Good-by!" Standing in his place, as the coach rolled away, he looked back at his friend lingering by the roadside. A great snow mountain, behind Roderick, was beginning to turn pink in the sunset. The young man waved his hat, still looking grave. Rowland settled himself in his place, reflecting after all that this was a salubrious beginning of independence. He was among forests and glaciers, leaning on the pure bosom of nature. And then — and then — was it not in itself a guarantee against folly to be engaged to Mary Garland?

Henry James, Jr.

BY THE DEAD.

SWEET winter roses, stainless as the snow,
As was thy life, O tender heart and true!
A cross of lilies that our tears bedew,
A garland of the fairest flowers that grow,
And filled with fragrance as the thought of thee,
We lay, with loving hand, upon thy breast,
Wrapt in the calm of Death's great mystery;
Ours still to feel the pain, the unlanguaged woe,
The bitter sense of loss, the vague unrest,
And wear unseen the cypress-leaf and rue,
Thinking, the while, of lovelier flowers that blow
In everlasting gardens of the blest,
That wither not like these, and never shed
Their rare and heavenly odors for the dead.

Albert Laighton.

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TAXATION WITHOUT JURISDICTION UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

A MAJORITY of the readers of The Atlantic, after glancing at the above title, will doubtless think, if they do not openly say, "Here comes again this dry, wearisome subject of taxation! Is it not enough to be obliged to pay taxes without being continually asked to read about them? Why not exclude this whole subject from the pages of popular magazines and relegate it to the strict politico-economic, financial, or social-science journals, where those who fancy this sort of intellectual pabulum can go and be satisfied?"

As an answer pertinent in some degree to these criticisms and questions, let us suppose that at the commencement of this new year which we have entered upon, every man and woman in the nation had been personally served with an official notice that for the coming twelve months one tenth part at least, on an average, of all that he or she might produce or receive in the way of income should be taken from them as soon as earned, and expended without their direct supervision, and not unfrequently in direct opposition to their wishes! that every man who bought ten pounds of brown sugar should be collared as he left the grocery, and then and there be forced to allow two pounds to be taken out of his package! that every time a man took a chew of tobacco or lighted a cigar or indulged in a pinch of snuff, he should be tapped on the shoulder by an official and made to pay a fine! that every woman who went to buy a silk dress should have five and a half yards out of every ten cut from her purchase as she left the counter, and walked off with by some one whom she did not know! Suppose that these and a hundred other similar transactions should be made the subject of daily occurrence for the whole year, and throughout the length and breadth of the land; can it be doubted that a very considerable amount of interest would at once be awakened, and that the public, over their breakfast and dinner tables, in the press, on change, and in the streets, would very soon satisfy themselves whether it was necessary to have so much of this world's goods taken from them; whether the contributions should be forced so often, and especially whether the methods of taking were the best that could be devised? And yet substantially all that has been imagined was done every day of last year, and will continue to be done every day of the present year; and although it is not pretended that any continued discussion or any extension of popular information will do much towards hastening that millennial period when there will be no more taxes, in common with other disagreeable things, yet it is certain that continued discussion and an extension of popular information will do much in the way of speedily reforming the most important business (measured by the amount of money involved) which the country has in hand, in at least the following particulars: 1st. It will prevent more than is necessary from being taken in the way of taxation. 2d. It will put a stop to anything like arbitrary taxation, taxation without legal or territorial jurisdiction, or taxation without returning an equivalent in the way of its correlative protection to person or property — all of which proceedings are only forms of spoliation or confiscation. 3d. It will prevent anything like double taxation, or taxation at one and the same time, by conflicting jurisdictions, of one and the same property. 4th. It will do away with the necessity of resorting to oaths and declarations, and the power of making secret inquisitions into a man's personal affairs, all of which things tend to lower the standard of morality in a country more than almost any or all other agencies. 5th. It will tend in a great degree to prevent the tax payer

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from becoming, as under the present system, the interpreter for himself, not only of the law, but also of the fact, in respect to his liability for taxation, and thus render it more difficult for him to become the assessor of his neighbor; for every man who takes advantage of remediable defects in the law, to evade his own share of direct taxation, thereby not only assesses some others of the community for the difference, but is helped by the community to do it.

How much of what has of late been written on this subject has been effective in promoting reform, may be an open question; but that a general interest is beginning to be awakened to the necessity of reform in the matter of State or local taxation is made evident by the facts that during the past year four States — New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, and New Hampshire — have authorized committees or commissioners to investigate and report as to what changes in existing tax laws may be expedient; and that during the past two years more essays and pamphlets have been written and published on this special topic than probably during the whole period of our previous national history.

Thus far the proposition that personal property shall be excluded from direct assessment, for the reason, mainly, that no system has ever been devised which will enable a State to tax it with any approach to uniformity and equity, has not received a full measure of popular approval, although commending itself to almost all who have taken the trouble to impartially acquaint themselves with the facts in the case. But, on the other hand, if the public has not yet interested itself sufficiently in this particular matter to form a judgment, the tax-paying portion of it, at least, are rapidly finding out that so long as we maintain a system of separate State governments, and have over all that troublesome instrument which we call the Federal Constitution, with a Supreme Court fairly and impartially to interpret its provisions, the assumption of power on the part of State officials to tax citizens for personal (movable) effects situated beyond the territory or jurisdiction of the taxing power, or, as the statute of Massachusetts has it, "*wherever they are,*" is something wholly unwarranted, and that it is only a question of time, and that a brief one, of its entire abandonment.

THE SITUS OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

This question was definitely settled by the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case known under the title of State Tax on Foreign held Bonds (15 Wallace, 306, 328), in which the State of Pennsylvania attempted to tax the coupons, or interest, of mortgage bonds — the same being negotiable instruments — issued by railroads within her territory and jurisdiction, but held and owned by non-residents of the State, the exact language of the court being as follows: "*Property lying beyond the jurisdiction of the State is not a subject upon which her taxing power can be legitimately exercised. Indeed it would seem that no adjudication should be necessary to establish so obvious a proposition.*" And yet a good deal of adjudication has been necessary to get so common-sense a proposition distinctly affirmed by a court of last resort; and so firmly, moreover, has the opposite doctrine been ingrained into most of our systems of State taxation, that assessors everywhere are doubtless still acting in conformity with the old practice, and assessing citizens for property whose actual location, or *situs*, is not within the taxing district. It is time, however, that State officials should begin to understand that in thus disregarding the decision of the United States Supreme Court above quoted, they render themselves personally liable to aggrieved parties for acting without jurisdiction; and that no legislative acts of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, or any other State to the contrary will be of binding force on a tax payer in respect to listing his property, or upon assessors, or on the State judiciary; for enactments that have been adjudicated to be unconstitutional

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are not laws, and are not to be obeyed. And if it should so happen that State courts should fail to give full force and effect to this same decision, a writ of error will carry any case involving the points at issue to the United States Supreme Court, and the attempted arbitrary spoliation will be defeated by the Federal court, and the decrees of the court enforced, if need be, by the whole power of the general government.

TAXATION OF PERSONAL PROPERTY A RELIC OF PERSONAL SERVITUDE.

It is interesting to here recall one of the antecedents of this so-called "personal tax," and of the fiction of law that personal property, irrespective of its situs, follows the owner, for the purpose of taxation. Its prototype was the ancient *taille*, a tax of servitude, imposed on persons originally bondmen, or on all persons who held *in farm* or *lease*, or resided on lands of the suzerain; and from which proprietors or suzerains of the land were exempt. And as no vassal could at will divest himself of servitude, or allegiance to his lord or suzerain, so the obligation to pay taxes always remained upon him as a personal servitude whatever might be the location of his property. In other words, the condition of the masses all over Europe during the Middle Ages was not unlike the condition of the slaves in the United States previous to emancipation. They (the slaves) had property in their possession, and spoke of themselves as owners of property, but in reality their property followed the condition of the servitude of their persons, and both persons and property belonged equally to the masters. The *taille*, furthermore, as a badge of servitude, was supposed to dishonor whoever was subject to it, and degrade him not only below the rank of a gentleman, but of that of a burgher, or inhabitant of a borough or town; and "no gentleman, or even any burgher," says Adam Smith, "who has stock will submit to this degradation." Now the idea embodied in the word servitude is an obligation to render service irrespective of or without compensation; and the idea upon which the taxation of personal property in this country has been heretofore based is, that the property owes a servitude to the State where the owner resides, irrespective of its actual location, in virtue of the obligation which its owner as a citizen may owe to the State by reason of the protection which the State gives him in respect to his person. But the decision of the Supreme Court in question sweeps away all these fictions and relics of old feudalism, and in conformity with the spirit of the age decides (inferentially) that if the person is to be taxed it must be solely as a person: and (directly) that if property is to be taxed it must be solely because of its actual location within the territory and jurisdiction of the taxing power. Thus the court has in fact completed the work of emancipation in the United States commenced by executive proclamation during the war, by abolishing the last remaining relic of personal servitude; and hereafter States must limit the exercise of their taxing power to persons (poll-tax), business, and property within their territorial limits.

THE RIGHT TO TAX IMPLIES AN OBLIGATION TO PROTECT.

But apart from this, it must be so clearly obvious that extra-territorial taxation is a mere arbitrary exaction, or an exercise of brute force, analogous to the power which a brigand exercises in exacting ransoms in proportion to the supposed ability of his victims, that public opinion and sound moral sentiment cannot fail to condemn it, when investigated in any community claiming to act upon principles of equality and justice. In the first place the right to tax arises from the correlative duty to protect; but if there is no jurisdiction over the property, there can be no protection, and consequently no rightful taxation. (United States *v.* Rice, 4 Wheaton, 246.) Secondly, things cannot occupy two places or two jurisdictions at the same time. "The fundamental requisite of

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a well adjusted system of taxation," said Judge Comstock in giving the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the celebrated case of Hoyt *v.* The Commissioners of Taxes, denying the right of the State of New York to tax the visible, tangible personal property of its citizens not within the territory of the State, "is that it be harmonious: but harmony does not exist unless the taxing power is exerted with reference exclusively either to the situs of the property or to the residence of the owner. Both rules cannot obtain unless we impute inconsistency to the law and oppression to the taxing power. Whichever of these rules is the true one, whichever we find to be founded in justice and the reason of the things, it necessarily excludes the other." In this case, as already intimated, the New York Court of Appeals (as far back as 1861) found the true rule to be that "the property must be within the State or there is no right to tax it at all;" and now the United States Supreme Court, in the case of the "foreign held bonds," has come to the same conclusion, and the decision thus made necessarily and forever excludes the adoption of any other rule or practice. Thus one definite and important step has at last been taken in determining what shall be the principles which are to govern in the future the method or the practice of local taxation in every State in the Union. An important prop has also at the same time been knocked out from under all systems which have as their type the system at present existing in the State of Massachusetts; and what is not less important, this prop cannot be put back again.

LOGICAL RESULTS OF THE FOREIGN HELD BONDS DECISION.

Furthermore, although the decision of the Supreme Court in the foreign held bonds case, in respect to extra-territorial taxation, is only legally applicable to States, it is nevertheless clear that through its logical results cities, towns, and even school districts, in common with States, will commit acts of spoliation by taxing any property actually situated beyond their territorial boundaries and jurisdiction. And as it will be a matter of great difficulty, if not a physical impossibility, accurately to ascertain what movable personal property was on a given day within any given taxing district of limited territorial area, or to restrain it in such a district if disposed temporarily to move off in anticipation of the day of assessment, the ultimate result will be exactly what equity and the principles of sound political economy require should be; namely, an entire abandonment of all attempts to tax personal property, and the adoption of a plan of taxing but a few articles — tangible property and fixed signs of property like real estate — in such a way that the results of the taxation will diffuse themselves with equality and uniformity not only over all personal property, but also upon all other property of every description

TAXATION OF INDEBTEDNESS.

Another matter of great importance and interest, which legitimately connects itself with the decision of the Supreme Court denying to States the power to tax extra-territorially, is the question of the taxation of indebtedness. That any State has the right to tax contracts, within her territory, between resident creditors and resident debtors *at the time when made*, cannot be doubted, whatever may be thought concerning the expediency of such taxation. But how about the constitutionality and legality of the assumption and practice, which prevails so extensively, of taxing by State authority debts to a creditor who resides in a State other than that of the residence of the debtor? And does not this assumption and practice fall within the forbidden exercise of extra-territorial taxation? In order to solve this question, it is necessary first to ascertain on whom primarily a tax on contracts falls.

It is a law of human nature, that a lender will exact from a borrower the average profits of other investments of

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the same degree of security, and the tax in addition, at the time the contract is made, in an additional rate of interest, or some other form. The tax must be agreed to be paid by the borrower or he cannot get the money; and it therefore becomes a direct tax upon the contract, collected from the debtor by the creditor at the time the contract is made, whatever may be the time or manner of paying over the money by the creditor, acting as collector of taxes for the State. There are no sane persons who loan money on instruments subject to taxation in the hands of the lender at the same rate of interest as upon untaxed instruments. Taxes are in many instances assessed and collected from tenants, but nevertheless they are direct land taxes, because the burden is primarily and immediately upon the land; and for the same reason a tax, or a right or power to tax, in form on a lender, is, in legal effect and sound reasoning, a tax on a contract, and the burden is immediately sustained by the debtor simultaneously with the making and executing of the contract. This axiom of political economy has been confirmed by the United States Supreme Court in the case of Weston against the City of Charleston, in which the court declare that "a tax on stock of the United States, held by an individual citizen of a State, is a tax on the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States." This decision was given by Chief Justice Marshall, who further expressed the opinion of the court as follows: "The tax in question is a tax upon the contract. The right to tax the contract to any extent when made must operate upon the power to borrow before it is exercised, and have a sensible influence on the contract." Here then the great jurist confirms, in an actual, practical, and not hypothetical case, a fundamental principle of political economy, and in behalf of the highest court of the land decides that taxes imposed through the agency or medium of the lenders are taxes upon contracts and are immediate (not diffused or remote) burdens on the borrowing power of the debtor. Or, in other words, it was the borrower — in this case the United States — which was exempt. Now, there cannot be one principle of political economy, or of law, for individuals, and another principle or law for the United States. But primary taxation must be the same whether the subject of the tax is an United States bond or an individual bond; and if it is primary taxation of the contract and the burden is upon the borrower in one case, it must be the same in the other case.

Let us then see where we stand in respect to this assumed power of a State to tax resident creditors for debts incurred and owed to them by non-resident (State) debtors. We have certainly a clear adjudication that if Connecticut, for example, taxes, through the agency or medium of resident creditors, bonds and mortgages made in Michigan, she taxes extra-territorially debtors in Michigan. But Connecticut has no more power to tax a debtor in Michigan than she has to tax the United States. Neither is under or subject to her jurisdiction. A citizen of Michigan cannot constitutionally be prevented from making any lawful contracts in Michigan with a citizen of Connecticut; nor can Connecticut impede, obstruct, impair, or restrain such contracts, made by her citizens with the citizens of Michigan. When a citizen of Connecticut lends money, or sells and delivers commodities, to a citizen in Michigan, the money or the goods — the things tangible and visible — pass out from the territory and jurisdiction of Connecticut into the territory and jurisdiction of Michigan or some other State. If the transaction is represented simply by a book account, then the man in Michigan has the property, and the man in Connecticut has in return *a conclusion of law;* namely, that in consideration of parting with and transferring actual ownership and possession of certain specific things, he has acquired a general lien upon all of the previously unincumbered property of the purchaser to the extent of the agreed-upon value of the purchase. If the transaction, on the other

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hand, is represented by a transfer of the actual property and the giving in return of a written promise to pay, in the form of a note or a bond and mortgage, then all there is in the possession of the man in Connecticut is a *contract* made outside of the territory of Connecticut by a man in Michigan. Now if Connecticut has any power to tax contracts, she must not only tax them when made, but must also confine herself to contracts made within her own territory between resident creditors and resident debtors, or she will be guilty of obstructing commerce between the States, and of taxing extra-territorially by an arbitrary exaction on *resident* creditors holding obligations of *non-resident* debtors.

TAXATION OF INTER-STATE COMMERCE PROHIBITED.

The United States Supreme Court in the case of Almy *v.* the State of California unanimously decided that a bill of lading given for goods transported from one State to another was an inter-State instrument; or, more specifically, that a stamp-tax imposed by the State of California on bills of lading for the transportation of gold and silver from any point within the State to any point without the State was "a regulation of commerce" "in conflict with the authority of Congress" and with the "freedom of transit of goods and persons between one State and another," and therefore unconstitutional and not to be permitted. But if a bill of lading, as a representative and instrumentality of inter-State commerce, cannot in any form be taxed by the States, how much greater claim for exemption from State taxation for the same reason has the lending of money by a citizen of one State to a citizen of another State, which requires the transportation of money or other property from State to State, and the making and taking of inter-State instruments as the evidence of the contract and evidence of the entire transaction? Is not the latter the very essence or life-blood, as it were, of inter-State commerce? the machinery in the absence of which inter-State commerce could hardly exist, or exist only under the most imperfect and embarrassing conditions?

Again, the power to tax inter-State commerce by a State is the power to destroy it. Can Connecticut, for example, levy a tax of ten per cent. on all of her residents who lend money in Michigan? Can she tax verbal contracts, book accounts, or written instruments arising from the delivery and sale of property passed and transferred from Connecticut to some other State? If she has the power thus to tax extra-territorially, to tax conclusions of law, or contracts arising from transactions in other States, in the slightest degree, she has it also in the fullest degree. She may fix any rate, and she may discriminate as to the States upon whose citizens the burden shall fall; or she may adopt a rate which would be prohibitory upon contracts made by her citizens with citizens of certain designated States, as her caprice might dictate. The acknowledgment or the assumption that the separate States possess this power of taxation in the slightest degree is therefore the acknowledgment or assumption that they possess the power to destroy inter-State commerce if they so will; which is a *reductio ad absurdum.*

DEBTS ARE TITLES OR CONCLUSIONS OF LAW AND NOT PROPERTY, AND HAVE NO SITUS INDEPENDENT OF THE PROPERTY WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THE QUALIFIED TITLE.

We now advance to another position, to which is asked the careful consideration of all those who believe that, with the necessary complications of business growing out of rapidly widening and increasing commercial relations between individuals and communities, it is most important to have the rights of State sovereignties and the obligations arising from business transactions so clearly defined and settled, as to remove them forever from the province of dispute and litigation.

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In the taxation of evidences of indebtedness or titles of ownership, it is not the mere paper evidence or muniment of title to a credit that is taxed, but the credit itself, which is taxed in the form of the paper title. That this must be so is made evident by the fact that if the paper documents, even when in the form of negotiable instruments and capable of delivery from hand to hand, were regarded as salable chattels and capable of taxation where found, they would be removed to States where they are exempt, or where their presence would be unknown to the local assessors. But if a negotiable instrument is destroyed, the credit is not destroyed or impaired; for on proof of the destruction of the paper instrument, the credit still survives and can be enforced. There have been attempts to claim salvage for saving from wreck bills of exchange or other papers constituting evidence of debt or title to property; but the courts have decided that salvage in such cases is not allowable, and therefore, practically, that credits and titles are not property. (See Emblem, Davis's Reported Cases, 61.) The making of no form of indebtedness, lease, deed, mortgage, or any other form of title, creates or produces any new property, but simply indicates the rights, titles, or interests of parties in preëxisting property; and any tax on any of these titles is only another form of burdening the property which is the subject of those titles. A deed is a title to land, and a credit is a qualified lien or title to all of the debtor's property, according to certain priorities of lien. If one State taxes the land and another State taxes the deed on the valuation of the land; or if one State taxes the debtor's property and another State taxes the creditor's lien on, or title in, that property, we have an exhibition in both cases of extra-territorial taxation, or manifest spoliation. In each case the tax is put upon the property and then upon the title to the property by the taxing power of another and a hostile jurisdiction. It is also important to note here that the United States Supreme Court in the case of Fletcher *v.* Peck (6 Cranch, 87) decided that a "grant" (or deed) "is an executed contract;" and, "in its own nature, amounts to an extinguishment of the right of the grantor, and implies a *contract* not to reassert that right." If a State therefore has a general power, as is assumed in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and elsewhere, to tax contracts, it has the power to tax deeds of real estate in the hands of its citizens, and may thus practically exercise jurisdiction over the territory of any and all other sovereignties.

The inevitable judgment to which an impartial investigation of these questions must therefore lead is, that *credit, title, and ownership are not things;* but are conclusions and deductions of law from certain facts, and can no more be said to have a situs than a "baseless fabric of a vision," or a disembodied spirit, for they have no *corpus* to be located, or body to be taxed, or materiality to fill space in any State. On the other hand, the property itself of the debtor is the source of the title or debt, and is always a fund held for the security of the title of the creditor. And if this reasoning is unsound, and if the title is with the property, then the keeping of the property, which gave origin to the title, intact as a fund for the payment of the creditor is unnecessary; and if by some natural phenomenon the property should be destroyed or annihilated, it ought to be a matter of entire indifference to the title holder.

How far the United States Supreme Court has already gone in sustaining these conclusions will appear by reference to the following cases. Thus, in the case of Brown *v.* Kennedy (15 Wallace, 591) it was held that a bond and mortgage form of "credit" could be confiscated by the United States, where the mortgage debtor resides, "though in point of fact, the bond and mortgage were never in the district of the United States (the State of Kansas) where the proceedings in forfeiture took place," but were with the owner, in the rebel lines in the State of Virginia. The court, therefore, here rejected the the-

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ory that a mortgage "credit" follows the owner, and has a legal situs where he resides.

In the case of Miller *v.* United States (11 Wallace, 296) the court held that the owner of railroad stock could be dispossessed of his property by constitutional and legal confiscation, by legal process served on the officers of the railroad company controlling the issue and transfer of the stock, although the share certificates of the stock remained untransferred and in possession of the owner resident in a rebel State. The court, therefore, here rejected the theory that property, as represented by railroad stocks, followed the owner and holder of the credit certificates, and had a situs where he resided. And finally, in the case of Tappan *v.* Merchants' Bank (19 Wallace, 490) the court decided, in conformity with a provision of the National Banking Act, that shares in national banks are taxable at the place where the bank is located, and not where the owner resides, thus rejecting the theory that property in national banking institutions, as represented by shares, follows the owner and holder of the title or credit certificates. The money of the non-resident shareholder, says the Chief Justice in giving the decision in this case, "is withdrawn from taxation under the authority of the State in which he resides."

IS THE OWNER OF DEBTS AN ORIGINAL PACKAGE?

Again, if the popular theory that credits due are property and not titles to property, have a legal situs, and follow the owner be the correct one, how are we to deal, in respect to taxation, with persons who change their residence from foreign countries and acquire a residence in the United States? If the credits, or the ownership of evidences of indebtedness, which they may bring with them are property, then such property must be imports, and as such exempt from all State taxation in the hands of the importer. Under this theory, who can doubt that such "imported credits" would soon become a favorite subject of importation, and that the owner would lawfully consider himself as "the original package"?

These are some of the illustrations available for exposing the utter absurdity of continuing, in the administration of government and in the practice of law, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, to adhere to antiquated and exploded legal fictions, or rather legal lies, which have outlived the purposes for which they were originally intended and used. The Romans, from whom we derive so many of our legal precedents, never taxed credits in any form; and according to Savigny they never applied the fiction that property followed the owner to any form of extra-territorial property. But we, on the contrary, in many of our States, have adopted the verbiage of the rule, without knowing or adopting the reason of the rule. We have sought and held on to the shadow, and have lost the substance. But the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the "foreign held bonds" case, and the irresistible logic of Chief Justice Marshall, teaching that all taxes on contracts are primary burdens on debtors, and that the question of the power to tax a contract in any person's hands is wholly dependent upon the fact of the power or jurisdiction to tax the debtor or the contract where and when made, will cause the State and National judiciary ultimately to protect persons from arbitrary exactions; and will produce a public sentiment which will stigmatize as unconstitutional and as a State crime all attempts to tax extra-territorial contracts, debtors, goods, chattels, or lands, or the income of extra-territorial property. A practical question which may here suggest itself is, How are arbitrary exactions upon inter-State obligations, or obligations made by debtors in one State due to creditors in another State, to be resisted? The answer is, By first placing the written evidence of the transaction in another State before the time of assessment; then by *certiorari* and appeal to the

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highest tribunal of the State; and finally by *writ of error* to the United States Supreme Court; raising the constitutional points, that the impost in question is a tax on commerce between the States and an act of extra-territorial taxation, or a burden on contracts, business, and persons beyond the jurisdiction of the taxing State; and therefore a violation of that clause of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution which declares that no State shall deprive any person of property without due process of law. (All extra-territorial taxation is without due process of law, as is held by the United States Supreme Court, in the "foreign held bonds" case already cited in this article.)

Finally, it is evident that if the assumptions here made are not correct, the opinion of Chief Justice Marshall in the case of Weston *v.* the City of Charleston (before referred to) must be reversed; and also the principle of political economy as well as of law must be denied, that the right to tax a contract is a right to tax the borrower, and that the right to levy a tax will always enter into a contract at the time when made, and thus burden the borrower: all of which is equivalent to saying that the right to tax extra-territorial contracts at the residence of the lender, in the Eastern States, is the right to tax borrowers beyond their jurisdiction, *i. e.*, in the Western States, and thus by an arbitrary assumption of power increase the price of money for the West, without giving any correlative protection to persons and contracts where the money is borrowed and secured. Legally the whole case may be regarded in the light of a *res adjudicata*, but a full recognition of the principles involved would facilitate and increase inter-State commerce and help develop the resources of the borrowing States, whose prosperity is now impeded by arbitrary exactions which are a mere survival of feudalism.

David A. Wells.

AFTER THE TORNADO.

LAST eve the earth was calm, the heavens were clear;
A peaceful glory crowned the waning west,
And yonder distant mountain's hoary crest
The semblance of a silvery robe did wear,
Shot through with moon-wrought tissues; far and near
Wood, rivulet, field, — all Nature's face, — expressed
The haunting presence of enchanted rest.
One twilight star shone like a blissful tear,
Unshed. But now, what ravage in a night!
Yon mountain-height fades in its cloud-girt pall;
The prostrate wood lies smirched with rain and mire;
Through the shorn fields the brook whirls, wild and white;
While o'er the turbulent waste, and woodland fall,
Glares the red sunrise, blurred with mists of fire!

Paul H. Hayne.

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THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

III.

THE DISCLOSURE OF HIS PLANS IN 1858.

In coming now to the great purpose of John Brown's life during the last ten years that he lived, — to his secret plans for the overthrow of Southern slavery by armed intervention on the side of the slave, and to his means and methods for destroying slavery by rendering it insecure and keeping it in perpetual alarm, — I approach a topic which cannot yet be treated so plainly and boldly as it deserves. The civil war and its extraordinary results have done much to relieve Brown's memory from the charges of crime and mad folly that were so generally made at the time, even by men who could not but admire his courage and his other great qualities. But there still lingers in the public mind, and, yet more, in the memory and the conscience of individuals, an aversion to the fatal step which Brown took first of all, and to which he compelled the unwilling nation. Compromises that seemed easy and natural before his attack on Harper's Ferry were no longer possible afterwards, and there can be little doubt that this attack hastened our political crisis by at least ten years. Before that event, civil war was really inevitable, but was not seen to be so; afterwards, the South, at least, saw that its only hope of maintaining slavery was by dissolving the Union and fighting for a national existence of which slavery should be the accepted basis. Hence the swiftness with which the passionate leaders of the South rushed into rebellion.

But this view of the matter, if correct, will seem to many persons (who do not sufficiently consider the share claimed by divine justice in the immediate government of the world) to throw upon Brown and his friends the odium of precipitating the civil war. To some also Brown will seem chargeable with the intention, at least, of exciting a servile war, with all the traditional horrors which history delights in ascribing to such a war. Hence it may well be that some who knew Brown and admired him, and who even knew and gave countenance to his plans, shrank, at the final moment, from a public avowal of their connection with him, and perhaps wished they had never been so connected. If there were any such among those whose counsels and purposes came to my knowledge, I should not feel justified in declaring what they might hesitate to confirm; preferring to leave to each person the promulgation of his own intimacy with John Brown. Something, however, is due to the truth of history. Believing that the time has come to reveal the plans of Brown, and to set his undertaking in its true light, so far as I have the means of doing this, I write this record, — not, I trust, to the annoyance or injury of others.

It was the condition of Kansas in 1856 which placed me in a situation to learn, a year or two later, what Brown's purposes were. That State, then a newly-settled Territory, had been opened to slavery by base and pernicious legislation at Washington. The people of the North had resolved that Kansas should be controlled by freemen, and that slavery should never be tolerated there. In pursuance of this resolution they had formed societies and committees to colonize Kansas with Northern men, who would never vote to establish slavery, and by one of these organizations — the New England Emigrant Aid Company — a portion of Kansas was in fact colonized during the years 1854 and 1855. At that time I was in college, and so occupied with my private affairs that, except to vote and read the newspapers, I took little interest in those of the public. But upon leaving college and going to reside in Concord in 1855, I became more actively concerned in regard

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to the political situation, and early took up the opinion that the battle between the North and the South was first to be fought in Kansas. In the spring of 1856 one of my brothers became a Kansas colonist. Soon after, the outrages of the Missouri invaders of Kansas grew so frequent and alarming that the indignation of Massachusetts and of the whole North was aroused, and action began to be taken in a new form. "Kansas committees" were organized in towns, counties, and States, and finally a national committee, among the members of which were Abraham Lincoln, Gerrit Smith, and Dr. S. G. Howe. Mr. Lincoln never acted, I believe, but the committee did much work at one time, and raised thousands of dollars to colonize towns and support colonists in Kansas. Between May, 1856, and January, 1857, I passed through all the grades of these Kansas committees, beginning in June, 1856, as secretary of the Concord town committee; then in July helping to organize a county committee for Middlesex, of which I acted as secretary for a year; then accepting the post of secretary to the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee, which I held from August, 1856, until the committee dissolved in 1858–59; and finally serving upon the national committee at its last meeting, in January, 1857. In these different positions I became somewhat familiar with Kansas affairs, and with the men who gave money or worked actively to make and keep Kansas a free State; and in consequence of this familiarity became the intimate friend of the late George L. Stearns and of John Brown. I had been for some years a parishioner and friend of Theodore Parker, at whose house I first met Dr. Howe. Edwin Morton, another of the confidants of Brown's plans, was my college classmate and close friend, and through him I had become acquainted with the late Gerrit Smith, whose love and respect for Brown were never disguised. These circumstances, unimportant in themselves, are mentioned to explain how it was that a young and unknown person like myself came to be trusted with matters so important as the secret purposes of Brown.

The promotion of the gravest political movements by the agency of committees is a traditional custom of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. It was a committee of barons that extorted from King John the great charter of English liberties at Runnymede. It was by committees of Parliament that King Charles was driven from the throne; and the court that sentenced him to death was nothing more than an enormous committee. The committees of correspondence devised by Samuel Adams in 1772 prepared the American Revolution and gave it the unity needful for success. "When a certain masterly statesman," wrote John Adams in 1775, "invented a committee of correspondence in Boston, did not every colony, nay, every county, city, hundred, and town upon the whole continent, adopt the measure as the happiest means of cementing the union, and acting in concert?" Since that time almost every great movement in America has been carried on by committees in this manner, and the results of such action, when earnestly taken, are often remarkable. The Sanitary Commission, during the civil war, was perhaps the latest instance of this committee-work on a grand scale; and what the Sanitary Commission did for the Union armies as a whole, the Kansas committees of 1856–57 did for the pioneers of Kansas. Something more was done, too; for these committees supplied rifles, cartridges, and cannon to the defenders of freedom in Kansas: a work which the Sanitary Commission could leave to the national government. The first large sum of money raised to buy arms for Kansas was perhaps that contributed in Boston during the winter of 1855–56: some thousands of dollars, which were expended in the purchase of Sharp's rifles. The "Faneuil Hall Committee," of Boston, organized in May, 1856, pledged itself to raise money for use "in a strictly lawful manner" in Kansas; but most of the other committees were not so scrupulous, and gave their money freely to arm the colonists who went out

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from New England. The State Kansas Committee (which grew out of the Faneuil Hall Committee and those appointed in some of the Massachusetts counties) had no hesitation in buying rifles and ammunition for the Kansas men, and did, in fact, buy the rifles which John Brown carried to Harper's Ferry. This State committee, and its auxiliaries in the towns and counties, raised throughout Massachusetts, during 1856, at least one hundred thousand dollars in money and supplies, which were sent to the Kansas people. Some towns, Concord for example, raised in proportion to their population much more than this; for it was estimated that, if all Massachusetts had contributed as freely as Concord did, the amount raised in the State would have been nearly one million dollars. Personally I undertook to canvass Middlesex County that summer and autumn, and visited more than half the towns to appoint committees, hold meetings, or solicit subscriptions. Enough was subscribed, in Massachusetts and the other Northern States, to carry our colonists in Kansas through their worst year; and but for these supplies of money, arms, and clothing, it is quite possible they would have been driven out or conquered by the Missourians, the United States troops, and their other enemies.[1]

John Brown was thus driven out of Kansas, in the autumn of 1856, after fulfilling his mission there for that year, and virtually rescuing the Territory from the slave-holders. During the winter and spring of 1857, he was busily engaged in efforts to raise money enough to arm and equip a hundred mounted men for service in Kansas and Missouri, but without much success. Although the National Kansas Committee, at its Astor House meeting in January, had voted him an appropriation of five thousand dollars, he received nothing under this vote, except one hundred and ten dollars, and that not until the summer of 1857. The money voted him by the Massachusetts Committee about the same time was soon exhausted, and so were the small collections he had made in New England from January to April, 1857. The efforts made for legislative appropriations in Massachusetts, New York, and other Northern States, in aid of the Kansas colonists, all failed. Brown had labored in person for such an appropriation in Massachusetts, going before the joint committee of the legislature in the State House, at Boston, on the 18th of February, and giving his testimony as an eye-witness of what had happened in Kansas the year before. It was during his examination by this committee that

[1] The records of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, including its large correspondence, were in my possession for a few years as secretary. Before the attack on Harper's Ferry, or soon after, I transferred them to the custody of the chairman of the committee, George L. Stearns, and I have not seen them for at least fifteen years. If preserved (I have some reason to think they were destroyed, along with the records of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, in the Boston fire of 1872), they will be found to contain much historical information and some curious revelations concerning political movements in those years. They will also probably confirm the statements made in The Atlantic Monthly in 1872, concerning the ownership of the arms carried by John Brown to Virginia. Some of these statements have been questioned; but the facts in regard to the arms are substantially what was there alleged. The Massachusetts Committee voted them to John Brown as its agent in 1857, and though they were nominally reclaimed in 1858, they were never out of his custody till captured in Maryland. They had ceased to be the property of the committee, except in name, before the correspondence of May, 1858 (printed in Senator Mason's Report of 1860, pp. 176, 177), in which Mr. Stearns, the real owner of the arms, warned Brown not to use them for any other purpose than the defense of Kansas, "and to hold them subject to my order as chairman of the committee." On the 20th of May, 1858, Mr. Stearns wrote thus to a person cognizant of Brown's designs, but not a member of the Kansas committee: "I have felt obliged, for reasons that cannot be written, to recall the arms committed to B——'s custody. We are all agreed on that point, and if you come to Boston I think we can convince you that it is for the best." That this recall was only nominal appears from a memorandum made by Mr. Stearns's correspondent when he did "come to Boston" early in June. "I found," he says, "that the Kansas committee had put some $500 in gold into Brown's hands, *and all the arms*, with only the understanding that he should go to Kansas, and then be left to his own discretion." In fact, no member of the committee who was consulted ever suggested the *actual* recall of the arms from Brown, well knowing that he would not give them up unless he pleased. Nor, according to my recollection, did any member who gave advice (probably only Mr. Stearns, Dr. Howe, and myself, who had long been the three acting members of a committee practically defunct, were consulted) desire to have Brown surrender the arms.

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he uttered one of his famous sayings. Being asked what kind of emigrants were needed in Kansas, he replied, almost in the words of Cromwell's speech to the Parliament in 1657 (which, doubtless, Brown had never heard of), "We want good men, industrious men, men who respect themselves, who act only from the dictates of conscience; *men who fear God too much to fear anything human.*"[1] He also varied so far from his proud custom of never soliciting gifts as to make an appeal through the newspapers, in the winter of 1857, in which he said, —

"The undersigned, whose individual means were exceedingly limited when he first engaged in the struggle for liberty in Kansas, being now still more destitute, and no less anxious than in times past to continue his efforts to sustain that cause, . . . asks all honest lovers of liberty and human rights, both male and female, to hold up my hands by contributions of pecuniary aid, either as counties, cities, towns, villages, societies, churches, or individuals. . . . It is with no little sacrifice of personal feeling I appear in this manner before the public."

So small, upon the whole, were the contributions made in response to this appeal, and to the personal efforts of Brown in raising money, that when he withdrew from his native New England in April, 1857, he sent to a few of his friends this sorrowful and indignant remonstrance: —

OLD BROWN'S FAREWELL

To the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Thom's Cabbins.

He has left for Kansas. Has been trying, since he came out of the Territory, to secure an outfit, or, in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his minute-men, who are mixed up with the people of Kansas, and he leaves the States with a feeling of deepest sadness, that, after having exhausted his own small means, and, with his family and his brave men, suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment, cruel treatment, and others death; that after lying on the ground for months, in the most sickly, unwholesome, and uncomfortable places, with sick and wounded, destitute of any shelter, and hunted like wolves; sustained and cared for in part by Indians; that after all this, in order to sustain a cause which every citizen of this "glorious republic" is under equal moral obligation to do, and for the neglect of which he will be held accountable to God; a cause in which every man, woman, and child of the entire human family has a deep and awful interest; that, when no wages are asked or expected, he cannot secure, amidst all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this "heaven-exalted" people, even the necessary supplies of the common soldier. "How are the mighty fallen!" JOHN BROWN.

BOSTON, *April*, A. D. 1857.

Yet it must not be supposed from this complaint that Brown had raised no money in New England. Probably his collections there in 1857, including five hundred dollars voted him by the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, were more than one thousand dollars, and in addition to this, the sum of one thousand dollars was raised to pay for one hundred and sixty acres of land in North Elba, which was to be added, in equal parts, to the farms of his wife and his married daughter living there. The subscription for this purchase of land was headed by George L. Stearns and Amos A. Law-

[1] Cromwell related in his speech a colloquy with his cousin Hampden, in 1642, when he was about raising men for his troop of Ironsides to serve in Lord Essex's army, and added, "Mr. John Hampden was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Truly I told him I could *do* somewhat in it. I did so; I raised such men as *had the fear of God before them; as made some conscience of what they did;* and from that day forward I must say to you they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually." In a fair field this was true of Brown's men; they were never beaten unless caught in a trap, as they were at Harper's Ferry.

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rence of Boston, who, together, paid more than half the amount. A portion of it was to go to the original owner of the land, the late Gerrit Smith, at Peterboro, New York, and the rest to two of the Thompsons, brothers-in-law of Ruth (Brown) Thompson, who had improved and partly paid for the tract. I was the person appointed to visit Peterboro and North Elba to make these payments (as I did) in August, 1857. At Mr. Smith's I heard for the first time of Hugh Forbes, who had called there on his way from New York to Western Iowa, in July. This Englishman had so much to do with the affairs of John Brown for two or three years, that he may here claim some description, although I never saw him, nor, after the spring of 1858, held any correspondence with him.

Hugh Forbes was so unfortunately conspicuous after Brown's arrest in 1859, that I fear some injustice may have been done him at that time. He had been a hanger-on at the Tribune office for a while, and had occasionally obtained a few dollars from the easily opened purse of Horace Greeley. The last of these contributions seems to have been twenty dollars, paid about the time when Forbes went towards Kansas in 1857; and, in explanation of this gift, Mr. Greeley, two years afterwards, drew a portrait of Forbes in the Tribune, which was far from flattering. He was represented as an adventurer, at once fanatical and mercenary, and as wanting in common sense. He is spoken of by others who knew him as a handsome, soldierly-looking man, skillful in the sword exercise, and with some military experience, gained under Garibaldi in the Italian revolution of 1848–49. He had been a silk-merchant, it was said, at Sienna, before joining Garibaldi; in New York he was a fencing-master, while his wife and daughter were living in Paris upon remittances sent by him from New York. He had been engaged by Brown in the spring of 1857, without the knowledge of his New England friends, to drill his Kansas soldiers for partisan warfare, and to him Brown had communicated, with more or less detail, his plans for invading Virginia, before any of his New England friends, except a few of the colored people, knew them. Judged by his letters, his little book (Manual of the Patriotic Volunteer), and all the accounts given by persons who knew him, he was a brave, enthusiastic, undisciplined person, with little discretion, and quite wanting in the qualities which would fit him to be a leader of American soldiers. Yet he was ambitious, eager to head a crusade against slavery, and apparently desirous of taking Brown's place as commander of what he regarded as a great antislavery movement, having the support of thousands in the Northern States. Having been accustomed to see European insurrections managed by committees outwardly similar to the various antislavery committees which he found or heard of in America, he hastily inferred that these American committees were all working for the same revolutionary end, and were ready to support a design which Brown had as yet communicated to none of them, and which none of them would or could have aided, had they known it. He was really connected with Brown's enterprise but a few months; having joined his rendezvous at Tabor in Iowa, on the 9th of August, 1857, and parted from him in early November of the same year. His complaining letters, in December, 1857, and January, 1858, were the first intimation received by the Boston friends of Captain Brown that there was any peculiar relation between the Kansas hero and the British revolutionist; and these letters, by a singular chance, occasioned the first disclosure of Brown's plans to his Boston friends. The earliest of these letters were addressed to Senator Sumner, and by him transmitted to Dr. Howe and myself; they led to questions asked of Brown concerning his agreement with Forbes, and in answer to these he communicated his whole project to a few persons in New England and New York.

In April and May, 1858, learning that the enterprise of Brown was still going forward, Forbes went to Washington, called on Senators Wilson, Hale, Sew-

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ard, and other prominent republicans, disclosed some part of the scheme, and threatened further disclosures unless his own proposals were complied with. This brought about a change of plans, much against Brown's first inclination; he gave up his attack upon Virginia, which had been fixed for the middle of May, 1858, and returned to Kansas in the summer of that year, as has been mentioned in a previous chapter. After this, Forbes was heard of no more until the attack at Harper's Ferry had been made; then he was reported as in New York, again threatening disclosures, and several of his letters found their way into the newspapers. Then, if I have been correctly informed, he thought better of his purpose to betray the confidence of Brown, went back to Italy, and again served under Garibaldi, who in that very year, 1859, was making his remarkable campaign in Sicily and Southern Italy. But concerning this I can only speak from the report of others.

While Forbes was living with Brown in Western Iowa, in the autumn of 1857, Brown made use of what he considered the greater skill of Forbes with the pen, to draw up an address to the soldiers of the army, urging them not to fight against the friends of freedom. Brown sent this to Theodore Parker, in a letter dated "Tabor, Fremont Co., Iowa, September 11, 1857," and it was shown to me soon after by Mr. Parker. In the same letter Brown said, "My particular object in writing is to say that I am in immediate want of some five hundred or one thousand dollars for secret service, and no questions asked. I want the friends of freedom to prove me now herewith." On the 2d of February, 1858, Brown wrote again to Mr. Parker, saying, "I have nearly perfected arrangements for carrying out an important measure, in which the world has a deep interest, as well as Kansas, and only lack from five to eight hundred dollars to enable me to do so, — the same object for which I asked for secret-service money last fall. It is my only errand here," that is, in Rochester (New York), where he was then staying, incognito, at the house of Frederick Douglass. He added, "I want to bring the thing about during the next sixty days. Please write N. Hawkins, care William J. Watkins, Esq., Rochester, N. Y." [1] I received a similar letter from Brown about the same time, and was informed by my correspondent Morton, who was often in Rochester, that Brown had hopes of doing "more than has yet been done" with the eight hundred dollars asked for. Brown himself wrote me that he expected "to overthrow slavery in a large part of the country," and asked me to meet him in Central New York. At the same time one of my Kansas correspondents sent me word that Brown had disappeared from among them, and that some of the Kansas people thought him insane. All this, combined with the complaints and intimations of Forbes, led me to imagine that Brown had some plan for an uprising of slaves such as had often been spoken of among the abolitionists; but, if so, I supposed it would be on the Kansas border or in some part of Missouri. To Colonel Higginson, then living at Worcester, Brown wrote on the 12th of February: "Railroad business, on a somewhat extended scale, is the identical object for which I am trying to get means. I have been connected with that business, as commonly conducted, from my boyhood, and never let an opportunity slip. I have been operating to some purpose the past season, but I now have a measure on foot that I feel sure would awaken in you something more than a common interest, if you could understand it. I have just written my friends G. L. Stearns and F. B. Sanborn, asking them to meet me for consultation. I am very anxious to have you come along; certain as I feel that you will never regret having been one of the council." To a letter from myself, inviting him to meet Messrs. Stearns, Parker, and Higginson in Boston, Brown replied on the 17th of February, still at Rochester, "It would be almost impossible for me to pass through Albany, Springfield, or any of those

[1] Weiss's Life of Parker, ii. 163, 164.

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parts on my way to Boston, and not have it known. And my reasons for keeping quiet are such that, when I left Kansas, I kept it from every friend there; and I suppose it is still understood that I am hiding somewhere in the Territory." He therefore declined to visit Boston, and urged those of us (four in all) to whom he had written concerning his project, to meet him not far from Rochester before the end of February. Neither Mr. Parker nor Mr. Stearns could go at that time; Colonel Higginson was also detained at home, and thus it happened that Mr. Morton and myself were the only Massachusetts men present when Brown at last revealed his plans, on the evening of Monday, February 22, 1858, — the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

He began by asking us to read or listen to his "Provisional Constitution" from the first draft of that singular paper, which he had written while lodging with Frederick Douglass in the two or three preceding weeks. And in connection with its elaborate provisions for controlling an armed force of "Liberators" and for disposing of conquered territory and captured property, he explained his plan of a campaign which, to our astonishment, was to begin in Virginia, and, if successful, to be extended along the flanks of the Virginia mountains, into Kentucky, Tennessee, and more Southern States. We listened at first with incredulity to the expectations which he cherished, and could scarcely believe him determined upon an undertaking that seemed so certain to end in defeat and destruction to all who might engage in it. But we soon found that Brown had asked us to consult with him, not so much for the purpose of seeking our advice, still less of accepting it, as in order to engage us to take part in his enterprise, upon which he showed himself irrevocably bent. No objection moved him from his purpose; no unwillingness on our part to help him would prevent him from going forward with such aid as he had found, and with the undoubted favor, as he believed, of Almighty God. His plans were perfect in their most trivial details; he knew exactly how each of his forts could be built, how many men could hold it, how they could retreat from that position to another; how the first news of his attack would be received, and what would follow from the blind rage and terror that such an attack would excite among the slaveholders. He had calculated, like a skillful player, on every rebound and collision of his ball; he did not wish to begin with a great force, but with one that could be easily handled; he did not expect the slaves to come to him in great numbers, nor did he wish it, for he wanted no more followers than he could easily arm and discipline. He did not then propose to attack Harper's Ferry, but to begin in some remote and less accessible region. He did not expect to be driven out of the slave States, but he meant to leave a road open behind him by which he could retreat if necessary. He did not anticipate disunion or even civil war, except of that sort in which he had taken part for three years upon the Kansas prairies. His ideal was something like the Florida war, where a few Indians and negroes had for years withstood the forces of the government; and he more than once referred to Plutarch's Spanish hero, Sertorius, as the model that he meant to follow, — a warrior who with a small force contrived to elude and finally to defeat great armies of the Romans. Brown did not deal much, however, in historical associations; he read Plutarch with pleasure, but his own Kansas commentaries were more in his mind than the examples of the Greeks and Romans. Most of all he dwelt upon the Old Testament encouragements to valor and enterprise on the Lord's side. The words of Scripture came naturally to his lips, and the idea of duty and of God's guidance in the path of duty was no less natural to his soul. Possessed by these thoughts he was invulnerable to argument, and when the agitated party broke up their council for the night, it was perfectly plain that Brown could not be held back from his purpose.

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The question then arose, — and this was the one most anxiously considered on the second day, — What should be done by the friends to whom he had appealed, and on whose generosity he had relied for aid? Three courses were open to us: to aid him so far as we could, to discountenance and oppose his plans, and to remain neutral or indifferent. Of course there was no thought of betraying his confidence, nor of treating him as a madman, incapable of counsel. And it was soon evident that where Brown was concerned there could be no neutrality and no indifference. It is the privilege of heroism, as of beauty and of sanctity, to impose its own conditions upon the beholder; they claim and they receive their due homage. A casual glance, a frivolous mind, might be deceived in Captain Brown. His homely garb and plain manners did not betoken greatness; but neither could they disguise it. That antique and magnanimous character which amid wounds and fetters and ferocious insults suddenly fastened the gaze of the whole world; those words of startling simplicity uttered among the corpses of his men, or before his judges, or in his prison cell, and listened to by all mankind — all things that were peculiar to John Brown and distinguished him among the multitude, lost nothing of their force when he was seen at nearer view, and heard within the walls of a chamber. Let no man conceive that impressive personality, whose echoes so long filled the air of our camps, to have lacked its effect upon the few who came within his influence before the world recognized his greatness. We saw this lonely and obscure old man choosing poverty before wealth, renouncing the ties of affection, throwing away his ease, his reputation, and his life, for the sake of a despised race and for "zeal to his country's ancient liberties." Moved by the attraction of this example, shamed by the nobleness of this generosity, was it to be imagined that young men and devoted abolitionists would examine cautiously the sober grounds of prudence, or timidly follow a scrupulous conservatism? Without accepting Brown's plans as reasonable, we were preparing to second them merely because they were his; under the impulse of that sentiment to which John A. Andrew afterwards gave utterance when he said, "Whatever might be thought of John Brown's acts, John Brown himself was *right.*"

His strong influence over his own men rendered it unnecessary for him to urge them to a course which they saw him pursuing. Edwin Coppoc, one of the youngest of his followers at Harper's Ferry, told his captors that he had not at first wished to join in that attack. "Why did you, then?" "Ah, gentlemen," said Coppoc, "*you don't know Captain Brown;* when he calls for us we never think of refusing to come." It was perhaps in allusion to this that Brown said, during his trial at Charlestown, "I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense."

In what terms he sometimes set forth the reasons for joining his expedition to Virginia may be seen by the following letter, which he wrote me the day after our conference broke up: —

——, N. Y., 24*th Feb'y*, 1858.

My dear Friend, — Mr. Morton has taken the liberty of saying to me that you felt half inclined to make a common cause with me. I *greatly rejoice* at this; for I believe when you come to look at the *ample field* I labor in, and the rich harvest which (not only this entire country, but) the whole world during the present and future generations *may reap* from its successful cultivation, you will feel that you are out of your element, until you find you are in it, an entire unit. What an inconceivable amount of good you might so effect, by your *counsel*, *your example*, *your encouragement*, your *natural and acquired ability* for active service. And

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then, how very little we can possibly lose! Certainly the cause is enough to *live* for, if not to —— [1] for. I have only had *this one* opportunity in a life of nearly sixty years ; and could I be continued ten times as long again, I might not again have another equal opportunity. God has honored but comparatively a *very small* part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards. But, my dear friend, if you should make up your mind to do so, I trust it will be wholly from the promptings of your own spirit, after having *thoroughly counted* the cost. I would *flatter no man* into such a measure, if I could do it ever so easily.

I *expect nothing* but to "endure hardness," but I expect to effect a mighty conquest, even though it be like the last victory of Samson. I felt for a number of years, *in earlier life*, a steady, strong desire to *die*, but since I saw any prospect of becoming a "reaper" in the *great* harvest, I have not only felt quite willing to *live*, but have enjoyed life much; and am now rather anxious to live for *a few* years more.

Your sincere Friend,

JOHN BROWN.

I received this letter soon after my return to Concord. On my way through Boston I had communicated to Theodore Parker (at his house in Exeter Place, where I had taken Brown in January, 1857, and where he met Mr. Garrison and other abolitionists) the substance of Brown's plan, and upon receiving the letter I transmitted it to Parker. He retained it, so that it was out of my possession in October, 1859, when I destroyed most of the letters, of Brown and others, which could compromise our friends. Two or three years afterwards, probably in 1862, when Parker had been dead two years, my letters to him came back to me, and among them this touching and prophetic letter of Brown's. It has to me an extreme value from this association with the memory of two of my best and noblest friends; but in itself is also a remarkable utterance. That it did not draw me into the field as one of Brown's band was due, perhaps, to the circumstance that the interests of other persons were then too much in my hands and in my thoughts to permit a change of my whole course of life, except under the most unmistakable direction of that Spirit who governs the fate of nations and of men. Long accustomed to guide my life by leadings and omens from that shrine whose oracles may destroy but can never deceive, I listened in vain, through months of doubt and anxiety, for a clear and certain call. But it was revealed to me that no confidence could be too great, no trust nor affection too extreme, towards this aged poor man whom the Lord had chosen as his champion against wrong. In any event of his designs, — had he failed as conspicuously as he has succeeded, — I could still have had nothing to regret in the little aid I had afforded him, except that I could not aid him more. The work upon which he had entered was dangerous and even desperate; none saw this better than those who stood with him; but his commission was from a Court that could bear him out, whatever the results. It is a maxim even of worldly prudence that desperate diseases require desperate remedies: *in rebus arduis ac tenui spe fortissima quæque consilia sunt optima.* And can high courage and unselfish humility be less acceptable to the Heavenly Wisdom?

"Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Borne witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent:
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience, from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent."

F. B. Sanborn.

[1] This blank is in the original

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FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

At Laurel, a small town on the Whitewater River, in Southeastern Indiana, in a little ill-kept grave-yard overlooking the town itself, I found, one morning of last September, two graves lying side by side. Upon the round-topped marble head-stone over one of them I read the inscription, "Byron Forceythe Willson. Born in Little Genesee, N. Y., April 10, 1837. Died in Alfred, N. Y., Feb'y 2, 1867;" and on a small obelisk of white marble which marked the other, "Elizabeth Conwell Willson. Born June 26, 1842. Died October 13, 1864." These graves of a husband and wife are at the northeastern corner of the burial-ground, just where it slopes steeply to a public road; below, for several miles northward are seen the level cornfields and orchards of the Whitewater Valley — one of the loveliest valleys in the middle West — with the long-disused Whitewater Canal (whose channel serves the purpose of a mill-race) passing through its centre from north to south, the Whitewater Valley Railroad closely following the course of the old canal, and, shimmering here and there beyond these, the Whitewater River. Pastoral upland slopes and wooded hills are the bounds of the landscape. Less than two hundred yards eastward from the grave-yard, and somewhat nearer the town of Laurel, is one of those pretty, mysterious, ancient mounds so frequent throughout this region. A large weeping-willow tree planted upon the top of an old grave, a few feet distant, throws its shadow during the forenoon upon the two later ones. These graves have a lovely situation, but the casual passer-by would not suspect that in them two poets were sleeping: one the gentle and youthful wife, whose record in literature is slight if indeed recognizable (yet her gift was a genuine one, beautiful and delicate, born with her in the little town of Laurel, and she was more truly a poet than many whose names have grown familiar in collections and biographies); the other, the husband, far the most remarkable, it seems to me, of American poets to whom it has yet been fated, dying young, to leave but an earnest of accomplishment. The wife's grave, I may add, is also

> — "the grave of a little child,
> That died upon life's threshold,
> And never wept nor smiled."

Comparatively few, I dare say, among the current readers of The Atlantic Monthly will remember very distinctly to have met with the name of Forceythe Willson. Yet less than ten years ago he was an occasional contributor to its pages. Within that period, too, one of his poems has been read, in the course of a lecture, to large audiences in our principal cities, by one of the most admired and popular of American authors, himself a poet; the same piece and one or two others by the same hand have been pronounced by another, one of our greatest thinkers and writers, among the most remarkable poems yet produced in America; seven years ago a volume of Willson's poetry was published; in the recent revised edition of Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, its editor, has given him a narrow room with the fifteen or twenty poets who have appeared in American literature during the last score of years; and he occupies a certain space on the diversified slopes of Mr. Emerson's Parnassus, where he is rather needlessly described as a young poet of Wisconsin.

The small, one-roomed log-house at Little Genesee, in which Forceythe Willson[1] was born, was yet standing four years ago. Little Genesee, a village of

[1] The first name Byron, which his parents were always accustomed to use in addressing him or speaking of him, was dropped by him during his early manhood; it seems he had conceived a great dislike for it.

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Alleghany County in Western New York, is situated upon Genesee Creek, which, flowing into the Osway near the confluence of the latter with the Alleghany, is therefore a remote northeastern tributary of the Ohio. Upon the banks of this stream Forceythe's father, Hiram Willson, a native of Vermont, was engaged in the lumber business, having a saw-mill there. The mill-pond above was blackened by overlooking pines, with which, together with hemlocks, this wild, hilly, and romantic region was thickly wooded. "Rock City," a group of immense rocks upon the very summit of a small mountain, which is geologically noted, and often visited by parties of scientific men, is in sight of the poets' birthplace. That he remembered fondly his birthplace and its surroundings is indicated by some of his latest writings: here, for instance, is an extract, in irregular blank verses, from an unpublished piece entitled The Old House of the Knoll — a sort of eclogue, in which himself and his wife, apparently, are represented visiting the old ruined house: —

"In the fair evening valley we descend:
There is a bold bare hill,
And, in the deepening shadow at its base,
The quiet village with its single spire;
And through the village, like some lone Indian girl,
With soft soliloquy steals the valley stream.
There, farther down the valley, glimmers a white farm-house by the road,
And, just beyond a belt of dark pine woods,
The mill-pond and the mill, the orchard and the mead.

. . . . . .

And there, too, is the Old House of the Knoll,
All open-roomed, with door and wall agape,
With gap of gable and with rent of roof,
The chimney gone — whose landlord is the bat!"

Mr. Willson, the father, was a man of strong physical and mental character, of strict integrity, a great reader of the best books in the English language, and a believer in and promoter of liberal education of a wholesome and practical kind. He was postmaster at Little Genesee under Jackson (an early democrat, he was also an early though moderate abolitionist), and served as superintendent of common schools in Alleghany County for several years, I am told. He was a man accustomed to think for himself, and was in religious faith a Unitarian. The poet's mother, Ann Calvin Ennis, a native of Rhode Island, was a woman of quiet, gentle manners and lovable character, patient and careful in all her duties of mother and wife. She belonged to the sect of Seventh-Day Baptists. Forceythe doubtless inherited somewhat of his deep religious element from both father and mother, who had both been teachers and were accustomed to instruct their children at home, previous to sending them elsewhere to school. When he was about nine years of age his father emigrated with his family westward, descending the Alleghany and Ohio rivers in primitive fashion upon a raft of lumber (the easiest and most practicable conveyance at that time), with a little cabin built upon the centre for temporary dwelling, and landed at Maysville, Kentucky, where they remained but a year, going thence to Covington, opposite Cincinnati. Here they lived for about six years, during which Mr. Willson, the father, was chiefly instrumental in establishing an excellent system of common schools at Covington, by which he is still remembered in that city. Forceythe had his first school education there and at Maysville. In 1852 the family was again removed, this time to New Albany, Indiana, where the father continued his business as a lumber merchant, and, dying in 1859, left a comfortable fortune to his children — eight in all, of whom four were then living, Forceythe being the eldest, and remaining guardian and protector of the rest. The mother had died in 1856.

Willson spent upwards of a year at Antioch College, in Ohio, then under the supervision of the well-known Horace Mann, going afterwards to Harvard. He was compelled to leave college, however, in his Sophomore or Junior year, because of a serious attack of consumption. He returned home to New Albany, expecting to die, his physicians having pronounced him in the last stages of the disease; but after more than a year's patient and careful treatment, during which

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he devoted himself to a study of his body and fought the enemy within with heroic persistence (much as he describes himself in single combat with Death in a poem I shall hereafter quote), he at length apparently recovered. It may here be observed that as a boy Forceythe was singularly fond of the roughest out-of-door sports; to the last, in company with his peculiar spiritual belief, he liked what is called "muscle," both in life and in literature. From his early youth he was a great lover of Nature, a constant reader of her open book; and to this love and study, as well as to the long, courageous effort for the recovery of his health and strength, may be attributed his habit, for many years, of spending several hours each day through all weathers, by day-time and night-time, in solitary walks.

About the year 1858 there was a "spiritual excitement" at New Albany, which interested and impressed Forceythe greatly, it seems. He set himself earnestly to study the matter. At first he became partially converted, I believe, and was for a time what is called a medium. This was during the lifetime of his father, who, very skeptical of the so-called "spiritual manifestations," was yet also deeply interested in them, devoting considerable time and care to their investigation. Forceythe, however, soon abandoned the professors, but retained until his death a serious spiritual theory or faith of his own. He believed — and he was absolutely honest and sincere, I am sure, in his faith — that the spirits of the dead could and at times do have communication with the living. At one time, in his little hermit parlor or study at New Albany, while speaking of this spiritual belief, he told me of an interview he had with his father's spirit in that room: "I was sitting in this chair, as I am now," he said, "awake, just as I am now, when I heard my father's voice, speaking behind me. I was not startled, but I doubted if it were not a delusion, and asked him, 'How shall I know certainly that it is you, father?' Then he came up behind me, and, as was a familiar custom with him, placed his hands in this way" — he showed me by his gesture the manner in which it was done — "upon my head." This seemed to have convinced him; but I could not help thinking it might readily have been explained as a dream. Besides this spiritual belief he was long before held to possess a peculiar faculty or sense by which he could, for example, tell the contents of a sealed letter, with the sex, age, character, and in a few instances even the name, of its writer, without any previous knowledge, by pressing the letter unseen to his forehead. His father tried him on one occasion with an official letter received some years previously from Washington, when he gave accurately all its contents, with the writer's character and name. It was from John C. Calhoun. I know that Willson believed himself possessed of a certain clairvoyant power.

I received a friendly note from him, a few months after our first acquaintance, asking me to visit him at New Albany. At this time, in the autumn of 1860, he was living, as I have already suggested, like a literary hermit in a little house by himself, surrounded with books and the tasteful equipments of a student, and when I called, a day or two later, he read to me several of his poems; one was The Mystic Thought, since published in his volume; it has reference, I presume, to the coming of a poetic conception, which Dr. Holmes has otherwise pleasantly described in one of his Breakfast Table discourses. The poem was afterwards printed in The Louisville Journal, in which during two or three years previous Willson had been publishing occasional verses. These early pieces were peculiar in tone and incoherent in manner, giving him some local reputation for eccentricity. But this eccentricity did not manifest itself outside of his writings. He was, as he remained, quiet, reserved, and gentle in his conversation, simple but always elegant in dress, and with a grave courtesy and dignity of manner. He lived generally the life of an earnest student,

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jealously secluded except to a very few friends, but with a disposition to the society of cultivated ladies. About the time I first knew him he found his social recreation chiefly at the houses of one or two of the leading families in Louisville society, by whom he was highly esteemed and respected.

Soon after the Southern Rebellion began, Willson interested himself actively in the war politics, writing editorials of considerable vigor for The Louisville Journal in support of the Union cause in Kentucky. His father had for many years believed emancipation with compensation to slave owners the proper course of abolitionism, and doubtless Forceythe was in theory also an abolitionist; yet he naturally found it easy to approve the position of Kentucky neutrality, which perhaps was temporarily wise enough, it being the only foothold then possible in Kentucky against direct secession. At this time he wrote the first part of his curious poem entitled In State, which he finished two or three years afterwards, and other minor pieces referring to the war.

The Old Sergeant, the first poem that gave Willson anything like popular recognition, was published January 1, 1863, as The Carrier's New Year Address of The Louisville Journal. It is, I believe, the transcript of a real history, none of the names in it being fictitious, and the story being reported as exactly as possible from the lips of a Federal assistant-surgeon named Austin, with whom Willson was acquainted at New Albany. He had a certain reluctance, I do not know why, to admit his authorship of this poem; although he had read to me one evening in the September previous, the last time I saw him at New Albany, several poems produced about the same time, and never seemed loath to communicate them to me, yet when I happened to refer to this one in a letter about a year after its first appearance, and told him of its effect upon certain persons who had read or heard it read in my company, he answered, "You speak of a production, The Old Sergeant, assuming it to be mine, and say —— wept over it. So did I." He afterwards sent me a copy of it, however, privately printed, bound in light blue boards, the title red-lettered in a plain ground of white upon the side-cover, so that it presented the Old Sergeant in his proper patriotic colors. Many persons who read the anonymous poem were strongly interested in it; among them, I have understood, President Lincoln. Dr. O. W. Holmes had his attention called to it, and subsequently read it to many audiences in the course of a lecture on The Poetry of the War. He has given testimony of its strong effect upon an audience, and has compared it in engrossing interest for the reader to Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. As this may be admitted to be Willson's representative production, and as it may not be entirely familiar, it will perhaps be well to present it here entire, omitting the introductory words of the carrier, in which he gives the piece temporary atmosphere and locality, saying that —

"The same awful and portentous Shadow
That overcast the earth,
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth"

(for it was a very gloomy New Year), and adding, of his sorrowful holiday ballad, the song was the carrier's —

"But not so with the story;
For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant-Surgeon Austin,
By a soldier of Shiloh:

"By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the Adams,
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the Assistant-Surgeon,
On the same night that he died."

This puts us, with the Surgeon, at the bedside of the Old Sergeant.

"'Come a little nearer, Doctor, — thank you, — let me take the cup:
Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another little sup!
Maybe you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up, —
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up!

"'Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it an't much use to try' —
'Never say that,' said the Surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;

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'It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!'
What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

"'Doctor, what has been the matter?' 'You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now.' 'Doctor, have I been away?'
'Not that anybody knows of!' 'Doctor — Doctor, please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"'I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it could n't ha' been so, —
For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"'This is all that I remember: The last time the Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:
"ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!" — just that way it called my name.

"'And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it could n't be the Lighter, — he could not have spoken so;
And I tried to answer, "Here, sir!" but I could n't make it go;
For I *could n't move a muscle*, and I *could* n't make it go!

"'Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine*[1] — and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
"ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!" even plainer than before.

"'That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the River, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"'And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from some celestial Tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: "IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON — IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!"

"'Doctor Austin! — what *day* is this?' 'It is Wednesday night, you know.'
'Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?' 'Nearly Twelve.' 'Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago!

"'There was where the gun-boats opened on the dark, rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost, —
And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost!

"'And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died, —
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"'There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win —
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"'Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead, —
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"'Death and silence! — Death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty TOWER, as if builded to the dead, —
To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"'Round and mighty-based it towered — up into the infinite —
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light,
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"'And, behold, as I approached it — with a rapt and dazzled stare, —
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great Stair, —
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of — "Halt, and who goes there!"
"I'm a friend," I said, "if you are." — "Then advance, sir, to the Stair!"

"'I advanced! — That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne! —
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line:

[1] *Canard.*

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"Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome
by that countersign!"
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old
cloak of mine!

"'As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking
only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright
and bloodless glaive:
"That's the way, sir, to Head-quarters." "What
Head-quarters!"—"Of the Brave."
"But the great Tower?"—"That," he answered,
"Is the way, sir, of the Brave!"

"'Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so
new and bright;
"Ah!" said he, "you have forgotten the New
Uniform to-night,—
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve
o'clock to-night!"

"'And the next thing I remember, you were sitting
there, and I—
Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—
God bless you all! Good-by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my Son—my Son that's coming,—he won't
get here till I die!

"'Tell him his old father blessed him as he never
did before,—
And to carry that old musket'—Hark! a knock
is at the door!—
'Till the Union'—See! it opens!—'Father!
Father! speak once more!'—
'*Bless you!*'—gasped the old, gray Sergeant, and
he lay and said no more."

The poet has allowed the "venerable comrade" to tell his own story, and he has let him choose his own words, not forbidding the army slang, which takes pathetic dignity from his lips. The old man's dream or vision is reported in full, with its wonderful realistic detail; its extravagance impresses us as the dream itself would; we do not mark it until we are removed from the dream and come to analyze its flying gossamer threads. It is so simply touching, and so true to physical and spiritual facts, to historical scenes and events. The battle of Shiloh should live long upon the dying lips of the Old Sergeant. That the poem has many faults I do not deny, but the entire impression permits one to forget them; the parts, as we read, are lost in the whole. It has something of Poe's rhythmic effects and repetitions of similar rhymes. Poe, I am sure, was one of Willson's early favorite poets, and his influence is elsewhere felt. Yet the simple, manly vigor observable in The Old Sergeant is beyond anything Poe produced.

In the autumn of 1863 Willson married Elizabeth Conwell Smith, a young lady whom he had met during the year preceding, at New Albany, where she had been attending a female academy or college. Early the next year (chiefly for the purpose of caring for a younger brother in Harvard College) Willson with his wife removed to Cambridge, Massachusetts, purchasing a pleasant old mansion on the Mount Auburn road, near Mr. Lowell's, and looking out upon the Charles River. "He came among us," wrote Dr. Holmes, after Willson's death, "as softly and silently as a bird drops into his nest. His striking personal appearance had attracted the attention of the scholars and poets who were his neighbors, long before they heard his name or condition. It was impossible to pass without noticing the tall and dark young man with long, curled locks and large, dreamy, almond-shaped eyes, who was often seen walking along the road that leads from the village of Old Cambridge to Mount Auburn." How singularly and proudly loath to seek the acquaintance of men he had long admired in their writings he seemed! He remained unknown and unknowing, at their doors almost, for nearly two years, before Dr. Holmes finally discovered him, after writing repeated letters to persons far off, in order that he might find out the author of The Old Sergeant, whose home was visible, as he at last learned, from his own parlor window!

Willson lived at Cambridge, except for brief intervals of absence, until the latter months of 1866. In the fall of 1864, however, his young wife, who had long been in delicate health, died. She was a woman of very lovely and gentle character, with a poetical gift of much sweetness and tenderness, which did not attain maturity of expression. Her husband, a year or two after her death, privately printed a little volume of her poetical writings. Her best quality shows itself in occasional lines and phrases,

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rather than in entire pieces. Here is perhaps the best one; it is printed first in the little volume, and it indicates at least her sweetness and delicacy of feeling: —

THE MAGIC PITCHER.

I know an ancient story of a maid
Who broke her golden pitcher at the well,
And wept therefor; when came a voice that said,
"Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic spell
Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!"
Then through her tears she saw a shape of light
Before her; and a lily, wet with rain
Or dew, was in his hands, — all snowy white.

Then stood the maiden hushed in sweet surprise,
And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs down,
Beneath the wondrous brightness of his eyes
Whose smile seemed to enwreathe her like a crown.
He raised no wand; he gave no strange commands;
But touched her eyes with tender touch and light,
With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands,
And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in summer lands,
He breathed upon the lily-bloom; and lo!
Its curling leaves expanded in her hands,
And shaped a magic pitcher, white as snow,
Gemmed with the living jewels of the dew,
And brimmed with overflows of running light.
Then came the voice, the mystic voice she knew:
"Drink of the lily waters, pure and bright,

"Thou little maiden by the well," it said,
"And give, to all who thirst, the waters cool;
So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;
So shall thy pitcher evermore be full!"
Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,
He faded in the magic of the spell;
While, mute with joy, the little maiden stood,
Clasping her magic pitcher by the well.

Willson was very tenderly attached to his wife, yet he did not seem to grieve for her in the ordinary way; speaking of her he used the most cheerful language. His spiritual or religious faith, which has been spoken of, made it possible for him to write of her death, "It has neither left me afflicted nor bereaved. . . . And strangest yet of all, the blessed Presence is at times so plain and real to me that I scarcely can believe the tender tie of her embodiment is broken." A friend, to whom he communicated the fact of his wife's death by inclosing a few printed words regarding it, wrote, expressing his sympathy, and spoke of the quick grief of a third person to whom Mrs. Willson had been strongly attached in the latter's girlhood, when Willson answered in these words, which, with the extract made above, it may not seem improper to repeat, since all these things are found, mystically veiled, in his published poems, and their sacredness is spoken over the graves of both husband and wife: "Tell —— not to grieve for . . . Tell her it seems to me no human soul can ever have gone forth more sweetly, solemnly, and happily, into the Heaven of Heavens. She was, perhaps, as near as any soul on earth can be, the pure and simple truth. . . . Does she come back to me? Most certainly, most certainly, she does. She floats into the room — distinct and sweet — so wondrous lovely that she almost seems the living smile of God. How can I mourn, that scarcely am bereaved? . . . No, I am girded strong; she consecrates my life, and leads me on — a gladness and glory in my path." Then he went on to speak courage and simple worldly cheer to his friend.

The last time I saw Willson was in the summer of 1866, at Washington. He came on some business connected with his father's estate, of which he was, I believe, a wise, careful, and certainly unselfish manager. I passed an evening with him at his hotel, where he read to me nearly all of his lesser poems, also The Rhyme of the Master's Mate, published in his volume issued at Boston late in the autumn of the same year; he had the poems with him in proof-sheets. Among other pieces read by him then was the one following, which struck me with its peculiar weirdness and power. Perhaps it is intended to describe the struggle which all must have in some way or other, whether or not they overcome it, with the physical horror of death. It pictures an obstinate wrestle with that skeleton in every man's house. How full it is of ghastly reality, how terribly vivid in detail! It impresses one like the nightmare, which Death is to us often, —

"The Nightmare Death-in-Life . . .
That thicks man's blood with cold."

But it ends with triumph, peace, and faith: —

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THE ENEMY

It was the dead
Of the long, long dark night,
And in my silent chamber the dim light
A pallid lustre shed.

Then with more care
Than is my wont withal,
I wended down the staircase, through the hall,
Into the open air,

And walked apart,
To feel the midnight spell;
And see if aught perchance there were not well,
Around my house and heart.

But by and by,
While yet I paced the court, —
As might the sentry of some sleeping fort, —
I heard a sudden cry.

And well aware
The Wolf was in the fold,
I sprang into my chamber: and behold,
Mine Enemy was there!

Dark eidolon!
As still as Death — agape,
Stretched at full length mid-floor, there was a Shape,
Which the lamp glared upon.

But, at the touch,
As I strode on him right,
Lo, he was standing all at once his height,
And I was in his clutch!

On the bare bone
Did seem to shift and slide
The serpent-supple skin; and the ribbed side
Did grate against my own.

Each eye of flame
Glared as from some deep delf;
And he did cleave as if to crush himself
Into this mortal frame.

And I, to check,
Could then but straightway cast
Around his bony shoulders, and make fast
Unto his gaunt crook-neck.

And a strange strength
Did suddenly involve
And string my sinews with seven-fold resolve —
To conquer him at length!

But his close fold
He tightened; and did make
Fierce and terrific writhings, as to break
Mine unrelinquished hold.

But at its worth,
I clave to mine intent;
And at the first faint sign that he was spent,
Did straightway drag him forth.

God give us grace!
Forthwith each bony beak
Of his gaunt chin, and jaw, and hollow cheek,
Were thrust into my face!

But as before,
Was strength vouchsafed to check, —
And vantage still, by chance of his death's-neck,
To hale him down to door.

Then he did strain
His last; and in the wrench,
Off brake the skull-head to its socket's clench!
I hurled it forth amain!

And it did bowl
And bump the curb! and sheer,
The Headless headlong, down did disappear! —
And Peace came to my Soul!

And naught could chafe
Or chide me as I knelt
Beside my glimmering couch, at length, and felt
That my Beloved were safe.

And at first beam
Of morn without, did dawn
A sunrise in my senses: the foregone
Had vanished like a dream.

Then I did sing:
"Love, thou hast strength to save!
Hosanna, Lord! Where is thy victory, Grave?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

I suppose this poem had some reference to Willson's first realization of his wife's approaching death, as it occurs in his book among a collection of pieces having reference to her, entitled The Poet's Epilogue. Doubtless it may seem repulsive; but nothing is more repulsive than Death as he is commonly personified and pictured. Here he is brought before us in that form of a physical terror — the ghastly usurper and determined tenant of a house. And by main force he is grappled with persistently, cast out, and overthrown. The literal conquest in this piece, however, may be said to be rather overdone; in one of the stanzas, toward the close, the poor skeleton is dealt with too roughly, and so as to create almost a ludicrous effect.

On the day following, after promising to meet me in the evening, Willson was called suddenly away. I never met him again.

In November, 1866, the little volume of his poems was published. I believe it did not make a very decided popular impression. It was, for the most part, a book for the very few; The Old Sergeant was nearly the only poem it contained at all likely to carry it to the many. Besides that piece and The Enemy, quoted above, the volume had other

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poems that deserve remark. The Rhyme of the Master's Mate is a piece "in dialect," so to speak, like The Old Sergeant, but it has not the same quick, general, human interest. It is chiefly a description, in easy, colloquial style, in which the Western army-slang is liberally mingled, of the capture of Fort Henry, on the Cumberland River, in 1862: the feigned record of a master's mate, made during the progress of the engagement, in which he was himself killed, and found, after the surrender of the fort, upon his person. It has a prelude, the poet himself speaking, very majestic in movement and fine in suggestion, describing the close of the war (which is presumed to have been reached since the record of the master's mate was made) and the disappearance of the dreadful war-array: —

"The long roll of the drum, and the last lonesome echo
Of the bugle's long-breathed lay,
Like a mighty soul in the chariot of his triumph,
Hath gone its heavenward way.

"And a solemn hush, a deep and world-wide silence,
Broods on the strife at last;
The armaments that shook the world beneath them
Dissolve into the Past,

"Like the vast enginery of some appalling Vision
Of World-wreck and Despair,
Dissolve with slow, eclipse-like, dread transition,
Into the infinite air!

"And leave to greet the astonished gaze of nations,
As by the quake upheaved,
The fairest Land that Freedom ever smiled on,
Or Fantasy conceived!

"A Land wherein, by grace of the God of Heaven,
And the Memory of the Brave,
No man shall henceforth dare to be a traitor,
Nor brook to be a slave!"

In State, another of the war poems, although possessing much grandeur of imagery, and lofty in tone, is not pleasing as a whole; it is unhappily conceived, it seems to me. In the first part — for it has three divisions — the country is represented as one vast human figure, a dead body laid out; the entire land, with its literal geography delineated, is the death-couch, or "sheeted bier." In the second part the occasion of this great death is explained: "the Son [the South?] stabbed, and the Mother fell;" after which the opening battle over her corpse "in state," between the matricide and the true son, who are joined by a vast multitude of other children "that are so greatly multiplied" (yet the two sons should have comprehended them all), is pictured. Then, in the third and last division, the terrible progress of the strife is described with all its sickening details. All this is put in the mouth of

— "the Keeper of the Sacred Key
And the Great Seal of Destiny,"

who at the close announces that he beholds THE DEED — which we have to explain for ourselves: did it refer to emancipation? Darkness follows; there is no hint of resurrection. At the time the first part of this singular piece was written, late in the year 1861, Willson passed much of his time in Kentucky, at Louisville, and did not breathe in, perhaps, the most wholesome influences of patriotic confidence. It was a political and poetical error to presume the country dead at all. But after having spoken so particularly of this poem, which has been very highly praised, I must not leave it without showing some remarkably vigorous stanzas embraced in it. Here are four describing the presumedly overthrown and dead republic, in the first of which the crowned critics of Europe are finely suggested: —

"The winds have tied the drifted snow
Around the face and chin; and lo,
The sceptred Giants come and go,
And shake their shadowy crowns and say: 'We always feared it would be so!'

"She came of an heroic race:
A giant's strength, a maiden's grace,
Like two in one seem to embrace,
And match, and blend, and thorough-blend, in her colossal form and face.

"Where can her dazzling falchion be?
One hand is fallen in the sea;
The Gulf-Stream drifts it far and free;
And in that hand her shining brand gleams from the depths resplendently.

"And by the other, in its rest,
The starry banner of the West
Is clasped forever to her breast;
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soaring eagle is the crest."

The dreadful circumstances of the

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civil war are vividly reviewed in the following simple and forcible stanzas: —

"I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted through and through without remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crushed face turned to the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into its bloody slime and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and fire,
I see his victim fall — expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead: He turns the head: The face! The son beholds his sire!

"I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents — the gaps — the broken ranks, —
The vanquished squadrons driven headlong down the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-gripe on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
The tens of thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle-blots, —
And writ on many a nameless grave a legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorged prison den,
The dead line and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living-deaths of skin and bone that were the goodly shapes of men."

Among the poems in Willson's book not referring in any wise to war subjects are several of a peculiar mystical quality, one or two of which show an influence of Emerson — especially the lines To Hersa, and Sphere-Song. Nearly all of these poems have strikingly beautiful passages, here and there.

A piece otherwise vague and unsatisfactory, entitled A Valedictory, has this fine, fluent expression of an often-used illustration in the direction of proof regarding the soul's immortality: —

"As well, in sooth, tear-blur the eye,
And pass the summer morn in dole,
Over the cast-off husk or poll
Of some old symbol of the Soul —
The swaddle of the butterfly:

"While near at hand the very while,
Her little dross-divested sprite
Spreads wings like Psyche, for a flight
Into illimitable light,
To revel in the Summer's smile."

Lightest and brightest of all Willson's poems is the little fairy-tale or fable, called —

THE ESTRAY.

"Now tell me, my merry woodman,
Why standest so aghast?"
"My lord! — 't was a beautiful creature
That hath but just gone past!"

"A creature — what kind of a creature?"
"Nay, now, but I do not know!"
"Humph — what did it make you think of?"
"The sunshine on the snow."

"I shall overtake my horse then."
The woodman opened his eye:
The gold fell all around him,
And a rainbow spanned the sky.

A collection of brief pieces under the general title of The Poet's Epilogue (including the one called The Enemy, heretofore given) closes the volume. These final pieces all have reference in some way or other, as I have already said, to the poet's wife. Several of them are very clearly expressed. The Autumn Song breathes a simple, sad sincerity of mournful music: —

"In Spring the Poet is glad,
And in Summer the Poet is gay;
But in Autumn the Poet is sad,
And has something sad to say:

"For the Wind moans in the Wood,
And the Leaf drops from the Tree;
And the cold Rain falls on the graves of the Good,
And the cold Mist comes up from the Sea:

"And the Autumn Songs of the Poet's soul
Are set to the passionate grief
Of Winds that sough and Bells that toll
The Dirge of the Falling Leaf."

And here is another piece, of which the same observation may be made; this burden comes directly to every heart that knows of love and death: —

NO MORE.

This is the Burden of the Heart,
The Burden that it always bore:
We live to love; we meet to part;
And part to meet on earth No More:
We clasp each other to the heart,
And part to meet on earth No More.

There is a time for tears to start, —
For dews to fall and larks to soar:
The Time for Tears is when we part
To meet upon the earth No More:
The Time for Tears is when we part
To meet on this wide earth — No More.

Other pieces in The Poet's Epilogue are full of personal spiritual ecstasies,

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in keeping with the quotations I have made from one or two of Willson's letters. We must read or pass them over with serious tenderness; The Voice, originally published in The Atlantic Monthly, being the one that comes nearest common appreciation and understanding. But the following — which I do not class with the pieces just mentioned — may be given as peculiarly weird, musical, and beautiful. It impresses one like the conception of some old painting: —

THE LAST WATCH.

I.

The stars shine down through the shivering boughs
And the moonset sparkles against the spire;
There is not a light in a neighbor's house,
Save one that burneth low,
And seemeth almost spent!
With shadowy forms in dark attire
Flickering in it to and fro,
As if in Pain and Doubt —
And heads bowed down in tears!
Hark!
Was there not Lament? —
Behold, behold the Light burns out!
The Picture disappears!

II.

Ye who with such sleepless sleight,
In the chamber out of sight,
Whispering low,
To and fro,
Your swift needles secretly
At the dead of night do ply, —
What is it that ye sew!

III.

"Hark! Hark!
Heard ye not the sounds aloof,
As of winds or wings that swept the roof?
Band of heavenly voices blending,
Choir of seraphim ascending?
Hark! Hark!"

IV.

"Away! Away!
Behold, behold it is the day!
Bear her softly out of the door;
And upward, upward, upward soar!"

After the publication of his book of poems I doubt if Willson produced much, or indeed any more poetry. The remainder of his life was very brief. But among his papers there are a number of pieces not included in the volume, and quite as good as any of the smaller poems printed in it. A long poem (or rather a series of short pieces, some of them not written in rhyme, and some of them, indeed, not in metrical language) entitled The Crown of Love — it also refers in large measure to his wife — I believe Willson intended to publish in a little book by itself, as a part of it was already put in type and is preserved in proof-sheets. Here is a brief piece which tersely describes the railway journey of a lover to meet the one beloved: —

THE VISIT.

Soul and body bourgeon wings,
Ecstasy within him springs.

Rush the wild wheel-footed steeds,
Swiftly scene to scene succeeds.

Solid lands beneath him seem
Like a broad and sweeping stream.

Twice the day hath lit his hall,
Second darkness wraps the ball.

Dark as Death, but heavenly-sweet,
Comes the moment, and they meet.

Here is a tender night-piece, in keeping with the foregoing: —

"Oh hear the waters murmur as they fall,
And the sad night-wind whisper her reply;
And hear the wild dove in the thicket call
Her loved mate homeward from the alien sky.

"As some tired child's my weary head is lain
Upon thy heart: thy beating heart is warm!
I rest deep-sheltered from all grief and pain,
Within the sacred cincture of thine arm."

From a piece referring, I believe, to a visit made to the little old empty log-cabin home in Western New York, — wherein he says —

"There is naught but the quiet eye
Of the summer sky,
Looking in, here and there, through a rent in the roof,"

to haunt or trouble him, — I take the following fresh and wholesome passage: —

"Hark! from the orchard tree
That over-rustles,
What rapturous burst of melody,
As all the buds had blossomed into birds —
Singing metempsychoses of old words
That round the hearth below,
So long ago,
Murmured up to the listening eaves
And mingled with the leaves! —
Lo, still in the branches of the old eaves-dropping tree,
The busy robin bustles!"

And from a poem entitled The Wing — a little bird's wing which a sadly-thoughtful man has picked up during

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his winter morning walk — I give these lines: —

"'Poor little Ariel, thou shalt flit no more!'
So with his musing now was mixed the wing,
For he was musing not on Life but Death.

"'With what a Godspeed and most loving joy,
Upon his simple errand all intent,
The speckled sprite that wore thee cleft the air;

"'And, master of all ship-craft, tacked and veered,
And spread and plied thee both for sail and oar,
Careering cheerily against wind and tide! —

"'Till the clawed pirate,' mused he, 'of the air,
The ravening fowl that, poised and perched aloft,
Forever surely watches, pounced and swooped,

"'And flung the lifeless tatters to the winds,
The winds that brought this here and dropped it down
Upon the border of the frozen marsh.

"'. . . Here, too, the seven-sealed Mysteries are writ
In that so curious cipher on thy plume.
Fly hither, birds, that can interpret it!'

"And all at once, as musing he moved on,
He heard just overhead the rush and whirr
As of a wing that cleft the cold, clear air;

"And, startled from his musing, he looked up,
But all was cold and clear o'er field and marsh,
And not a feather stirring in the air."

I believe many readers will agree with me in thinking that such poetry as I have so freely quoted is the product of an unusually rare spirit. In The Old Sergeant we see the most homely realism illuminated, almost transfigured, by high and powerful imagination; in The Rhyme of the Master's Mate and In State, the simplest and most direct language, here and there, is thrilled with nerves of uncommon passion and force; in other poems, there is gossamer-like, elusive grace; elsewhere throughout Willson's poems, we find beauty, tenderness, and pathos, with pure and lofty habits of thought always observable. The Enemy and The Last Watch show sombre, ghastly, weird realism on the one hand, and the ecstasy of religious faith on the other. These two pieces, perhaps, and, it may be, one or two others, have a flavor of the elder English poets, but there is nothing more modern than the two or three of his longer poems; indeed, he showed little disposition to go into the past for poetry, although he had read the Greek and Latin classics at college, as well as afterwards, and was always a student of the best books, among others reading Goethe largely; he believed in "the living present;" he thought it, to use his own words in a letter before me, "so far the greatest, most dramatic and poetic age of the world." He believed, too, in putting manhood into poetry, yet not the less keeping it alive outside; he seemed to think the over-sensuous English school of Keats and his successors tended to a waste of manliness in literature; and especially he thought we Americans ought to come home and find in our new-placed lives our best inspirations and themes.

It may be said that there is often a lack of thorough sanity — in form, at least — observable in Forceythe Willson's poems; in some of them one is never certain what eccentric movement will surprise and puzzle him next. We used to see something of the same eccentricity in Emerson's earlier pieces in verse (and if Willson was strongly influenced by any writer it was by Emerson), where he vibrates from the solemnly-ludicrous motions of the Sphinx, of whom it is said, —

"She hopped into the baby's eyes,
She hopped into the moon"

(but I believe this has been changed in more recent editions), to the noble tenderness and sweetness of his Threnody, and the honeyed clarity of his Humble-Bee.

I do not think it worth while to speculate as to future possibilities of Forceythe Willson if it had been his fate to live longer. Doubtless some of the peculiar defects observable in his poetry were the result of the inherent malady to which his father's family — noted as its members were, nevertheless, for extraordinary physical powers — were subject, and which, having attacked him in early youth, remained latent in his system, and was now waiting to remove him from earthly life. His mind doubtless felt somewhat the inherent ill health of his body.

At nearly the same time that his book of poems was published, late in the autumn of 1866, Forceythe was visiting New Albany, on some urgent business; there he was attacked with a hemor-

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rhage of the lungs, which kept him confined for about a month. An affecting fact regarding this illness, and in connection with his spiritual belief, was related to me by the lady at whose house he was nursed. During his convalescence he could be heard, sometimes, apparently conversing with his dead wife, in the manner that would be natural were the presumed spiritual presence a real bodily one in the sick-room, in gentle, familiar tones, now seemingly listening, and then replying to her voice. This illness was but a few weeks previous to his death. He recovered from it sufficiently to travel, and returned eastward, visiting, for further convalescence, Alfred Centre, New York, where his youngest brother and a young sister were then living and at school. Thence he wrote early in December, as follows, and these were his last words to me; they show how he had been contemplating death, and was still contemplating it: "While at New Albany, I believe I was somewhere near the entrance to a certain Valley. At all events I was in some very pleasant place, and should, I suppose, have never come back but for the earnest efforts of some of my good friends. But still I am admonished that this friendly revocation may be brief. This gives me no disquiet, I believe, yet there may be great perils in advance. What man is sure, moreover, that he is fitted to die? If I can peacefully abide the event, why that in sooth I will; for whether we are fitted to die or not, we surely *must*. I am contented not to be in haste. Why should we be in haste, or wish to overstay? To me Death is a kindling, not a chilling theme. It rouses up a purifying flame and eats the frost. Why, then, let us rejoice for all that die! Caring not for your merely temporal advancement, I wish you only that which you must have."

It was perhaps through my own neglect in not replying, — for I did not know the seriousness of his illness, — that I did not hear from him again; and one morning in the February following, I read the announcement of his death.

His life closed with characteristic sweetness and gentleness. As a brother with a father's care he had always been affectionate, kind, and gentle. His last conscious moment was on the morning of February 2, 1867, at about nine o'clock. His sister, then a young girl, was standing at his bedside. She leaned over him a moment, when, with an effort that seemed to take his last strength, he lifted his hands and placed them on her head and pressed them as he was wont to do when well. To the last he maintained his love of seclusion, allowing no one excepting his sister and brothers to remain with him or even to see him. "His wife and child seemed to be with him constantly," one of his brothers wrote, "during his severe illness, as he almost constantly talked to them in a low voice."

Forceythe Willson was in person tall, of fine figure, with a look and bearing which might have distinguished him on any street. His face was oval, with a complexion olive-dark; his hair was glossy black, having a peculiar crisp, short wave or curl; his eyes were large, dark-brown, and almond-shaped, as Dr. Holmes has described them; he had, indeed, somewhat of an Oriental look and manner. His voice was soft, rich, and gentle; it had a kindness and sincerity of tone that was the natural outflow and expression of his heart. He was the very soul of sincerity, generosity, courtesy, truthfulness, I believe; and if tenderness and sweetness are remarkable in his poetry, they were not less remarkable in his character. He was one of those rarer poets whose poetry is first in their life, and perhaps grows poorer in their best verses. His spiritual faith attended him, as we have seen, to the last of earth; then his disused body was laid by the side of her whose soul, as he surely believed (if it were a heavenly insanity, then how much happier than our earthly sanity of blindness and deafness) was still with him, in sight and hearing, after her own body was laid in the little grave-yard at Laurel, in the Whitewater Valley.

John James Piatt.

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ASATHOR'S VENGEANCE; OR, THE MOUNTAIN-TAKEN MAID.

I.

It was right up under the steep mountain wall where the farm of Kværk lay. How any man of common sense could have hit upon the idea of building a house there, where none but the goat and the hawk had easy access, had been and I am afraid would ever be a matter of wonder to the parish people. However, it was not Lage Kværk who had built the house, so he could hardly be made responsible for its situation. Moreover, to move from a place where one's life has once struck deep root, even if it be in the chinks and crevices of stones and rocks, is about the same as to destroy it. An old tree grows but poorly in a new soil. So Lage Kværk thought, and so he said, too, whenever his wife Elsie spoke of her sunny home at the river.

Gloomy as Lage usually was, he had his brighter moments, and people noticed that these were most likely to occur when Aasa, his daughter, was near. Lage was probably also the only being whom Aasa's presence could cheer; on other people it seemed to have the very opposite effect; for Aasa was — according to the testimony of those who knew her — the most peculiar creature that ever was born. But perhaps no one did know her; if her father was right, no one really did — at least, no one but himself.

Aasa was all to her father; she was his past and she was his future, his hope and his life; and withal it must be admitted that those who judged her without knowing her had at least in one respect as just an opinion of her as he; for there was no denying that she was strange, very strange. She spoke when she ought to be silent, and was silent when it was proper to speak; wept when she ought to laugh, and laughed when it was proper to weep; but her laughter as well as her tears, her speech like her silence, seemed to have their source from within her own soul, to be occasioned, as it were, by something which no one else could see or hear. It made little difference where she was; if the tears came, she yielded to them as if they were something she had long desired in vain. Few could weep like her, and "weep like Aasa Kværk" was soon also added to the stock of parish proverbs. And then her laugh! Tears may be inopportune enough, when they come out of time, but laughter is far worse; and when poor Aasa once burst out into a ringing laughter in church, and that while the minister was pronouncing the benediction, it was only with the greatest difficulty that her father could prevent the indignant congregation from seizing her and carrying her before the sheriff for violation of the church-peace. Had she been poor and homely, then of course nothing could have saved her; but she happened to be both rich and beautiful, and to wealth and beauty much is pardoned. Aasa's beauty, however, was also of a very unusual kind; not the tame sweetness so common in her sex, but something of the beauty of the falcon, when it swoops down upon the unwatchful sparrow or soars round the lonely crags; something of the mystic depth of the dark tarn, when with bodeful trembling you gaze down into it, and see its weird traditions rise from its depth and hover over the pine-tops in the morning fog. Yet, Aasa was not dark; her hair was as fair and yellow as a wheat-field in August, her forehead high and clear, and her mouth and chin as if cut with a chisel; only her eyes were perhaps somewhat deeper than is common in the North, and the longer you looked at them the deeper they grew, just like the tarn, which, if you stare long enough into it, you will find

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is as deep as the heavens above, that is, whose depth only faith and fancy can fathom. But however long you looked at Aasa, you could never be quite sure that she looked at you; she seemed but to half notice whatever went on around her; the look of her eye was always more than half inward, and when it shone the brightest, it might well happen that she could not have told you how many years she had lived, or the name her father gave her in baptism.

Now Aasa was eighteen years old, and could knit, weave, and spin, it was full time that wooers should come. "But that is the consequence of living in such an out-of-the-way place," said her mother; "who will risk his limbs to climb that neck-breaking rock? and the round-about way over the forest is rather too long for a wooer." Besides handling the loom and the spinning-wheel, Aasa had also learned to churn and make cheese to perfection, and whenever Elsie grieved at her strange behavior, she always in the end consoled herself with the reflection that after all Aasa would make the man who should get her an excellent housewife.

The farm of Kværk was indeed most singularly situated. About a hundred feet from the house the rough wall of the mountain rose steep and threatening; and the most remarkable part of it was that the rock itself caved inward and formed a lofty arch overhead, which looked like a huge door leading into the mountain. Some short distance below, the slope of the fields ended in an abrupt precipice; far underneath lay the other farm-houses of the valley, scattered like small red or gray dots, and the river wound onward like a white silver stripe in the shelter of the dusky forest. There was a path down along the rock, which a goat or a brisk lad might be induced to climb, if the prize of the experiment were great enough to justify the hazard. The common road to Kværk made a large circuit around the forest, and reached the valley far up at its northern end.

It was difficult to get anything to grow at Kværk. In the spring all the valley lay bare and green, before the snow had begun to think of melting up there; and the night-frost would be sure to make a visit there, while the fields along the river lay silently drinking the summer dew. On such occasions the whole family at Kværk would have to stay up during all the night and walk back and forth on either side of the wheat-fields, carrying a long rope between them and dragging it slowly over the heads of the rye, to prevent the frost from settling; for as long as the ears could be kept in motion, they could not freeze. But what did thrive at Kværk in spite of both snow and night-frost was legends, and they throve perhaps the better for the very sterility of its material soil. Aasa of course had heard them all and knew them by heart; they had been her friends from childhood, and her only companions. All the servants, however, also knew them and many others besides, and if they were asked how the mansion of Kværk happened to be built like an eagle's nest on the brink of a precipice, they would tell you the following: —

Saint Olaf, Norway's holy king, in the time of his youth had sailed as a Viking over the wide ocean, and in foreign lands had learned the doctrine of Christ the White. When he came home to claim the throne of his hereditary kingdom, he brought with him tapers and black priests, and commanded the people to overthrow the altars of Odin and Thor and to believe alone in Christ the White. If any still dared to slaughter a horse to the old gods, he cut off their ears, burned their farms, and drove them houseless from the smoking ruins. Here in the valley old Thor, or, as they called him, Asathor, had always helped us to vengeance and victory, and gentle Frey for many years had given us fair and fertile summers. Therefore the peasants paid little heed to King Olaf's god, and continued to bring their offerings to Odin and Asathor. This reached the king's ear, and he summoned his bishop and five black priests, and set out to visit our valley.

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Having arrived here, he called the peasants together, stood up on the Ting-stone, told them of the great things that the White Christ had done, and bade them choose between him and the old gods. Some were scared, and received baptism from the king's priests; others bit their lips and were silent; others again stood forth and told Saint Olaf that Odin and Asathor had always served them well, and that they were not going to give them up for Christ the White, whom they had never seen and of whom they knew nothing. The next night the red cock crew [1] over ten farms in the valley, and it happened to be theirs who had spoken against King Olaf's god. Then the peasants flocked to the Ting-stone and received the baptism of Christ the White. Some few, who had mighty kinsmen in the North, fled and spread the evil tidings. Only one neither fled nor was baptized, and that one was Lage Ulfson Kværk, the ancestor of the present Lage. He slew his best steed before Asathor's altar, and promised to give him whatever he should ask, even to his own life, if he would save him from the vengeance of the king. Asathor heard his prayer. As the sun set, a storm sprung up with thick darkness and gloom, the earth shook, Asathor drove his chariot over the heavens with deafening thunder and swung his hammer right and left, and the crackling lightning flew through the air like a hail-storm of fire. Then the peasants trembled, for they knew that Asathor was wroth. Only the king sat calm and fearless with his bishop and priests, quaffing the nut-brown mead. The tempest raged until morn. When the sun rose, Saint Olaf called his hundred swains, sprang into the saddle and rode down toward the river. Few men who saw the angry fire in his eye, and the frown on his royal brow, doubted whither he was bound. But having reached the ford, a wondrous sight met his eye. Where on the day before the highway had wound itself up the slope toward Lage Kværk's mansion, lay now a wild ravine; the rock was shattered into a thousand pieces, and a deep gorge, as if made by a single stroke of a huge hammer, separated the king from his enemy. Then Saint Olaf made the sign of the cross, and mumbled the name of Christ the White; but his hundred swains made the sign of the hammer under their cloaks, and thought, Still is Asathor alive.

That same night Lage Ulfson Kværk slew a black ram, and thanked Asathor for his deliverance; and the Saga tells that while he was sprinkling the blood on the altar, the thundering god himself appeared to him, and wilder he looked than the fiercest wild Turk. Rams, said he, were every-day fare; they could redeem no promise. Brynhild, his daughter, was the reward Asathor demanded. Lage prayed and besought him to ask for something else. He would gladly give him one of his sons; for he had three sons, but only one daughter. Asathor was immovable; but so long Lage continued to beg, that at last he consented to come back in a year, when Lage perchance would be better reconciled to the thought of Brynhild's loss.

In the mean time King Olaf built a church to Christ the White on the headland at the river, where it stands until this day. Every evening, when the huge bell rumbled between the mountains, the parishioners thought they heard heavy, half-choked sighs over in the rocks at Kværk; and on Sunday mornings, when the clear-voiced chimes called them to the high-mass, a suppressed moan would mingle with the sound of the bells, and die away with the last echo. Lage Ulfson was not the man to be afraid; yet the church-bells many a time drove the blood from his cheeks; for he also heard the moan from the mountain.

The year went, and Asathor returned. If he had not told his name, however, Lage would not have recognized him. That a year could work so great a change in a god, he would hardly have believed, if his own eyes had not testified to it. Asathor's cheeks were pale and blood-

[1] "The red cock crew" is the expression used in the old Norwegian Sagas for incendiary fire.

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less, the lustre of his eye more than half quenched, and his gray hair hung in disorder down over his forehead.

"Methinks thou lookest rather poorly to-day," said Lage.

"It is only those cursed church-bells," answered the god; "they leave me no rest, day or night."

"Aha," thought Lage, "if the king's bells are mightier than thou, then there is still hope of safety for my daughter."

"Where is Brynhild, thy daughter?" asked Asathor.

"I know not where she is," answered the father; and straightway he turned his eyes toward the golden cross that shone over the valley from Saint Olaf's steeple, and he called aloud on the White Christ's name. Then the god gave a fearful roar, fell on the ground, writhed and foamed, and vanished into the mountain. In the next moment Lage heard a hoarse voice crying from within, "I shall return, Lage Ulfson, when thou shalt least expect me!"

Lage Ulfson then set to work clearing a way through the forest; and when that was done, he called all his household together, and told them of the power of Christ the White. Not long after he took his sons and his daughter, and hastened with them southward, until he found King Olaf. And, so the Saga relates, they all fell down on their knees before him, prayed for his forgiveness, and received baptism from the king's own bishops.

So ends the Saga of Lage Ulfson Kværk.

II.

Aasa Kværk loved her father well, but especially in the winter. Then, while she sat turning her spinning-wheel in the light of the crackling logs, his silent presence always had a wonderfully soothing and calming effect upon her. She never laughed then, and seldom wept; when she felt his eyes resting on her, her thoughts, her senses, and her whole being seemed by degrees to be lured from their hiding place and concentrated on him; and from him they ventured again, first timidly, then more boldly, to grasp the objects around him. At such times Aasa could talk and jest almost like other girls, and her mother, to whom "other girls" represented the ideal of womanly perfection, would send significant glances, full of hope and encouragement, over to Lage, and he would quietly nod in return, as if to say that he entirely agreed with her. Then Elsie had bright visions of wooers and thrifty housewives, and even Lage dreamt of seeing the ancient honor of the family reëstablished. All depended on Aasa. She was the last of the mighty race. But when summer came, the bright visions fled; and the spring winds, which to others bring life and joy, to Kværk brought nothing but sorrow. No sooner had the mountain-brooks begun to swell, than Aasa began to laugh and to weep; and when the first birches budded up in the glens, she could no longer be kept at home. Prayers and threats were equally useless. From early dawn until evening she would roam about in forests and fields, and when late at night she stole into the room and slipped away into some corner, Lage drew a deep sigh and thought of the old tradition.

Aasa was nineteen years old before she had a single wooer. But when she was least expecting it, the wooer came to her.

It was late one summer night; the young maiden was sitting on the brink of the ravine, pondering on the old legend and peering down into the deep below. It was not the first time she had found her way hither, where but seldom a human foot had dared to tread. To her every alder and bramble-bush, that clothed the naked wall of the rock, were as familiar as were the knots and veins in the ceiling of the chamber where from her childhood she had slept: and as she sat there on the brink of the precipice, the late summer sun threw its red lustre upon her and upon the fogs that came drifting up from the deep. With her eyes she followed the drifting masses of fog, and wondered, as they rose higher and higher, when they would

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reach her; in her fancy she saw herself dancing over the wide expanse of heaven, clad in the sun-gilded evening fogs; and Saint Olaf, the great and holy king, came riding to meet her, mounted on a flaming steed made of the glory of a thousand sunsets; then Saint Olaf took her hand and lifted her up, and she sat with him on the flaming steed: but the fog lingered in the deep below, and as it rose it spread like a thin, half-invisible gauze over the forests and the fields, and at last vanished into the infinite space. But hark! a huge stone rolls down over the mountain-side, then another, and another; the noise grows, the birches down there in the gorge tremble and shake. Aasa leaned out over the brink of the ravine, and, as far as she could distinguish anything from her dizzying height, thought she saw something gray creeping slowly up the neck-breaking mountain path; she watched it for a while, but as it seemed to advance no farther she again took refuge in her reveries. An hour might have passed, or perhaps more, when suddenly she heard a noise only a few feet distant, and, again stooping out over the brink, saw the figure of a man struggling desperately to climb the last great ledge of the rock. With both his hands he clung to a little birch-tree which stretched its slender arms down over the black wall, but with every moment that passed seemed less likely to accomplish the feat. The girl for a while stood watching him with unfeigned curiosity, then, suddenly reminding herself that the situation to him must be a dangerous one, seized hold of a tree that grew near the brink, and leaned out over the rock to give him her assistance. He eagerly grasped her extended hand, and with a vigorous pull she flung him up on the grassy level, where he remained lying for a minute or two, apparently utterly unable to account for his sudden ascent, and gazing around him with a half-frightened, half-bewildered look. Aasa, to whom his appearance was no less strange than his demeanor, unluckily hit upon the idea that perhaps her rather violent treatment had momentarily stunned him, and when, as answer to her sympathizing question if he was hurt, the stranger abruptly rose to his feet and towered up before her to the formidable height of six feet four or five, she could no longer master her mirth, but burst out into a most vehement fit of laughter. He stood calm and silent, and looked at her with a timid but strangely bitter smile. He was so very different from any man she had ever seen before; therefore she laughed, not necessarily because he amused her, but because his whole person was a surprise to her; and there he stood, tall and gaunt and timid, and said not a word, only gazed and gazed. His dress was not the national costume of the valley, neither was it like anything that Aasa had ever known. On his head he wore a cap that hung all on one side, and was decorated with a long, heavy silk tassel. A threadbare coat, which seemed to be made expressly not to fit him, hung loosely on his sloping shoulders, and a pair of gray pantaloons, which were narrow where they ought to have been wide, and wide where it was their duty to be narrow, extended their service to a little more than the upper half of the limb, and, by a kind of compromise with the legs of the boots, managed to protect also the lower half from the inclemency of the weather. His features were delicate, and would have been called handsome had they belonged to a proportionately delicate body; in his eyes hovered a dreamy vagueness which seemed to come and vanish, and to flit from one feature to another, suggesting the idea of remoteness, and a feeling of hopeless strangeness to the world and all its concerns.

"Do I inconvenience you, madam?" were the first words he uttered, as Aasa in her usual abrupt manner stayed her laughter, turned her back on him, and hastily started for the house.

"Inconvenience?" said she surprised, and again slowly turned on her heel; "no, not that I know."

"Then tell me if there are people living here in the neighborhood, or if the light deceived me, which I saw from the other side of the river."

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"Follow me," answered Aasa, and she naïvely reached him her hand; "my father's name is Lage Ulfson Kværk; he lives in the large house you see straight before you, there on the hill; and my mother lives there too."

And hand in hand they walked together, where a path had been made between two adjoining rye-fields; his serious smile seemed to grow milder and happier, the longer he lingered at her side, and her eye caught a ray of a more human intelligence, as it rested on him.

"What do you do up here in the long winter?" asked he, after a pause.

"We sing," answered she, as it were at random, because the word came into her mind; "and what do you do, where you come from?"

"I gather song."

"Have you ever heard the forest sing?" asked she, curiously.

"That is why I came here."

And again they walked on in silence.

It was near midnight when they entered the large hall at Kværk. Aasa went before, still leading the young man by the hand. In the twilight which filled the house, the space between the black, smoky rafters opened a vague vista into the region of the fabulous, and every object in the room loomed forth from the dusk with exaggerated form and dimensions. The room appeared at first to be but the haunt of the spirits of the past; no human voice, no human footstep, was heard; and the stranger instinctively pressed the hand he held more tightly; for he was not sure but he was standing on the boundary of dreamland, and some elfin maiden had reached him her hand to lure him into her mountain, where he should live with her forever. But the illusion was of brief duration; for Aasa's thoughts had taken a widely different course; it was but seldom she had found herself under the necessity of making a decision; and now it evidently devolved upon her to find the stranger a place of rest for the night; so instead of an elf-maid's kiss and a silver palace, he soon found himself huddled into a dark little alcove in the wall, where he was told to go to sleep, while Aasa wandered over to the empty cow-stables, and threw herself down in the hay by the side of two sleeping milk-maids.

III.

There was not a little astonishment manifested among the servant-maids at Kværk the next morning, when the huge, gaunt figure of a man was seen to launch forth from Aasa's alcove, and the strangest of all was, that Aasa herself appeared to be as much astonished as the rest. And there they stood, all gazing at the bewildered traveler, who indeed was no less startled than they, and as utterly unable to account for his own sudden apparition. After a long pause, he summoned all his courage, fixed his eyes intently on the group of the girls, and with a few rapid steps advanced toward Aasa, whom he seized by the hand and asked, "Are you not my maiden of yester eve?"

She met his gaze firmly, and laid her hand on her forehead as if to clear her thoughts; as the memory of the night flashed through her mind, a bright smile lit up her features, and she answered, "You are the man who gathers song. Forgive me, I was not sure but it was all a dream; for I dream so much."

Then one of the maids ran out to call Lage Ulfson, who had gone into the stables to harness the horses; and he came and greeted the unknown man, and thanked him for last meeting, as is the wont of Norse peasants, although they had never seen each until that morning. But when the stranger had eaten two meals in Lage's house, Lage asked him his name and his father's occupation; for old Norwegian hospitality forbids the host to learn the guest's name before he has slept and eaten under his roof. It was that same afternoon, when they sat together smoking their pipes under the huge old pine in the yard, — it was then Lage inquired about the young man's name and family; and the young man said that his name was Trond Vigfusson, that he had graduated at the University of Christiania, and that his father had

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been a lieutenant in the army; but both he and Trond's mother had died, when Trond was only a few years old. Lage then told his guest Vigfusson something about his family, but of the legend of Asathor and Saint Olaf he spoke not a word. And while they were sitting there talking together, Aasa came and sat down at Vigfusson's feet; her long golden hair flowed in a waving stream down over her back and shoulders, there was a fresh, healthful glow on her cheeks, and her blue, fathomless eyes had a strangely joyous, almost triumphant expression. The father's gaze dwelt fondly upon her, and the collegian was but conscious of one thought: that she was wondrously beautiful. And still so great was his natural timidity and awkwardness in the presence of women, that it was only with the greatest difficulty he could master his first impulse to find some excuse for leaving her. She, however, was aware of no such restraint.

"You said you came to gather song," said she; "where do you find it? for I too should like to find some new melody for my old thoughts; I have searched so long."

"I find my songs on the lips of the people," answered he, "and I write them down as the maidens or the old men sing them."

She did not seem quite to comprehend that. "Do you hear maidens sing them?" asked she astonished. "Do you mean the troll-virgins and the elf-maidens?"

"By troll-virgins and elf-maidens, or what the legends call so, I understand the hidden and still audible voices of nature, of the dark pine forests, the legend-haunted glades, and the silent tarns; and this was what I referred to when I answered your question if I had ever heard the forest sing."

"Oh, oh!" cried she, delighted, and clapped her hands like a child; but in another moment she as suddenly grew serious again, and sat steadfastly gazing into his eye, as if she were trying to look into his very soul and there to find something kindred to her own lonely heart. A minute ago her presence had embarrassed him; now, strange to say, he met her eye, and smiled happily as he met it.

"Do you mean to say that you make your living by writing songs?" asked Lage.

"The trouble is," answered Vigfusson, "that I make no living at all; but I have invested a large capital, which is to yield its interest in the future. There is a treasure of song hidden in every nook and corner of our mountains and forests, and in our nation's heart. I am one of the miners who have come to dig it out before time and oblivion shall have buried every trace of it, and there shall not be even the will-o'-the-wisp of a legend to hover over the spot, and keep alive the sad fact of our loss and our blamable negligence."

Here the young man paused; his eyes gleamed, his pale cheeks flushed, and there was a warmth and an enthusiasm in his words which alarmed Lage, while on Aasa it worked like the most potent charm of the ancient mystic runes; she hardly comprehended more than half of the speaker's meaning, but his fire and eloquence were on this account none the less powerful.

"If that is your object," remarked Lage, "I think you have hit upon the right place in coming here. You will be able to pick up many an odd bit of a story from the servants and others hereabouts, and you are welcome to stay here with us as long as you choose."

Lage could not but attribute to Vigfusson the merit of having kept Aasa at home a whole day, and that in the month of midsummer. And while he sat there listening to their conversation, while he contemplated the delight that beamed from his daughter's countenance and, as he thought, the really intelligent expression of her eyes, could he conceal from himself the paternal hopes that swelled his heart? She was all that was left him, the life or the death of his mighty race. And here was one who was likely to understand her, and to whom she seemed willing to yield all the affection of her warm but wayward heart. Thus ran Lage Ulfson's reflections; and at

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night he had a little consultation with Elsie, his wife, who, it is needless to add, was no less sanguine than he.

"And then Aasa will make an excellent housewife, you know," observed Elsie. "I will speak to the girl about it to-morrow."

"No, for Heaven's sake, Elsie!" exclaimed Lage, "don't you know your daughter better than that? Promise me, Elsie, that you will not say a single word; it would be a cruel thing, Elsie, to mention anything to her. She is not like other girls, you know."

"Very well, Lage, I shall not say a single word. Alas, you are right, she is not like other girls." And Elsie again sighed at her husband's sad ignorance of a woman's nature, and at the still sadder fact of her daughter's inferiority to the accepted standard of womanhood.

IV.

Trond Vigfusson must have made a rich harvest of legends at Kværk, at least judging from the time he stayed there; for days and weeks passed, and he had yet said nothing of going. Not that anybody wished him to go; no, on the contrary, the longer he stayed the more indispensable he seemed to all; and Lage Ulfson could hardly think without a shudder of the possibility of his ever having to leave them. For Aasa, his only child, was like another being in the presence of this stranger; all that weird, forest-like intensity, that wild, half supernatural tinge in her character which in a measure excluded her from the blissful feeling of fellowship with other men, and made her the strange, lonely creature she was, — all this seemed to vanish as dew in the morning sun when Vigfusson's eyes rested upon her; and with every day that passed, her human and womanly nature gained a stronger hold upon her. She followed him like his shadow on all his wanderings, and when they sat down together by the wayside, she would sing, in a clear, soft voice, an ancient lay or ballad, and he would catch her words on his paper, and smile at the happy prospect of perpetuating what otherwise would have been lost. Aasa's love, whether conscious or not, was to him an everlasting source of strength, was a revelation of himself to himself, and a clearing and widening power which brought ever more and more of the universe within the scope of his vision. So they lived on from day to day and from week to week, and, as old Lage remarked, never had Kværk been the scene of so much happiness. Not a single time during Vigfusson's stay had Aasa fled to the forest, not a meal had she missed, and at the hours for family devotion she had taken her seat at the big table with the rest and apparently listened with as much attention and interest. Indeed, all this time Aasa seemed purposely to avoid the dark haunts of the woods, and, whenever she could, chose the open highway; not even Vigfusson's entreaties could induce her to tread the tempting paths that led into the forest's gloom.

"And why not, Aasa?" he would say; "summer is ten times summer there when the drowsy noonday spreads its trembling maze of shadows between those huge, venerable trunks. You can feel the summer creeping into your very heart and soul, there!"

"Oh, Vigfusson," she would answer, shaking her head mournfully, "for a hundred paths that lead in, there is only one that leads out again, and sometimes even that one is nowhere to be found."

He understood her not, but fearing to ask, he remained silent.

His words and his eyes always drew her nearer and nearer to him; and the forest and its strange voices seemed a dark, opposing influence, which strove to take possession of her heart and to wrest her away from him forever; she helplessly clung to him; every thought and emotion of her soul clustered about him, and every hope of life and happiness was staked on him.

One evening Vigfusson and old Lage Ulfson had been walking about the fields to look at the crop, both smoking their

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evening pipes. But as they came down toward the brink whence the path leads between the two adjoining rye-fields, they heard a sweet, sad voice crooning some old ditty down between the birch-trees at the precipice; they stopped to listen, and soon recognized Aasa's yellow hair over the tops of the rye; the shadow as of a painful emotion flitted over the father's countenance, and he turned his back on his guest and started to go; then again paused, and said imploringly, "Try to get her home if you can, friend Vigfusson."

Vigfusson nodded, and Lage went; the song had ceased for a moment, now it began again: —

"Ye twittering birdlings, in forest and glen
I have heard you so gladly before;
But a bold knight hath come to woo me,
I dare listen to you no more.
For it is so dark, so dark in the forest.

"And the knight who hath come a-wooing to me,
He calls me his love and his own;
Why then should I stray through the darksome woods,
Or dream in the glades alone?
For it is so dark, so dark in the forest."

Her voice fell to a low unintelligible murmur; then it rose, and the last verses came, clear, soft, and low, drifting on the evening breeze: —

"Yon beckoning world, that shimmering lay
O'er the woods where the old pines grow,
That gleamed through the moods of the summer day
When the breezes were murmuring low
(And it is so dark, so dark in the forest);

"Oh let me no more in the sunshine hear
Its quivering noonday call;
The bold knight's love is the sun of my heart —
Is my life, and my all in all.
But it is so dark, so dark in the forest."

The young man felt the blood rushing to his face — his heart beat violently. There was a keen sense of guilt in the blush on his cheek, a loud accusation in the throbbing pulse and the swelling heart-beat. Had he not stood there behind the maiden's back and cunningly peered into her soul's holy of holies? True, he loved Aasa; at least he thought he did, and the conviction was growing stronger with every day that passed. And now he had no doubt that he had gained her heart. It was not so much the words of the ballad which had betrayed the secret; he hardly knew what it was, but somehow the truth had flashed upon him, and he could no longer doubt.

Vigfusson sat down on the moss-grown rock and pondered. How long he sat there he did not know, but when he rose and looked around him, Aasa was gone. Then remembering her father's request to bring her home, he hastened up the hill-side toward the mansion, and searched for her in all directions. It was near midnight when he returned to Kværk, where Aasa sat in her high gable window, still humming the weird melody of the old ballad.

By what reasoning Vigfusson arrived at his final conclusion is difficult to tell. If he had acted according to his first and perhaps most generous impulse, the matter would soon have been decided; but he was all the time possessed of a vague fear of acting dishonorably, and it was probably this very fear which made him do what, to the minds of those whose friendship and hospitality he had accepted, had something of the appearance he wished so carefully to avoid. Aasa was rich; he had nothing; it was a reason for delay, but hardly a conclusive one. They did not know him; he must go out in the world and prove himself worthy of her. He would come back when he should have compelled the world to respect him; for as yet he had done nothing. In fact, his arguments were good and honorable enough, and there would have been no fault to find with him, had the object of his love been as capable of reasoning as he was himself. But Aasa, poor thing, could do nothing by halves; a nature like her's brooks no delay; to her love is life or it is death.

The next morning he appeared at breakfast with his knapsack on his back, and otherwise equipped for his journey. It was of no use that Elsie cried and begged him to stay, that Lage joined his prayers to hers, and that Aasa stood staring at him with a blank, helpless gaze. Vigfusson shook hands with all, thanked them for their kindness to him,

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and promised to return; he held Aasa's hand long in his, but when he released it, it dropped helpless at her side.

V.

Far up in the glen, about a mile from Kværk, ran a little brook; that is, it was little in summer and winter, but in the spring, while the snow was melting up in the mountains, it overflowed the nearest land and turned the whole glen into a broad but shallow river. It was easy to cross, however; a light foot might jump from stone to stone, and be over in a minute. Not the hind herself could be lighter on her foot than Aasa was; and even in the spring-flood it was her wont to cross and recross the brook, and to sit dreaming on a large stone against which the water broke incessantly, rushing in white torrents over its edges.

Here she sat one fair summer day — the day after Vigfusson's departure. It was noon, and the sun stood high over the forest. The water murmured and murmured, babbled and whispered, until at length there came a sudden unceasing tone into its murmur, then another, and it sounded like a faint whispering song of small airy beings. And as she tried to listen, to fix the air in her mind, it all ceased again, and she heard but the monotonous murmuring of the brook. Everything seemed so empty and worthless, as if that faint melody had been the world of the moment. But there it was again; it sung and sung, and the birch overhead took up the melody and rustled it with its leaves, and the grasshopper over in the grass caught it and whirred it with her wings. The water, the trees, the air, were full of it. What a strange melody!

Aasa well knew that every brook and river has its Neck, besides hosts of little water-sprites. She had heard also that in the moonlight at midsummer, one might chance to see them rocking in bright little shells, playing among the pebbles, or dancing on the large leaves of the water-lily. And that they could sing also, she doubted not; it was their voices she heard through the murmuring of the brook. Aasa eagerly bent forward and gazed down into the water: the faint song grew louder, paused suddenly, and sprang into life again; and its sound was so sweet, so wonderfully alluring! Down there in the water, where a stubborn pebble kept chafing a precipitous little side current, clear tiny pearl-drops would leap up from the stream, and float half-wonderingly downward from rapid to rapid, until they lost themselves in the whirl of some stronger current. Thus sat Aasa and gazed and gazed, and in one moment she seemed to see what in the next moment she saw not. Then a sudden great hush stole through the forest, and in the hush she could hear the silence calling her name. It was so long since she had been in the forest, it seemed ages and ages ago. She hardly knew herself; the light seemed to be shining into her eyes as with a will and purpose, perhaps to obliterate something, some old dream or memory, or to impart some new power — the power of seeing the unseen. And this very thought, this fear of some possible loss, brought the fading memory back, and she pressed her hands against her throbbing temples as if to bind and chain it there forever; for it was he to whom her thought returned. She heard his voice, saw him beckoning to her to follow him, and she rose to obey, but her limbs were as petrified, and the stone on which she was sitting held her with the power of a hundred strong arms. The sunshine smote upon her eyelids, and his name was blotted out from her life; there was nothing but emptiness all around her. Gradually the forest drew nearer and nearer, the water bubbled and rippled, and the huge, bare-stemmed pines stretched their long, gnarled arms towards her. The birches waved their heads with a wistful nod, and the profile of the rock grew into a face with a long, hooked nose, and a mouth half open as if to speak. And the word that trembled on its lips was, "Come." She felt no fear nor reluctance, but rose to obey. Then

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and not before then she saw an old man standing at her side; his face was the face of the rock, his white beard flowed to his girdle, and his mouth was half open, but no word came from his lips. There was something in the wistful look of his eye which she knew so well, which she had seen so often, although she could not tell when or where. The old man extended his hand; Aasa took it, and fearlessly or rather spontaneously followed. They approached the steep, rocky wall; as they drew near, a wild, fierce laugh rang through the forest. The features of the old man were twisted as it were into a grin; so also were the features of the rock; but the laugh came from nowhere and everywhere, and blew like a mighty blast through the forest.

Aasa clung to the old man's hand and followed him — she knew not whither.

At home in the large sitting-room at Kværk sat Lage, brooding over the wreck of his hopes and his happiness. Aasa had gone to the woods again the very first day after Vigfusson's departure. What would be the end of all this? It was already late in the evening, and she had not returned. The father cast anxious glances toward the door, every time he heard the latch moving. At last, when it was near midnight, he roused all his men from their sleep, and commanded them to follow him. Soon the dusky forests resounded far and near with the blast of horns, the report of guns, and the calling and shouting of men. The affrighted stag crossed and recrossed the path of the hunters, but not a rifle was leveled at its head. Toward morning — it was before the sun had yet risen — Lage, weary and stunned, stood leaning up against a huge fir. Then suddenly a fierce, wild laugh rang through the forest. Lage shuddered, raised his hand slowly and pressed it hard against his forehead, vainly struggling to clear his thoughts. The men clung fearfully together; a few of the more courageous ones drew their knives and made the sign of the cross with them in the air. Again the same mad laugh shook the air, and swept over the crowns of the pine-trees. Then Lage lifted his eyes toward heaven and wrung his hands: for the awful truth stood before him. He remained a long while leaning against that old fir as in a dead stupor; and no one dared to arouse him. A suppressed murmur reached the men's ears. "But deliver us from evil" were the last words they heard.

When Lage and his servants came home to Kværk with the mournful tidings of Aasa's disappearance, no one knew what to do or say. There could be no doubt that Aasa was "mountain-taken," as they call it; for there were Trolds and dwarfs in all the rocks and forests round about, and they would hardly let slip the chance of alluring so fair a maiden as Aasa was into their castles in the mountains. Elsie, her mother, knew a good deal about the Trolds, their tricks, and their way of living, and when she had wept her full, she fell to thinking of the possibility of regaining her daughter from their power. If Aasa had not yet tasted of food or drink in the mountain, she was still out of danger; and if the pastor would allow the church-bell to be brought up into the forest and rung near the rock where the laugh had been heard, the Trolds could be compelled to give her back. No sooner had this been suggested to Lage, than the command was given to muster the whole force of men and horses, and before evening on the same day the sturdy swains of Kværk were seen climbing the tower of the venerable church, whence soon the huge old bell descended, to the astonishment of the throng of curious women and children who had flocked together to see the extraordinary sight. It was laid upon four large wagons, which had been joined together with ropes and planks, and drawn away by twelve strong horses. Long after the strange caravan had vanished in the twilight, the children stood gazing up into the empty bell-tower.

It was near midnight, when Lage stood at the steep, rocky wall in the forest; the men were laboring to hoist the church-bell up to a stanch cross-beam between two mighty fir-trees, and

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in the weird light of their torches, the wild surroundings looked wilder and more fantastic. Anon, the muffled noise and bustle of the work being at an end, the laborers withdrew, and a strange, feverish silence seemed to brood over the forest. Lage took a step forward, and seized the bell-rope; the clear, conquering toll of the metal rung solemnly through the silence, and from the rocks, the earth, and the tree-tops, rose a fierce chorus of howls, groans, and screams. All night the ringing continued; the old trees swayed to and fro, creaked, and groaned, the roots loosened their holds in the fissures of the rock, and the bushy crowns bowed low under their unwonted burden.

It was well-nigh morn, but the dense fog still brooded over the woods, and it was dark as night. Lage was sitting on the ground, his head leaning on both his elbows; at his side lay the flickering torch, and the huge bell hung dumb overhead. In the dark he felt a hand touch his shoulder; had it happened only a few hours before, he would have shuddered; now the physical sensation hardly communicated itself to his mind, or, if it did, had no power to rouse him from his dead, hopeless apathy. Suddenly — could he trust his own ears? — the church-bell gave a slow, solemn, quivering stroke, and the fogs rolled in thick masses to the east and to the west, as if blown by the breath of the sound. Lage seized his torch, sprang to his feet, and saw — Vigfusson. He stretched his arm with the blazing torch closer to the young man's face, stared at him with large eyes, and his lip quivered; but he could not utter a word.

"Vigfusson?" faltered he at last.

"It is I;" and the second stroke followed, stronger and more solemn than the first. The same fierce, angry voices chorused forth from every nook of the rock and the woods. Then came the third — the noise grew; fourth — and it sounded like a hoarse, angry hiss; when the twelfth stroke fell, silence reigned again in the forest. Vigfusson dropped the bell-rope, and with a loud voice called Lage Kværk and his men. He lit a torch, held it aloft over his head, and peered through the dusky night. The men spread through the highlands to search for the lost maiden; Lage followed close in Vigfusson's footsteps. They had not walked far when they heard the babbling of the brook only a few feet away. Thither they directed their steps. On a large stone in the middle of the stream the youth thought he saw something white, like a large kerchief. Quick as thought he was at its side, bowed down with his torch, and — fell backward. It was Aasa, his beloved, cold and dead; but as the father stooped over his dead child the same mad laugh echoed wildly throughout the wide woods, but madder and louder than ever before, and from the rocky wall came a fierce, broken voice: —

"*I came at last.*"

When, after an hour of vain search, the men returned to the place whence they had started, they saw a faint light flickering between the birches not fifty feet away; they formed a firm column, and with fearful hearts drew nearer. There lay Lage Kværk, their master, still bending down over his child's pale features, and staring into her sunken eyes as if he could not believe that she were really dead. And at his side stood Vigfusson, pale and aghast, with the burning torch in his hand. The footsteps of the men awakened the father, but when he turned his face on them they shuddered and started back. Then Lage rose, lifted the maiden from the stone, and silently laid her in Vigfusson's arms; her rich yellow hair flowed down over his shoulder. The youth let his torch fall into the waters, and with a sharp, serpent-like hiss its flame was quenched. He crossed the brook; the men followed, and the dark pine-trees closed over the last descendant of Lage Ulfson's mighty race.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

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A STATE SURVEY FOR MASSACHUSETTS.

How to get the most out of this dear old earth in our time and for our time, this is the ever-present question of all ages. To it our century has given some new answers: it has shown new methods of getting old fruits; it has found rich fruits where once there seemed only barrenness; and it has organized its methods of search into the scheme called a survey. The survey is distinctly the product of this century, and, like most of its products, not yet defined in its shape; it has grown out of varying needs, and has various ways of gaining its ends. Men have hardly begun to study its aims and methods in any general fashion. Is a new world to be explored, or an old empire to be studied more closely than before? For either of these objects certain scientific men are brought together: first, by general consent, the geologist; then students of special departments, — zoölogists in their kind, ethnologists, topographers to map in a general or special way, sketchers and photographers to retain pictures of the surface. All these make collections which more or less completely represent, for future study, the face of nature, and her history in the given region. In this work there is one of the great ideas of our time: the idea that man depends on all things, — that nothing is too minute or base to have its influence on his fate and to command his interest. A century ago men precipitated themselves on the wilderness like new-landed savages, getting their knowledge by hard knocks. To-day science reconnoiters for a thousand miles in front of the wave of immigration. Trained men, guarded by columns of troops, or oftener unprotected, explore the wilderness, and the backwoodsman may follow their trail with folio volumes of facts, when his turn comes. While Hayden with his score of coadjutors is skirmishing over the unexplored recesses of the West, reconnoitering an empire in a season, the surveyors of Great Britain are patiently unriddling their islands at a rate that will require a century for its completion.

It must not be supposed because these two kinds of workers differ so widely in their methods that either is mistaken. Each is doing legitimate work in its sphere, and each has its important scientific and economic results. The object of the first kind of survey is exploration; it seeks to determine the general history of a country: the mountain chains, the rivers, the valleys, the character of the geology, and the limits of the geological formations. This class of work had its beginning in military expeditions, when the aim was to determine the character of a country with reference to the questions of transportation of armies and the application of military force. Scientific research was gradually added, and as the survey work became the only object, the military element became less and less conspicuous. Perhaps the best specimen of this system of reconnoissance work which has ever existed is now in operation in this country, under the charge of Dr. Hayden; other expeditionary surveys, under the charge of Mr. Clarence King and Major Powell, have shared with Hayden the task of unraveling the complicated geology and topography of the vast area lying between the eastern and western borders of the Cordilleras of North America. The present system pursued by Hayden is admirably suited to secure the most rapid delineation of a country for correct sketch maps. A system of triangles is carried across country from mountain-top to mountain-top, so that a large number of positions are accurately determined. From good points of view the topographer delineates the intermediate country by the use of the theodolite; contour lines, or lines supposed to represent equal heights above a water level, are sketched in with some detail, so that the eye catches the true reliefs of the country. Along with these topographical parties go geologists and collectors of specimens, to

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illustrate the geology and biology of the country. This survey is carried on at such speed that in a season of four or five months a single party will work in several thousand square miles of territory and obtain a remarkably good idea of all its important features. Several of such parties together make up the expedition, and the reports set forth, with a fair accuracy, the topography, geology, zoölogy, botany, agricultural resources, and such information as can be gained concerning the climatology of the district surveyed. It is difficult to imagine a plan better calculated than this to accomplish the end in view, namely, to discover the general characters of an unexplored land, and to guide the coming immigrant in its development by the steady light of science.

Let us now compare this eminently American survey with another work, happily also American, which differs from it in many respects. In the coast survey we have probably the most successful scientific organization, measured by all standards, that any country can show. For fifty years, with means that are relatively small, they have uninterruptedly and rapidly pursued the difficult task of determining with the utmost accuracy the coast features of the United States. In this task the cursory methods that are fittest in the survey of the Territories can find no place. In the topography of the shore every point must be given with absolute truth; nor can the delineation stop when the shore meets the sea; every feature of its shoaler depths must be studied with even greater closeness than the land. All this work rests upon a system of longitude determinations and triangulations extended from the most carefully measured base lines, first by a series of triangles, combined for greater correctness into quadrilaterals, all having the greatest possible length. Where by occupying mountains or building towers these first triangles can be made forty or fifty miles on a side, no pains are spared to accomplish the result. The heliotrope, an instrument for casting sun's rays with a reflector, serves to signal from mountain-top to mountain-top with wonderful precision. Other series of triangles are formed within this first or primary triangulation, until every part of the region to be mapped has points determined, and marked with signal poles not more than a mile apart. The reader, if any great part of the coast is known to him, must have noticed these signals with their little pennons of white cloth. Each of them marks a point, the relations of which to Greenwich and Washington, and to the equator, have been determined by every means known to science. When the topographer comes to make the map, he brings into the field what is termed a plane table, whereon there is a map sheet, each six inches of which indicate about a mile of the surface he is to represent. He then with his instruments, which from their beautiful adaptation to their work merit a description our space does not permit, gives every important object on its true scale, every road, house, and field; the nature of the ground, whether wooded, tilled, or grassed, swampy or sandy, all these features find a place on the map in signs which explain themselves. The contour of the surface is determined and indicated by red lines for the successive water levels, each twenty feet higher than the preceding, giving a distinct idea of the precise relations and form of every hill and valley on the surface. So accurate are these maps that from them alone any expert person, without seeing the ground, could construct an exact model of the country represented.

When this work is done over the surface of a whole State, as it has been done, or is doing, in some European countries, it gives a perfect basis for all the great operations of the engineer. Is a railroad to be constructed: careful inspection of these maps will show its proper course without preliminary surveys to determine the most practicable route. Are mill powers to be improved, drainage works undertaken, or cities supplied with water: these maps show the drainage areas and the course of water levels. Nor is their use

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more than begun when this duty is done. Every township, village, or city has endless questions of sewerage, road building, taxation, questions concerning the placing of public buildings, etc., in every one of which such a map is a matter of the utmost importance. Unfortunately this coast survey map is not primarily designed for any such purposes, though there is but one reason why it will not subserve them all; it is its want of extension over any considerable surface. At present it is limited to about a mile or two of the sea border. Intended as it is as a frame for the hydrographic maps, it takes in but enough to furnish the sailor with his "bearings" from the land. If we had the coast survey work extended inland over the country as rapidly as the land attained the value given it by high culture, we should have, in time, as fine a national map as could be desired. As it is, the marvelously accurate work of the coast survey stands only as a precious example of what good work is. Congress has already taken what we may hope is the first step in the enlargement of the coast survey, by authorizing the extension of its triangulation over the surface of any State which has provided a topographical and geological survey of its own. If this had been done thirty years ago, it would by this time have had the most profound influence upon the study of American topography; but it comes so late that most of the wealthier States have already spent large sums of money upon more or less considerable failures in the way of local surveys. Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, in fact, almost every State from Maine to Texas, can point to more or less work done in the name of geology. Some of these surveys have greatly advanced science, but they will all have to be done over again. Those of New York, Ohio, Illinois, and California all deserve to be praised. That of the last-named State is the most creditable piece of finished reconnoissance ever undertaken and carried far towards success within our national limits. It would be a valuable volume that should take up the history of these surveys, show their successes and failures, and recapitulate the gains science has made from them. It is enough for our present purpose to say that the fatal weakness of one and all has been the insufficiency of the topographical maps of the several districts. We have already incidentally considered the value of these maps in the ordinary work of society, as far as the surface is concerned; for the purposes of the geologist, when he has in hand the description of the structure and resources of a country, they are absolutely indispensable. Unless he can trace the limits of formations, the lines of border, and other similar features, with the greatest nicety, showing where they run with reference to roads, fields, and buildings, he can give nothing of perfection to his records. However accurately he may have observed, his observations must remain a matter of imperfect verbal description, and the work is only temporized with. There is not a single State survey in this country which does not need at the moment to be begun again.

The State of Massachusetts is a remarkably favorable State for illustrating the methods in which a survey should be conducted; not such a survey as a new Western State makes in order to get some idea of where its coal and iron lie, and the amount of its wealth, but a work intended to be the most exact and final work which it is possible to do on the earth's surface. When a government approaches so considerable an enterprise as this, and determines that it is to be done so as never to require, in our day at least, a reconstruction, all geologists will agree that the first thing is to secure the best map. Massachusetts has the good fortune to have her shore belt map completely made by the coast survey; Cape Ann and Cape Cod and the bordering islands, making, together, about a tenth of the total area of the State, have all been done on the scale of one ten thousandth, or about six inches of map to the mile of distance. If it were practicable, this map should be continued on the same scale

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over the whole State, making, when finished, a record map about ninety feet long and fifty-four wide; on this scale every important detail could be truthfully laid down. This is the proper thing to do, and nothing but the cost of the work can be urged against it; on this plan the surveying and improvement of private grounds could always be accomplished, tax levies made, in short, our civilization could be organized upon it. If something else less perfect must be done, it will be with the greatest regret that we turn to it from our ideal. On this perfect system the topography alone would be likely to cost over half a million of dollars and pretty certain not to exceed three quarters of a million, or about as much as one thousand feet of the Hoosac Tunnel. Who will say that Massachusetts cannot afford this sum for a perfect record of the theatre of her industries? If, however, it be thought that it is better to temporize with the matter, it will certainly be possible to get the most important results with a smaller original map — one twenty-five thousandth, or about two and a third inches to the mile, will answer for most of the great economic purposes of a survey; it will not, however, serve as a tax map or for the management of individual estates, and in time it would have to be done over on the larger scale. The dimensions of the original maps, it should be noted, is quite another matter from the size they have in their published form; from the original records reductions can be made to any scale.

When this topography is far enough advanced to give a basis for other work, the geology and biology should be taken in hand. Here we come upon a class of researches which require some special consideration. What should be the objects of this scientific work, and how are these objects to be attained? To answer these questions at length is to discuss all the methods and aims of science. There are some limitations, however, which are worthy of note. Any State, however small, furnishes problems organic and inorganic which will require centuries for their complete discussion. As we do not propose that a survey shall take up at once all the problems of science, it becomes a nice matter to limit the work. In the geology this is comparatively easy; no amount of detail consistent with the condition of the science will be superfluous here; every stratigraphical question, every question in chemical geology, should be followed to its utmost point. Each region supplies the investigator with special problems which he knows whenever the general structure of a country is known; it is the special object of a reconnoissance to show what and where these problems are. Some of them are economical, have money in them; the others are economical too, in that higher sense which finds all truth profitable. Of those which connect themselves immediately with industry we may mention the following questions: (1) the distribution of water, its storage and quality; (2) the building-stones of the State; (3) the existence of deposits of coal in workable quantities; (4) the distribution of metals, the iron of the western region, and the silver-bearing beds of the east; (5) the reclamation of marshes; (6) the retimbering of the exposed parts of the coast. Among the scientific problems, the State affords some matters of surpassing interest. Probably no other known fossils have so much value for the science of to-day as those wonderful footprints of the Connecticut Valley. They deserve years of study and the thorough investigation which can only be given by a careful re-survey of the whole region. There is the chance to get from that marvelous stone book records which have the same interest to the student of life in general that the remains of buried Pompeii have for the student of human history. In a few years we shall see these records sought for at the same cost of time and money that the British scientists give to their great bone caves. Under the old survey much was done to make a beginning in this research, but since then the whole aspect of the science of biology has changed. These fossils then were but curious; they now are in

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the highest sense valuable. Massachusetts has also among her records of the past matters of the highest interest to the geologist; great problems that need not be discussed in detail here are found in the structure of her Berkshire hills. Had the complicated geology of those hills been studied in detail twenty years ago, there would not only have been a notable addition to our knowledge of the laws operative in the building of mountain chains, but the State would probably have been able to act with far more understanding in the making of the Hoosac Tunnel. The writer of this has recently had occasion to make a very careful study of the geology of Hoosac Mountain. It is his firm belief that a due inspection of the surface of that ridge would have disclosed some of the difficulties encountered in the excavation of the tunnel; difficulties which could have been in a large measure avoided, had the engineers been forewarned. It does not seem too much to say that the cost of a complete survey, with a map on the scale of six inches to the mile, might have been saved by this easily gained knowledge. Massachusetts may not build many more great tunnels, — certainly not in her present humor, — but she has a multitude of vast engineering works before her which equally need the information which will be gained from a thorough survey. Another scientific problem which lies before a State survey is the history of that huge, sickle-shaped promontory, Cape Cod. Verily here is a hook on which to hang many questions. Its physical origin, its remarkable value as a barrier between the life of the north and that of the south Atlantic waters, and many other matters deserve investigation. Still another momentous geological question can be better discussed in Massachusetts than elsewhere. Within her borders we have a noble field for the study of the history of the glacial period. There is a special fitness in having the study of this phenomenon carried on here: the world owes the discovery of the facts to one of our most valued citizens; one who, though but an adopted son, gave her the earnest love of a great soul. Louis Agassiz left a noble monument, many monuments, we may say; but it is not to be doubted that this contribution to the history of the earth is his greatest single title to fame. It is fit it should be guarded here.

Among the many problems concerning the existing life of the State, it is difficult to give in a word the most important. A large part of the necessary work for the complete description of our animals and plants is already done, and needs but to be assembled and ordered. The State is already rich in investigators, and as soon as a survey begins, these will be increased; from their labors we may hope for a thorough study of the biology of Massachusetts. The State has already taken advanced ground concerning instruction in natural history. It will greatly aid the work of diffusing a knowledge of nature throughout the people, to have carefully edited catalogues of all the animals and plants existing within the State, with enough concerning their characters, habits, etc., to make the information of practical value to beginners. This work need be very little expense to the survey; the State already has nearly a million of dollars invested in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, and in the work of cataloguing the animals this noble institution can make a substantial return through the students it has trained and the collections it has accumulated. Managed with discretion, this survey could not fail to bring about a great interest in science in our public schools of all grades. With good maps and good catalogues of the natural productions of a country, teaching of natural science becomes possible to a degree that cannot be hoped for under other circumstances. This is to Massachusetts a matter of great importance; her real greatness has lain and always must lie in her power to produce men preëminently fitted for the work of their day. Other States can, almost without effort, beat her in the race for material greatness, strive as she may against it; but her intellectual lead, now so clearly established, may be maintained

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to the end if she but care to take the steps necessary to keep her energies bent towards this object. She must now foster science as she has established and fostered theology and general learning.

In the struggle of the nineteenth century there is no doubt that the material victory is to be to the trained men, those who were trained in their fathers as well as in themselves. The great storehouses of coal and iron of our continent are to yield up their buried forces, and to transform themselves into art, into science, into a wealth that passes all our powers to conceive. Out of our teeming earth are to spring new problems in life which the most far-seeing can scarce yet discern. Measuring by numbers and power, we see the threshold of a century which will dwarf all its forerunners into littleness. Massachusetts must take the lead in matters of science: let her children grow up with the best possible training in all its walks, and they get thereby a certainty of a great future. No one but those professionally employed in teaching geology or biology knows how far the teaching of all the branches of these sciences depends upon the existence of something like an accurate representation of the nature about the student. The writer has found it almost impossible to teach field geology in Harvard College for the want of anything like a proper map of the topography of the region immediately about Cambridge. Such a map, even were the geology quite left out, would double his opportunities for teaching the science. Let us assume that Massachusetts will do this justice to herself and her future, and that a survey is to be organized. Extended and complicated as is this work, there is manifest danger of imperfections in its execution. Most of our geological surveys have been carried on in States where there was little training in science, where the best that could be done was to bring from some other region a trained master and confide the task to him. Here, however, we have a people peculiarly rich in men of special training in science. It is doubtful whether in any other community of the same size, apart from some great capitals of Europe, we can find as many experts in their several walks. It is well to combine their work, or at least to take some measures to secure their wise advice. The best means, as has already been well suggested, would be to have a board modeled on the successful and well-balanced board of education, composed of the scientific men of the State, together with some men more trained in affairs than scientific men are apt to be, which board should represent the diverse interests concerned in such a survey. The secretary of the board should be the executive head of the survey, charged with the responsibility of the business interests, which should be kept apart from the scientific work. Specialists in their several departments should be put in control of the various lines of work, and made responsible in all scientific matters to the board itself. In this way complete efficiency can be secured, together with the fullest expert advice.

In the execution of the work it should not be forgotten that there are fortunately several scientific centres in Massachusetts, and in each, men who are workers in their several fields. If it be found possible, the survey should be so managed as to give strength to the science-teaching at these several schools, by employing their teachers and students in its tasks, and so making them grow with its growth. An accident of the moment has supplied us with a pertinent illustration of the value of a geological survey as a source of advice and criticism in the management of our resources. In the last months of the last year there came the announcement of the discovery of very rich silver mines in the neighborhood of Newburyport; from the newspaper statements we would be entitled to believe that a very remarkable lode had been struck, one that promised returns not unworthy of the dozen greatest silver lodes in the world. What makes the matter more deserving of attention is the unprecedented character of the vein. The series of rocks in which it is found has long been known to carry

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a certain amount of gold, which in Nova Scotia, Vermont to the northward, and on the east flank of the Appalachian mountain system in Virginia and the Carolinas, has furnished workable quantities of that metal; but we had no reason to expect silver in stores of economic value. There being no competent authority to investigate this matter, the public is likely to remain in substantial ignorance of its merits, even if years go by, until a State survey is begun again. This is particularly unfortunate, for if the facts are as alleged, then there is a source of enormous wealth which should have every aid of unprejudiced experts in its development; if, on the other hand, we have here another of the many clever frauds which have so often juggled men out of their money and made the American name a disgrace, then the best interests of the commonwealth demand a speedy investigation and a complete exposure.[1] In either of these cases, who can doubt that the commonwealth would gain the cost of years of work upon her survey from this single investigation?

Look at it as we may, measuring its immediate gains to our mines, our fields, our water mills, to our cities in their water supply and sewage, to our railways and common roads, to the interests of each owner of an acre that is to be improved; or considering the remoter yet not less real economy which is found in increased knowledge of the nature about us, and in the advancement of education, the reasons for this survey are very strong. The commonwealth of Massachusetts has not been wont long to weigh great advantages against small expenditures, so we may safely anticipate her speedy action.

N. S. Shaler.

[1] There is reason to hope and believe that this is not the case, and not the least reassuring point is that the people who have the matter in hand have gone personally at work at their venture like men, in place of endeavoring to float a stock company with an extravagant capital

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BEYOND RECALL.

THERE was a time when Death and I
  Met face to face together:
I was but young indeed to die,
  And it was summer weather;
One happy year a wedded wife,
Yet I was slipping out of life.

You knelt beside me, and I heard,
  As from some far-off distance,
A bitter cry that dimly stirred
  My soul to make resistance.
You thought me dead: you called my name,
And back from Death itself I came.

But oh! that you had made no sign, —
  That I had heard no crying!
For now the yearning voice is mine,
  And there is no replying:
Death never could so cruel be
As Life — and you — have proved to me!

Mary E. Bradley.

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RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

WITH the two volumes devoted to an account of the Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Mr. Motley brings to a conclusion his history of the United Provinces, and at the same time prepares the way for a still more difficult work, the history of the Thirty Years' War. The Rise of the Dutch Republic, The History of the United Netherlands, The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, stand prominent in a field of literature in which it is no easy task to win great fame. The writer has good reason to be proud of the honorable place he has attained among the best historians of the day. He, at least, is an American who has secured his position by thorough and serious work.

In this last history Mr. Motley takes up the thread of his narrative where his History of the United Netherlands ceases, and gives us an account of the internal discord which wrought such ruin in the Dutch republic. In the first place he briefly reviews the life of Barneveld up to 1609, when the twelve years' truce with Spain was signed. Mr. Motley has written a glowing tribute to his memory, showing us how amid all the dangers from the outside which threatened the safety of the young republic, and the no less dangerous misrepresentations to which he was exposed at home, John of Barneveld never forgot the one aim of his life, the honorable safety of his country.

In 1609 the advocate was the leading statesman of the Netherlands; it was by his influence that the truce had been made with Spain, a truce with which Maurice of Orange was but little contented. "The treaty was made, and from that time forth the antagonism between the eminent statesman and the great military chieftain became inevitable. The importance of the one seemed likely to increase day by day. The occupation of the other for a time was over."

The advocate had opposed the proposition of giving the sovereignty to Maurice, thereby giving the hot-headed soldier cause for hatred, which was ever fed by jealousy of the great influence exercised by the cool and cautious statesman.

Under Barneveld's care, guided by his mingled boldness and tact, the republic established itself among the nations of Europe, and it was acknowledged, though with considerable reluctance, as a sovereign state. The country, however, was much torn by religious and political dissensions. It was thought by many that the result of the successful war against Spain was, not the defeat of religious persecution, but a fitting opportunity to establish what they considered the only true faith, Calvinism, in all its severity. From this quarter the chief danger came. The last years of Barneveld's life were merely a short breathing-time before Catholicism and Protestantism were to enter into the long struggle of the Thirty Years' War. The strength of Protestantism, the freedom it gives to individual thought and opinion, is its weakness when it comes in direct conflict with the compact unity of the Catholic church. It is like a disorganized mass of brave men, suspicious of one another, jealous of their rivals, almost as hostile against their brethren in arms as against their common foe; while the Catholic church, securing by its discipline the abnegation of individuality, presents an unbroken front of combatants, intent upon a single object, the defeat of heresy.

Even before the making of peace with Spain, religious discord had broken out in the Netherlands, and it was by a strange turn of fate that just after the signing of the truce, the death of Duke William of Jülich, who held Jülich, Cleve, and other lands, brought up once more the religious question before the courts of Europe for immediate consideration. The candidates for the heritage of the duchies were the Emperor Rudolph on the one hand, and the Elector of Brandenburg and the Count Pal-

[1] *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D. C. L., LL. D., etc. Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Correspondence of William Ellery Channing, D. D., and Lucy Aikin, from 1826 *to* 1842. Edited by ANNA LETITIA LE BRETON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

The History of the English Language from the Teutonic Invasion of Britain to the Close of the Georgian Era By HENRY E. SHEPHERD, Professor of the English Language and English Literature, Baltimore City College. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1874.

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atine of Neuburg on the other. "But," Mr. Motley says, "the solution of the question had but little to do with the legal claim of any man. It was instinctively felt throughout Christendom that the great duel between the ancient church and the spirit of the Reformation was now to be renewed upon that narrow, debatable spot." Suddenly the Archduke Leopold, Bishop of Passau, made his appearance before the gates of Jülich, the chief citadel of the duchies, determined to take possession of the government, and, supported by Spanish power, to secure to the Catholic church this important territory. Barneveld had been before him, however, and it had been settled that the Elector and the Palatine "should together provisionally hold and administer the duchies until the principal affairs could be amicably settled. . . . Then there was Spain in the person of Leopold perched in the chief citadel of the country, while Protestantism in the shape of the possessory princes stood menacingly in the capital."

Henry IV. of France was regarded by all as holding in his hands the power of finally deciding the matter of the inheritance. He favored the side of Brandenburg, and in the face of Pope, Emperor, and King of Spain, he determined to support the princes and to maintain his alliance with the States-General. He saw Spain behind the emperor, intriguing against him, and in spite of the ridiculous behavior of the possessory princes, who wrote him a letter asking for a loan of four hundred thousand crowns, he made every preparation for war. Besides the complications abroad to hem him in, treachery at home was undermining his strength. He had one good friend, however, Sully, his chief adviser, whom Mr. Motley describes as follows: —

"The haughty, defiant, austere grandee, brave soldier, sagacious statesman, thrifty financier, against whom the poisoned arrows of religious hatred, envious ambition, and petty court intrigue were daily directed, who watched grimly over the exchequer confided to him, which was daily growing fuller in spite of the cormorants who trembled at his frown; hard worker, good hater, conscientious politician, who filled his own coffers without dishonesty, and those of the state without tyranny; unsociable, arrogant, pious, very avaricious, and inordinately vain, Maximilian de Béthune, Duke of Sully, loved and respected Henry as no man or woman loved and respected him. In truth, there was but one living being for whom the duke had greater reverence and affection than for the king, and that was the Duke of Sully himself."

At this time Henry fell in love with Marguérite de Montmorency, and of this episode of his life Mr. Motley gives an admirable description. He shows that although this affair was not, as has been suggested, the main reason of Henry's determination to make war, it was still not without influence in confirming him in that policy. He agreed entirely with Barneveld's views, and was in full expectation of occupying the duchies by a French and Dutch army which should strengthen the Protestant Union and humble the house of Hapsburg, when he was assassinated.

With the death of Henry, Spanish influence gained the ascendency in France. The country sank rapidly from its position of arbiter in the great struggle, and the Dutch republic found itself suddenly almost alone in opposition to the vast forces of Catholicism. Barneveld did not lose hope. He set himself to work with his accustomed zeal to form an army and to strengthen the Protestant Union. Command of the forces of the commonwealth was given to Maurice, who suddenly entered the duchies, at the head of a considerable army, took possession of Jülich, drove out Leopold, and put in his place Brandenburg and Neuburg under the protection of the republic. This, by the way, was the beginning of the greatness of the house of Brandenburg. As Mr. Motley says: —

"The republic had placed itself in as proud a position as it was possible for commonwealth and kingdom to occupy. It had dictated the policy and directed the combined military movements of Protestantism. It had gathered into a solid mass the various elements out of which the great Germanic mutiny, Rome, Spain, and Austria, had been compounded. A breathing-space of uncertain duration had come to interrupt and postpone the general and inevitable conflict. Meanwhile the republic was encamped upon the enemy's soil. France, which hitherto had commanded, now obeyed. England, vacillating and discontented, now threatening and now cajoling, saw, for the time at least, its influence over the council of the Netherlands neutralized by the great statesman who still governed the provinces in all but name."

Soon Matthias took possession of the power that had lain unused in the hands

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of Rudolph, and with the aid of Spain took measures to assert his claim to the duchies. Spinola was put in command of an army of eighteen thousand foot and three thousand horse, "and now began one of the strangest series of warlike evolutions that were ever recorded. Maurice, at the head of an army of fourteen thousand foot and three thousand horse, manœuvred in the neighborhood of his great antagonist and professional rival without exchanging a blow."

Spinola captured Aachen, Wesel, and other places, but "the Catholic forces under Spinola or his lieutenants, meeting occasionally and accidentally with the Protestants under Maurice or his generals, exchanged no cannon shots or buffets, but only acts of courtesy; falling away each before the other, and each ceding to the other with extreme politeness the possession of towns which one had preceded the other in besieging."

The result of this military pantomime was that the question of the duchies seemed on the point of settlement with a division, as equable as possible, of the debatable territory between Brandenburg and Neuburg. But at the last moment, Spain, confident in her own strength and seeing her opportunity in the weakness of those opposed to her, absolutely prohibited the treaty. The duchies were left under the joint occupation of Catholicism and Protestantism, and so they were to remain until the Thirty Years' War should "bring its fiery solution at last to all these great debates."

In spite of this unsatisfactory conclusion, the Dutch republic had shown itself but little disheartened even by the loss of its strong ally, France. Now new dangers were threatening it, which it was but ill-prepared to meet. France, as has been seen, was falling more and more under Spanish control; England, under the bigoted policy of James I., was showing hatred and contempt of the Dutch republic; the Catholic powers were strengthening themselves for a renewal of the conflict with Protestantism, and now "personal, sometimes even paltry jealousy; love of power, of money, of place; rivalry between civil and military ambition for predominance in a free state; struggles between church and state to control and oppress each other; conflict between the cautious and healthy, but provincial and centrifugal spirit on the one side, and the ardent centralizing, imperial, but dangerous instinct on the other, for ascendency in a federation; mortal combat between aristocracy disguised in the plebeian form of trading and political corporations and democracy sheltering itself under a famous sword and an ancient and illustrious name, — all these principles and passions will be found hotly at work in the melancholy five years with which we are now to be occupied, as they have entered, and will always enter, into every political combination in the great tragi-comedy which we call history."

While this was the condition of the Dutch republic, matters were in no better state in any other Protestant country. The German princes were blind to the needs of the hour, while the Catholic powers were preparing to strike a heavy blow.

If there had been unanimity in the Netherlands, it is not impossible that Protestantism might have had a leader strong enough to calm dissension elsewhere, but when Ferdinand of Gratz was elevated to the throne of Bohemia, and that fiery Catholic and apt pupil of the Jesuits started the glowing embers of discontent into an open blaze of war, the discord in the Dutch republic was at its height. Those who held to the gentler Arminian faith fell under the suspicion, so common in times of great agitation, of treachery. They were supposed to be secretly furthering the cause of Rome, and to be faithless to their own country. The Calvinists were full of the rigor of their faith. It was a struggle for life or death into which Protestantism was about to enter, and it is not to be wondered at that the Calvinists, never a pliable band of men, held any trifling with the severity of the law to be no better than opening the gates to Catholicism. To our thinking, Mr. Motley is inclined to look too harshly on the obstinate support they gave their creed. They saw their peril, they knew they had to deal with a relentless foe, and when both sides were arming for the fight, the Calvinists very naturally considered it an unfitting moment to propose compromise or anything that looked like indifference. Their austerity was the proof of their energy.

Besides their religious differences, the Netherlanders had other causes of dissension. The question of the rights of the separate states composing the republic was one that excited almost as much bitterness as did the relative merits of Calvinism and Arminianism. John of Barneveld found himself on the unpopular side, that of the

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Arminians and state-rights party, and although in the religious question he tried to calm the strife which was growing hotter and hotter, he held with great obstinacy, such as characterizes the lawyer rather than the statesman, to the doctrine of state-rights. Maurice was the leader on the opposite side. Though he cared little for, and knew less of the intricacies of the religious question, he was very glad to have the opportunity to oppose Barneveld, of whom he had long been jealous.

It is impossible in this short space to give all the particulars of Barneveld's downfall. He was accused of betraying his country to Spain, of being a Papist in disguise. In vain did he try to make a compromise upon a legal basis. Maurice marched through the provinces at the head of his army, much to the joy of the people, conquering without opposition the strongholds of Arminianism, and sovereign "for the time being at least, while courteously acknowledging the States-General as sovereign." Meanwhile Barneveld and two of his friends, one of whom was the celebrated Hugo Grotius, were arrested. After seven months' delay Barneveld was granted the form of a trial. In fact, like other state-trials of the time, it was a mere farce. No words can too severely denounce its unfairness. As a natural consequence of his arrest, he was condemned to death. We quote Mr. Motley's impressive description of his execution :—

"The old statesman, leaning on his staff, walked out upon the scaffold and calmly surveyed the scene. Lifting up his eyes to heaven, he was heard to murmur, 'O God, what does man come to?' Then he said bitterly once more, 'This, then, is the reward of forty years' service to the state!'

"La Motte, who attended him, said fervently, 'It is no longer time to think of this. Let us prepare your coming before God.'

"'Is there no cushion or stool to kneel upon?' said Barneveld, looking around him.

"The provost said he would send for one, but the old man knelt at once on the bare planks. His servant, who waited upon him as calmly and composedly as if he had been serving him at dinner, held up his arm. It was remarked that neither master nor man, true stoics and Hollanders both, shed a single tear upon the scaffold.

"La Motte prayed for a quarter of an hour, the advocate remaining on his knees. He then rose, and said to John Franken, 'See that he does not come near,' pointing to the executioner, who stood in the background grasping his long double-handed sword. Barneveld then rapidly unbuttoned his doublet with his own hands, and the valet helped him off with it. 'Make haste, make haste,' said his master.

"The statesman then came forward, and said in a loud, firm voice to the people: 'Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally as a good patriot, and as such I shall die.'

"The crowd was perfectly silent.

"He then took his cap from John Franken, drew it over his eyes, and went forward towards the sand, saying, 'Christ shall be my guide; O Lord, my heavenly Father, receive my spirit.'

"As he was about to kneel with his face to the south, the provost said: 'My lord will be pleased to move to the other side, not where the sun is in his face.'

"He knelt accordingly with his face towards his own house. The servant took farewell of him, and Barneveld said to the executioner, 'Be quick about it, be quick.'

"The executioner then struck his head off at a single blow."

Thus, as a victim of partisan fury, under the charge of betraying his country to Rome, perished the real champion of Protestantism in Europe.

Every reader of the history will notice how completely John of Barneveld is lost in the account of events, and of better-known men. It would seem as if more had been put upon his shoulders than they were meant to carry. The impression of the advocate left upon the reader's mind, or, it might be fairer to say, on some readers' minds, is that of an honest, conscientious, hard-working man, tenacious of his opinions, generally wise, and a true patriot, but of less marked ability than he possesses in the eyes of Mr. Motley, who, after all, knows a great deal more about him than do his readers. But the historian can hardly be said to have succeeded in drawing the character we were promised; it is difficult to avoid having misgivings about John of Barneveld's greatness. He had undoubtedly rare and valuable qualities, but perhaps not in precisely the proportion which distinguishes greatness from excellence. This is rather an impression than a conviction. So much is sure, at least,

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that the history outweighs in interest and importance the biography.

Allusion has already been made to the author's treatment of the religious question. Now that indifference has nourished toleration, it is easy for us to approve of measures which two hundred and fifty years ago would have seemed like a compact with the enemy. Calvinism was like military authority in times of peril; it demanded strict obedience, and looked with natural distrust at half-way measures; and when we condemn its severity, we do it rather with the comfortable security with which we look back upon the stormy past, than with complete sympathy for those who knew the enemy was at their gates. As we have said, it is just here that Mr. Motley seems to us to have lost the sense of strict historical perspective. Then, too, it is to be remembered that the close connection then existing between theology and politics was the reason that not all the followers of Arminianism were advanced apostles of toleration; far from it; they held certain theological opinions on account of their political prejudices. Bearing this in mind, the reader will get a fairer view of the conditions of parties in Barneveld's time than if he brings to the consideration of the question the mode of thought of the present day.

The course of events that followed the death of Barneveld, Mr. Motley hopes yet to describe, and for this undertaking he has the good wishes of his readers. We cannot be too grateful to him for this last history. It holds an important place in completing a work he had begun so well. The nature of the subject does not lend itself so well to the picturesque treatment of which he is a master, but the episodes of Henry IV. and of the fate of Grotius show that the difference lies in the subject and not in the writer. The closest knots of intrigue are disentangled and set before us clearly, new light is thrown on one of the most complicated periods of modern times, and in spite of the objections which we have briefly mentioned, the book is an interesting and valuable contribution to modern history.

— It is rather odd that while most of us, in these days of diminished leisure, spend many sighs over our own letter-writing, we should yet be very willing to read the correspondence of other people. The letters we write and the letters we receive consume an unconscionable portion of our time, and yet we extend a welcome to epistolary matter with which it would appear, logically, that we might thank our stars we had nothing to do. There is a permanent charm in the epistolary form, when it has been managed with any grace, and people find in it a sort of mixture of the benefits of conversation and of literature. This applies, of course, especially to the epistolary form as it was practiced in those spacious, slow-moving days, when a swinging mail-coach offered to a complacent generation the brightest realization of the rapid and punctual, and the penny-post, in its infancy, an almost perplexing opportunity for alertness of wit; days which, although not chronologically distant, seem as distinctly severed from our own as the air of an old-fashioned quadrille, played by an orchestra, from the rattling *galop* which follows it. There were doubtless many dull letters written in those days, and indeed the railway and the telegraph have not now made all letters brilliant; but we incline to think that the average of letter-writing was higher. The telegraph, now, has made even our letters telegraphic, and we imagine the multiplication of occasions for writing to have acted upon people's minds very much as it has done on their hands, and rendered them dashy and scrappy and indistinct. In fact, it may be questioned whether we any longer write letters in the real sense at all. We scribble off notes and jot down abbreviated dispatches and memoranda, and at last the postal card has come to seem to us the ideal epistolary form.

Dr. Channing's and Miss Aikin's letters belong to the ante-telegraphic period, and to an epistolary school diametrically opposed to the postal card manner. They have a sort of perfume of leisure; you feel that the writers could hear the scratching of their pens. Miss Aikin lived at quiet Hampstead, among suburban English lanes and garden-walls, and Dr. Channing dwelt in tranquil Boston, before the days of street-cars and semi-annual fires. It took their letters a month to come and go, and these missives have an air of expecting to be treated with respect and unfolded with a deliberate hand. They have other merits beside this agreeable suggestiveness; but we are obliged to ask ourselves what degree of merit it is that would make it right we should read them at all. Dr. Channing expressed the wish that they should be rescued from such a fate, and requested Miss Aikin either to return or to burn them. "Miss

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Aikin," says Dr. Channing's descendant, on whom the responsibility of publishing them rests, "did not herself interpret the passage so strictly;" did not, in fact, interpret it at all. She kept the letters intact, and publicity has now marked them for its own. Miss Aikin was excusable; she was a clever, eager old woman, who was not in the least likely to surrender what she had once secured, and who was free to reflect that if the letters were ever published (with her own as the needful context), she would by no means come off second best. Those of Dr. Channing take nothing from his reputation, but they add nothing to it, and under the circumstances they might very well have been left in obscurity. We touch upon this point because the case seems to us a rather striking concession to the pestilent modern fashion of publicity. A man has certainly a right to determine, in so far as he can, what the world shall know of him and what it shall not; the world's natural curiosity to the contrary notwithstanding. A while ago we should have been tolerably lenient to non-compliance on the world's part; have been tempted to say that privacy was respectable, but that the future was for knowledge, precious knowledge, at any cost. But now that knowledge (of an unsavory kind, especially) is pouring in upon us like a torrent, we maintain that, beyond question, the more precious law is that there should be a certain sanctity in all appeals to the generosity and forbearance of posterity, and that a man's table-drawers and pockets should not be turned inside out. This would be our feeling where even a truly important contribution to knowledge was at stake, and there is nothing in Dr. Channing's letters to overbear the rule.

He made Miss Aikin's acquaintance during a short visit to England prior to 1826, when the correspondence opens. She was a literary lady, a niece of Mrs. Barbauld, and member of a Unitarian and liberal circle in which Dr. Channing's writings were highly prized. She felt strongly the influence of his beautiful genius, and found it a precious privilege to be in communication with him. In a letter written in 1831 she returns him almost ardent thanks for all that his writings have been to her. "I shudder now to think how good a *hater* I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings." They continued to exchange letters until the eve of Dr. Channing's death in 1842, and their correspondence offers a not incomplete reflection of the public events and interests of these sixteen years. It deals hardly at all with personal matters, and has nothing for lovers of gossip. Except for alluding occasionally to his feeble health, Dr. Channing writes like a disembodied spirit, and defines himself, personally, almost wholly by negatives. Politics and banks are his principal topics, and in Miss Aikin he found an extremely robust interlocutor. The letters were presumably published for the sake, mainly, of Dr. Channing's memory, but their effect is to throw his correspondent into prominent relief. This lady's extremely sturdy and downright personality is the most entertaining thing in the volume. Clever, sagacious, shrewd, a student, a blue-stocking, and an accomplished writer, one wonders why her vigorous intellectual temperament has not attracted independent notice. She wrote a Life of Charles I. and a Life and Times of Addison (which Macaulay praises in his Essay); but she did a great deal of lively thinking which is not represented by her literary performances. Much of it (as of that of her correspondent) is of a rather old-fashioned sort, but it is very lucid and respectable, and, in a certain way, quite edifying. Both she and Dr. Channing were strongly interested in their times and the destiny of their respective countries, and there is a sort of antique dignity in the way they exchange convictions and theories upon public affairs and the tendencies of the age. Many of these affairs seem rather ancient history now, and the future has given its answer to Miss Aikin's doubts and conjectures. She troubled herself a good deal about shadows, and she was serenely unconscious of certain predestined realities; but, on the whole, she read the signs of the times shrewdly enough. A striking case of this is her prophecy that the Italians would come up before long and prove themselves a more modern and practical people than the French. There was little distinct promise of this when she wrote. She had no love for the French, and they were rather a bone of contention between her and the doctor, who admired them in a fashion that strikes one as rather anomalous. But his admiration was intellectual; he was in sympathy with their

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democratic and *égalitaire* theories; whereas Miss Aikin's dislike was inherent in her stout British temperament. By virtue of this quality she gives one a really more masculine impression than her friend. She had a truly feminine garrulity; pen in hand, she is an endless talker; but her style has decidedly more color and force than Dr. Channing's, and whatever animation and point the volume contains is to be found in her letters. She was evidently a woman of temper, and her phrase often has a snap in it; but the only approach to absolute gayety in the book, perhaps, is on her side. "I have had a glimpse, however, of the English reprint of the book; a glimpse only, for it was lent to Mr. Le Breton and to me, and in our mingled politeness and impatience we have been sending it to each other and then snatching it back, so that neither of us yet has had much good of it." It is rather amusing, in the light of subsequent history, to read in the same letter this allusion to Mr. Bryant: "I lament over the unpoetical destiny of the poet Bryant: his admirers should have endeavored to procure for him some humble independence; but it will be long, I suspect, before you pension men of letters." Miss Aikin's early letters have a tone of extreme deference and respect, but as the correspondence lasts, her native positiveness and conservatism assert themselves. Her letters indeed have throughout a *manner*, such as may very well have belonged personally to a learned British gentlewoman; she professes much, and she fulfills to the utmost all the duties of urbanity. But she speaks frankly, when the spirit moves her, and her frankness reaches a sort of dramatic climax in the last letter of the series, which Dr. Channing did not live to answer. She was willing to think hospitably and graciously of American people and things, but the note of condescension is always audible. She says of Prescott's style that "it is pretty well for an American," but regrets that, not having "mingled with the good society of London," he should be guilty of the vulgarity of calling artisans "*operatives*, the slang word of the Glasgow weavers." It illustrates her literary standard that she could see nothing in Carlyle but pure barbarism.

Dr. Channing's letters are briefer and undeniably less entertaining. But they are characteristic, and will be found interesting by those who know the writer otherwise. He was a moral genius, he had a passion (within the rather frigid form of his thought) for perfection, and he believed that we are steadily tending to compass it here below. One feels that his horizon is narrow, that his temperament is rather pale and colorless, and that he lacked what is called nowadays general culture, but everything he says has an exquisite aroma of integrity. His optimism savors a trifle of weakness; it seems rather sentimental than rational, and Miss Aikin, secluded spinster as she is, by virtue of living simply in the denser European atmosphere, is better aware of the complexity of the *data* on which any forecast of the future should rest; but he holds his opinions with a firmness and purity of faith to which his correspondent's less facile, Old-World liberalism must have seemed not a little corrupt and cynical. Even his personal optimism is great. "What remains to me of strength becomes more precious for what is lost. I have lost one ear, but was never so alive to sweet sounds as now. My sight is so far impaired that the brightness in which nature was revealed to me in my youth is dimmed, but I never looked on nature with such pure joy as now. My limbs soon tire, but I never felt it such a privilege to move about in the open air, under the sky, in sight of the infinity of creation, as at this moment. I almost think that my simple food, eaten by rule, was never relished so well. I am grateful, then, for my earthly tabernacle, though it does creak and shake not a little." There is something almost ascetic in the rule he had made to be satisfied with a little. "A fine climate! What a good those words contain to me! It is worth more than all renown, considering renown as a personal good, and not a moral power which may help to change the face of society. The delight which I find in a beautiful country, breathing and feeling a balmy atmosphere and walking under a magnificent sky, is so pure and deep that it seems to me worthy of a future world. *Not that I am in danger of any excess in this particular*, for I never forget how very, very inferior this tranquil pleasure is to disinterested action; and I trust I should joyfully forego these gratifications of an invalid, to toil and suffer for my race." And yet he was not unable to understand the epicurean way of taking life, and speaks of the pleasure he has had in hearing his children read out Lever's Charles O'Malley. "I read such books with much interest," he adds, "as they give me human

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experience in strong and strange contrast with my own, and help my insight into that mysterious thing, the human soul." We have said that the correspondence moves toward a kind of dramatic climax. The late Miss Sedgwick had expressed herself disparagingly on the subject of the beauty and grace of Miss Aikin's countrywomen, and Dr. Channing, with a placid aggressiveness which must certainly have been irritating to his correspondent, attempts to lay down the law in defense of her dictum. "You know, I suppose, that we have much more beauty in our country than there is in yours, and this beauty differs much in character." He intimates even that "the profiles of the American gentlemen are of a higher order than yours," and enumerates the various points in which English loveliness fails to rise to our standard. He had flung down the glove and it was picked up with a vengeance. Miss Aikin comes down upon him, in vulgar parlance, with a cumulative solidity which he must have found rather startling. If he wishes the truth he shall have it! She proceeds to refute his invidious propositions with a logical and categorical exhaustiveness at which, in the light of our present easy familiarity with the topic, we feel rather tempted to smile. Miss Aikin is not complimentary either to American beauty or to American manners, and the most she will admit is that so long as Dr. Channing's countrywomen sit in a corner and hold their tongues, they avoid giving positive offense; whereas she proves by chapter and verse that English comeliness and English grace ought to be, must be, shall be, of the most superlative quality. The English ladies "walk with the same quiet grace that pervades all their deportment, and to which you have seen nothing similar or comparable!" Dr. Channing died almost immediately after the receipt of her letter.

— In his short volume, Professor Shepherd has written an interesting and trustworthy account of the growth of the English language. "The book," the author says in his preface, "contains the substance of the lectures delivered to the advanced classes in English in the Baltimore City College during the past three years, and is intended for the purposes of instruction in colleges, high schools, and academies, as well as to meet the wants of general readers. The necessity for some work similar in design to the present must be obvious to all teachers of the English language in the United States. The want of suitable textbooks constitutes one of the most serious obstacles with which the magnificent and rapidly expanding science of English philology has to contend upon this side of the Atlantic."

For this purpose the book may with proper treatment be found of considerable service. It contains an excellent *résumé* of recent philological work, sketching briefly the history of the Indo-European family of languages, and tracing the growth of the English language from the earliest times down to the end of the reigns of the Georges. Thus, it will be seen, the author goes over a great deal of ground in short compass, for his book consists of less than two hundred and thirty pages. What might seem to many an arid, untempting subject is made entertaining, but without any sacrifice of solid merit. The general reader, who may be defined as the person who shuns textbooks, will find Professor Shepherd's book an excellent guide. As to its utility as a textbook we confess that we have our doubts; not from any fault of the book, however, but because it must fail to give more than a superficial knowledge of its subject, unless it is taken merely to supplement more vigorous work with grammar and dictionary and many volumes of English literature. If this be done, if the student has a chance to learn for himself with some toil what is here crowded into a few pages, or, possibly, lines, he will find Professor Shepherd's brief account of service in imprinting it upon his memory. But if, on the other hand, he contents himself with what he may retain from this abridged history, his knowledge will be certainly vague and insecure, because built upon too slight a foundation.

If every teacher were as familiar with the subject as Professor Shepherd, there would be no difficulty. There are only too many, however, who can do nothing in the way of explaining, illustrating, and confirming the brief statements of the book. Professor Shepherd can read between the lines of his history, he can explain at length whatever his brevity has left obscure; and unless this is done, it is certain that the book will fall very far short of accomplishing its purpose.

The history might be made more serviceable if full reference were made to authorities. There are many points where the writer could aid his readers by showing them where they might be able to pursue further investigations. After all, there is no royal road to learning, and even lect-

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ures are no more than stepping-stones at very unequal distances. Philology is a difficult science, and it requires hard work of its pupils.

— In the number of this magazine for September, 1874, there was printed a review of two books by Mr. R. A. Proctor, from which the following words are taken:

"The titles of these [referring to various books by this author] are well known, and they are an index to the rather sensational character of the books themselves: The Sun, Ruler, Light, Fire, and Life of the Planetary System; Other Suns than Ours; The Orbs around Us; Other Worlds than Ours, etc. The contents of these books confirm the evil prognostic of their titles."

To these remarks Mr. Proctor replied in a letter to the editor, in which he objected to the including of Other Suns than Ours in the list above given, for the reason that although it had been announced three years before, it had never been published.

As soon as possible, it was replied to Mr. Proctor that the mention of Other Suns than Ours, even in so incidental and casual a way as was done in the above-quoted paragraph, was "an undoubted slip, for which Mr. Proctor had our apology." In extenuation of this quite incidental mention, it was submitted that since 1868 Mr. Proctor had "published at least *twenty* different volumes," and this was supposed to be sufficient to excuse a slight confusion in the mind of even the most conscientious critic as to the exact contents of each of the twenty. It was further said that "a striking peculiarity of many of these is that their titles are like the parts of a Waltham watch, 'warranted mutually interchangeable.'" This was intended to show that the conviction, which really existed in the critic's mind at the time of writing, that Other Suns than Ours had been read and was a poor book, was not unnatural, and was easily to be held by any one who believed that three hundred pages of Mr. Proctor's recent style of essay was in print, which could be gathered into a mass sufficiently homogeneous to be put under one of the very general titles which Mr. Proctor affects: The Orbs around Us, Other Suns than Ours, Other Worlds than Ours, etc.

Before Mr. Proctor's first protest could be answered, he wrote a second to The English Mechanic, and on the appearance of the answer above given, Mr. Proctor wrote to The New York Herald a somewhat violent letter on Dishonest Criticism, in which he expressed his fervent wish "to bring before the bar of public opinion" "an offense against the morality of literature." In this letter he does not object to, nor attempt to disprove, a single stricture made by the critic, but reiterates the charge, already answered, that Other Suns, etc., had been mentioned as a published book. He however distinctly conveys the false impression that this mention was made in a formal way, for he says the reviewer "specially vilified" Other Suns than Ours.

We call the attention of the reader to the paragraph first quoted above, to show how casual and passing a mention of one of Mr. Proctor's books may be regarded by him as a special vilification.

It is not necessary for us to comment on Mr. Proctor's private opinions, which he expresses in an open-hearted manner in the letter to the Herald; but we note the great ratio of *reply* to *provocation* as unusual.

When Mr. Proctor seeks a grievance he is sure to find one: —

"Denn eben wo Begriffe fehlen,
Da stellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit sich ein."

French and German.[1]

It would be hard to find three volumes better suited for gift-books than these publications of Didot, which form a series representing with exactness and tolerable completeness the civilization of the Middle Ages. The only objection to their being put to the agreeable use we have mentioned is the beauty and attractiveness of the volumes, which are great enough to tempt even the most generous to keep them

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Les Arts au Moyen Age et à l'Époque de la Renaissance. Par Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob), Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Impériale de l'Arsenal. Ouvrage illustré de 19 planches chromo-lithographiques exécutées par F. Kellerhoven, et de 400 gravures sur bois. Paris: Firmin Didot & Cie.

Moeurs, Usages, et Costumes au Moyen Age, etc., etc. Illustré de 15 planches chromo-lithographiques et de 440 gravures. Paris: Didot.

Vie Militaire et Religieuse au Moyen Age, etc., etc. Ouvrage illustré de 14 chromo-lithographies et de 410 figures sur bois. Paris: Didot Frères, Fils, & Cie.

Contes Flamands et Wallons. Par Camille Lemonnier. Paris.

Histoires de Gras et de Maigres. Par Camille Lemonnier. Paris.

Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. 4ter Band. Characterbilder aus der Zeitgenössischen Literatur. Leipzig. 1875.

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himself. What first strikes one on opening them is the excellence of the illustrations, more particularly of the chromo-lithographs, which give fac-similes of many of the miniatures of the Middle Ages. These are so rich in color, and so admirable in execution, that it is easy to see that to produce them in a satisfactory state there is needed more than ordinary mechanical skill. The blame given to chromo-lithography is often deserved, but such successes as these show what could be done if those who are engaged in the business would only take all the pains required to give more than a diluted copy of the original.

These three volumes treat of the manners, usages, and dresses of the Middle Ages and the time of the Renaissance, of military and religious life and of the arts at those periods. These titles are rather vague, but there is included under them a great deal that is novel and interesting. There is but little danger of excess of pedantry in books of this sort; they are made to entertain that easily fatigued abstraction, the general reader, to win whose favor writers are always becoming superficial, and they wisely avoid going too far into a subject. They do not give us a complete notion of the Middle Ages, but they do contain a great deal of curious information about those times. Then the frequent wood-engravings throw light on much that would otherwise be obscure. In short, these volumes are very much like a portable museum; he is a very well-informed man who does not get profit from them, and a very indifferent one who is not entertained by them. The descriptive hardly equals the artistic part of the books; for instance, we are told, and with a quotation from Voltaire for our authority, that the Inquisition was a benefit to Spain, for by its means that country was preserved from anarchy and revolution. If Voltaire had lived a century later perhaps his remarks on this subject would not have found their place in this work. Most of the ghastly illustrations of the horrible work of the Inquisition represent the cruelties perpetrated by the Huguenots and the Protestants of the Low Countries, and the blame for all the religious persecution of those days is put upon Calvin's shoulders! Schism was certainly not always as easy to bring about as it has been within the past few years, when we have had no Calvin to introduce religious persecution.

In profane matters there is fuller information. There are also some curious anecdotes, as that of the *Sire* du Beaumanoir, who defended the dress of his wife, at which a lady was laughing, by saying that it was in accordance with his own wishes that she was dressed "after the fashion of the good ladies of France and of her country, not according to that of the women of England." This way of thinking, it is understood, is still held by a great many French people, not to speak of the inhabitants of newer lands. In general, one will read these books but hastily if at all. The illustrations will demand and receive the greater part of the attention, and they can hardly be praised too highly. The volumes should be in every public library in the country. They contain in all, it will be noticed, forty-eight remarkable chromo-lithographs, and between twelve and thirteen hundred valuable wood-engravings. In their specialty these volumes are as useful as an encyclopædia.

—Les Contes Flamands et Wallons is the title of a collection of short stories by M. Camille Lemonnier, which is well worth reading. M. Lemonnier is a Belgian, and in his writings he confines himself strictly to the material with which his residence in that country has made him familiar. These tales consist of what are called scenes of national life: every one of them contains descriptions of the people and manners of Belgium, told with the real art of a novelist, and so more noteworthy than if their sole merit were geographical accuracy. In some of them there is to be noticed a trace of modern sentimentality, as in La Noël du petit Jouer de Violon, and in Bloementje, which make rather violent assaults on the reader's capacity for pathos; but in the others there is a healthier tone. Un Mariage en Brabant is perhaps the best; it is but a slight sketch, which does not need any elaborate dissection to show the plot; but it will be read with pleasure by any one into whose hands the volume may fall.

The Histoires de Gras et de Maigres, by the same author, hardly pleases us so much. The first story, Les bons Amis, is too strongly marked by Dickens's mannerisms, and the others are for the most part rather coldly fantastic. But the first volume is worthy of attention for the simplicity of the stories, the modest excellence of the narration, and the accuracy of the pictures of Belgian life.

—We have just received, too late for more than brief mention at this time, the

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fourth volume of Julian Schmidt's Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. Almost every year this industrious writer sends out a new and massive volume on subjects of great interest to the reading public. It is not only his subjects that are interesting; in his manner of treatment he always shows the same energy and unflagging zeal which have made his more solid works masterpieces of industry and critical acumen. Mr. Schmidt's various merits have been often pointed out in these pages, and there is no need to-day of much more than calling our readers' attention to the fact that a new volume of his essays has appeared; the eager public Mr. Schmidt has created for himself in this country will know that they have a solid treat awaiting them.

In the volume we find the names of Auerbach, who has a long article devoted to him, Otto Ludwig, Paul Heyse, Franz Grillparzer, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Tourguéneff, and Pisemski, as well as others less known, and many pages of studies of the English novel. This is a tempting list.

Pisemski, it may be remembered, is the author of a depressing novel called Tausend Seelen in the German version, which is marked by the most uncompromising realism. He is not brought forward as a rival of Tourguéneff's, but rather as a Russian who is influenced in his manner of writing by the same causes which have made so much that Tourguéneff has written hopeless and depressing. Mr. Schmidt had already written an article on Tourguéneff, and a very interesting article it is, in the first volume of the Bilder; but in this essay he adds to what he said then some remarks which have been inspired by regarding Tourguéneff as a Russian, as one who belongs to a nationality stamped with feelings, and religious instincts and training, different from those of the west of Europe. Fully to understand a writer it is necessary to know whatever can be known of the countless influences which have gone to the shaping of his mind, and certainly the influence of race is one that ought not to be neglected. Schmidt, like every one who reads Tourguéneff, has found prominent in him the disposition to ask, What is the end of it all? what is the real value of life? The same tendency to pessimism he has observed in the earlier Russian writers, Pouschkine and Lermontoff. Schopenhauer, Schmidt also says, has nowhere found more devoted followers than in Russia. That this quality is so wide-spread he takes to be the consequence of the manner in which the Russians regard the ideal, so different from that of the rest of Europe. In other countries mind is modified by the prevailing religion. English literature, as well as German literature, starts from a Protestant basis; that is to say, even when there is no mention made of theology, there is tacit reference to certain universally acknowledged truths. In Catholic countries, and noticeably in France, the same thing is true. In other words, the civilization of Western Europe is homogeneous: culture and Christianity either agree together, or, disagreeing, respect one another. In Russia, on the other hand, the religion of the people is to those who are cultivated something unknown. As was the case in the third and fourth centuries with the first baptized Germans, this is probably due to what may be called the superficial way in which that country was converted to Christianity. It was done in the way Congress tries to make paper the same thing as gold, — by order of the government. Russian was pagan; edicts commanding conversion were pronounced, baptism of whole villages followed, and the country has since been called Christian. As Mr. Schmidt says, all its old superstitions remain, fastening themselves to traditions about the saints. Under the influence of their leaders the masses are capable of almost any amount of desperate devotion; to what extremities they can go there have been many instances in modern Russian history. The cultivated classes have but little sympathy with this. All the cultivation they have imbibed is *un*national; it has its origin in either Protestantism or Catholicism, and so is out of accord with the national religion of Russia. The Russian, then, who draws pictures of his national life, finds himself confronted by emotions which do not fully appeal to his sympathies, but which strike an unused, almost forgotten chord in his mind; and while he can partly appreciate what he sees, his cultivation causes him to regard these feelings as diseased growths, and he cannot help wondering how they made their appearance. It will be good news to our readers to hear that Tourguéneff is writing another long novel of Russian life.

We have not space this month for further mention of Schmidt's volume, but we hope to return to it in the next number.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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Macmillan & Co., New York: A Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green, M. A., Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford. With Maps and Tables. — The Poetical Works of John Milton. Volumes I., II., and III. Edited, with Introductions, Notes, and an Essay on Milton's English, by David Masson. — Christ and other Masters: An Historical Inquiry into some of the Chief Parallelisms and Contrasts between Christianity and the Religious Systems of the Ancient World. By Charles Hardwick, M. A., late Archdeacon of Ely. Third Edition. Edited by Francis Proctor. — The Extant Odes of Pindar. Translated into English, with an Introduction and short Notes, by Ernest Myers, M. A. — Tales in Political Economy. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. — An Elementary Latin Grammar. By John Barrow Allen, M. A. — Milton Areopagitica. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. W. Hales, M. A. — A First Latin Reader. By the Rev. T. J. Nunns, M. A., formerly Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. — Shakespeare. Select Plays: The Tempest. Edited by William Aldis Wright, M. A. — Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar. Containing Accidence and Word Formation. By the Rev. Richard Morris, LL. D. — Social Life in Greece, from Homer to Menander. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. — For the King's Dues. By Agnes Macdonell.

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A. Williams & Co., Boston: Legends and Memories of Scotland. By Cora Kennedy Aitken. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, London.

Government Printing Office, Washington: Report of the International Penitentiary Congress of London, held July 3–13, 1872 By E. C. Wines, D. D., LL. D., U. S. Commissioner To which is appended the Second Annual Report of the National Prison Association of the United States, containing the Transactions of the National Prison Reform Congress, held at Baltimore, Md., January 21–24, 1873.

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ART.

THE last exhibition of the Boston Art Club hardly deserves so much space as we shall give to it, were it not that it suggests a train of thought which cannot fail to arise in the minds of unprejudiced outsiders, who are interested in art progress. We suppose that no one considered this exhibition a fair representation of the powers or work of our artists. Hunt was present only in a few slight sketches, which, if they were the productions of a young, obscure artist, might have the words "full of promise" jotted against their titles in a critic's private catalogue. Inness had two landscapes, not in his best style; Gay was not represented; Norton's pictures did him injustice; and J. Appleton Brown had not contributed even a sketch to be remembered by.

An observer, standing before the collection, would really find it hard to decide what was the object of the club in opening their rooms to the public. If the club should say, "This is an exhibition by amateurs," we should immediately drop our ungracious task of criticism, and endeavor to express ourselves as the politic man of society might, when shown the crude sketches of a friend: "I cannot tell you *how* much I like your pictures."

We should characterize many of the American landscapes in the Boston Art Club Exhibition as Dickens did the color of the American houses of old: "The white is so very white, and the green so very green." Perhaps such pictures really represent the manner in which American landscapes influence our artistic temperaments. These may be honest efforts to paint nature as it is seen, which will be appreciated perhaps by some future generation as marking an epoch in our art development. To trace the influence of our climatic stage-effects, so to speak, upon the work of American artists would be an interesting subject for Taine. In England the solemn greens, the deep-hued browns of the carefully cultivated fields with their occasional fringes of bright poppies, the rounded olive-green hills, the grays of the chalk cliffs, all influence the landscapes of the native painters. There we never see the greens and the blues which pervade the pictures of many of our American artists. Among the French landscape painters also, there is the same dwelling upon subdued moods of nature. There is a fondness for misty effects: for reaches of moors on which the wind-waved grass, in straggling patches of brown and madder, with occasional breadths of modest green, seem to vie in wayward effects with the cloud forms overhead. In the subdued English landscape we miss the flavor of discontent and the thrills of color which a Frenchman can throw into his work. It would be a dangerous experiment, doubtless, for a French landscape artist to paint a series of American sketches. He would find so much in our garish midday sunshine, in our gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, in our autumnal effects, which would appeal to his instincts for the dramatic, that, far removed from the safeguard of the soft light, the browns and grays of his own country, he would be in danger of running to wild riot and disorder in color. It has long been the fashion in America to admire modern French art; perhaps it is because there is much that is akin in the art temperament of the two nations. The American artist recognizes apparently that his treatment of subjects in his own country lacks the sentiment which the Frenchman puts into even his mildest *tour de force*. Hence we have so many imitators of French art. We should be glad if they were less servile; and we should be rejoiced at bold strivings to express a distinctive American art in landscape, if the efforts had anything admirable in them. Perhaps nature in the beginning recognized what would be our national idiosyncrasies, and, to please a race of comparative barbarians in art, gave us in despair our brilliant skies and our autumnal gold and scarlet. There is certainly much that is admirable in color; but it appeals to an uncultivated taste more than form. Children are very early impressed by vivid colors; and some innovators think that our art education should begin with instruction in color. To handle color well, however, especially when the contrasts are so vivid as they are in our country, requires great moderation and discrimination. Turner, even in the subdued atmospheric effects of England, would not touch brilliant colors for many years, and the discipline which Turner subjected himself to would not be out of place with many of our artists. We

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remember to have seen no really successful rendering of one of our autumnal landscapes by an American artist, although such subjects are very often attempted.

We fear that scientific photography will in a day not distant drive the mere painter of views out of his own field. We do not see evidence in the work of most of our landscape painters of a stern desire for excellence in painting a special class of subjects. Sunrises and sunsets, water views and inland reaches of meadow and uplands, are attempted by the same painter with varying degrees of success. Many of the pictures in the Art Club Exhibition seem to us to need more body color. They have a starved look, as if the artists, in a hurry to produce certain effects, worked upon insufficient foundations.

Among the few landscapes free from the overpowering greenness which we have dwelt upon, there was a little picture of Manchester Meadows, by J. R. Brevoort, with considerable tenderness and sentiment in the distance. Of Longfellow's pictures we liked the careful study at Manchester. There was much that was commendable in a little sketch by Stratton, marked 99. Miss Boott's study of a Pool at Rye Beach was forcibly painted. Norton's picture, entitled December Gale, was very realistic, and appealed to any one who had been at sea. It was hung in too bright a light; to our view it should have been placed in a position where the spectral character of the ice-covered ship could be seen in half gloom. Vinton's Road in Melrose showed promise; it was certainly broad in its effects. Staigg's picture of the Chestnut Gatherer redeemed the room in which it was placed. It would not suffer if placed beside many of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits. The two pictures by T. L. Smith deserved better hanging, for they showed conscientious work.

Nearly a quarter of the entire exhibition was made up of the work of foreigners. On the whole, one often sees a better collection of pictures at Doll and Richards's.

There is something a little mournful to us in the departure of our artists for the more striking regions of American scenery. It seems to us that there is an infinite number of subjects lying at our very doors. Any one who would hire an old boat, and lurk in the salt marshes of the Mystic or the Charles, could fill his sketch-book with studies of delicate distant effects of towers beyond rich sweeps of brown; stranded schooners; old, rambling coal-sheds; all of which can be seen under a thousand varied effects of light and shade, with a sky over all, running down to the not far distant sea, capable of expressing every mood. Whistler could find as interesting subjects on these marshes near sea-ports, so common on our New England coast, as he has found along the banks of the Thames. Gay has discovered the mine of sentiment which lurks in our varied sea-coast, with its beaches and strips of moor. Morviller in some of his pictures caught the fascinating gloom of our landscape when seen through the veil of fast-falling snow. La Farge has appreciated the wealth of sentiment which the rocks and pastures of Newport afford, with their curtains of mist and half-revealed stretches of opal-tinted ocean. Indeed, most of our artists appear at their best when they remain at the sea-shore. Their efforts in the interior are not happy. Their browns and grays seem to forsake them at once. There is much that is poetic in our New England landscape. It could impress Hawthorne's peculiar genius so that it seemed the most appropriate setting for his fancies. Our writers seem to be far ahead of our painters in reproducing the characteristics of New England scenery, so that we must look to books and not to picture-galleries for landscape pictures.

Perhaps subdued pictures will not sell so well as panoramic views. Boston, however, with its many art lovers, with its prospective art museum and scheme of art schools, ought to encourage a style of art exhibition different from that of the Art Club this year.

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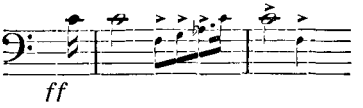
MUSIC.

THE recent performance of Lohengrin by the Strakosch opera troupe has been an interesting one in many ways. The mere fact that it was the first instance of a dramatic work of Richard Wagner's being presented to our Boston public in anything approaching to the spirit the composer and poet intended (the two or three so-called *performances* of Tannhäuser that were inflicted upon a long-suffering public at the Boston Theatre, some few years ago, were so grimly ludicrous in their wretchedness as to be unworthy consideration) makes it an important event. In spite of the many imperfections in the performance (we will mercifully only hint at the distracted and distracting cacophonists who regarded themselves in the light of a chorus), the general quality was good, fully as good as the performances of the larger modern French operas that we are accustomed to. The most marked defect (always excepting the chorus) was the one that most thinking musicians could have easily enough foretold; namely, a want of comprehension of Wagner's peculiar dramatic style by singers bred in a thoroughly Italian school of singing and operatic acting. The essentially lyric parts of the work, those parts which have most in common with the traditional operatic form, were, upon the whole, very well given, but the dramatic dialogue, of which there is so much in Lohengrin, was for the most part spoiled, by the singers evidently mistaking it for recitative, and singing or declaiming it accordingly. This was more perceptible in the parts of Telramund and Ortrud than in Lohengrin and Elsa. Almost the entire scene between Telramund and his wife at the beginning of the second act was dragged out to the stately proportions of Händelian recitative. The traditional way of letting the orchestra strike its chord first, and then coming in *after it* with the voice and action, was one of the most marked blemishes. The one thing that Wagner chiefly requires is perfect unity of action between singers and orchestra. To take one instance among many, we will mention the scene in the second act where the king, Lohengrin, and Elsa are stopped at the church door by Telramund, when he bursts out with his passionate appeal: "O König, trugbethörthe Fürsten, haltet ein"[1] (we must quote from the German copy). At this point the calm, stately march in C major is interrupted by a crashing diminished-seventh chord, followed by two hurried bars in the orchestra. The stage direction in this place is, "Enter Friedrich on the steps of the cathedral; the women and pages draw back in terror from him." But no Friedrich appeared! Consequently no one drew back. The procession stopped very punctually at the diminished-seventh chord, but they seemed to the audience to have stopped simply because the march-music had stopped playing. The king, Lohengrin, and Elsa seemed peculiarly embarrassed by this hitch in the order of ceremonies, and stood looking rather foolishly into the church as if for explanation of this unaccountable freak of the orchestra (it would have been more natural, all things considered, to have applied to Signor Muzio for information), when at last, the whole stage having by this time fallen into complete syncope, Friedrich made his appearance and the action continued. In some passages of the scene dramatic action is indicated, and fittingly accompanied, although the characters have nothing to sing. Just before the fall of the curtain upon the second act, while the king, Lohengrin, and Elsa are entering the church to the stately music of the orchestra and organ, the trombones suddenly strike in *fortissimi* with



the theme of "Nie sollst du mich befragen."[2] The stage direction is, "At this point the king and the bridal couple have reached the top step of the cathedral; Elsa, strongly affected, turns to Lohengrin: he receives her in his arms. From this embrace she looks down the steps in timid apprehension and sees Ortrud *raising her arm towards her as if sure of victory;* Elsa turns her face away in terror." We remember Fräulein Nanitz in Dresden raising her arm and hurling this terrific trombone blast, as it were, at Elsa. At the performance here, Elsa turned round, to be sure, but as there

[1] O King, deceived Princes, stop!

[2] Never shalt thou ask me, etc.

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was nothing doing on the stage that could in any way have frightened her, she had rather the air of having done so to inquire what the trombones were making such a noise about, — a question that the audience might well have asked without receiving any satisfactory explanation. But there were many excellences in the performance. In the first place Messrs. Strakosch and Muzio cannot be thanked enough for the evident pains they took with the orchestra. The exceptionally full score was absolutely filled. The three flutes, three bassoons, English-horn, and bass-clarinet were all palpably there. The trumpets on the stage were not in full force (Wagner has written parts for sixteen, we believe), but the four trumpets managed to get through without leaving any very noticeable bare places. One effect was, however, unaccountably left out: that is, the deafening roll of snare-drums (indicated in the score, we believe, by the simple word "Trommelwirbel"), which completes the climax of the trumpets in the gathering of the army on the field by the Scheldt, in the third act. But we have never heard an opera orchestra play so well in Boston. Mademoiselle Albani made a charming Elsa, and although she did not show any marked histrionic power, her conception of the part and her singing were alike fine and sympathetic. Signor Carpi was exceedingly good as Lohengrin. His singing was especially marked by rare purity of intonation, even in the most trying passages, with, however, a certain Italian exaggeration in the undue holding of long notes, as for instance at the words "Elsa, io t' amo," in the first act. Signor del Puente, as Friedrich von Telramund, acted and sang extremely well, with the exception of too great a tendency to turn the dramatic dialogue to recitative, which we have already noticed. Miss Cary's beautiful voice and firm intonation went far to make her Ortrud acceptable, but her dramatic capacity by no means comes up to the requirements of the part, which is an exceptionally difficult one, and her musical conception left much to be desired. Signor Scolara, as King Henry, only wanted a more powerful voice. The part is written for a bass voice of extremely low *tessitura*, like Sarastro in the Magic Flute, or the Cardinal in La Juive.

So much has been written and rewritten about Wagner's peculiar "theory," that we shall not say anything on that head here. Lohengrin is the last of his operas. His subsequent works bear the title of Handlung — transaction. But it may not be uninteresting to many of our readers to know what importance the poet-composer attaches to this very Lohengrin. We will quote several, we hope not too disconnected, passages from his A Communication to my Friends, first referring the reader to a passage we quoted in The Atlantic for November, 1873, from a published letter to M. François Villot. After speaking of the old German epic Der Sängerkrieg (The Singers' Contest) Wagner goes on to say: —

"This poem (the Sängerkrieg) stands, as is known, in immediate connection with a longer epic poem, Lohengrin; I studied this also, and a new world of poetic material was laid open to me all at once, a world of which I had previously had no idea, having been for the most part in pursuit of what was already in a complete form, and adapted for operatic treatment. . . . .

"As the main feature of the myth of the Flying Dutchman is seen in a still intelligible shape in the Hellenic Odysseus; as the same Odysseus expressed — in disentangling himself from the embraces of Calypso, in his flight from the fascination of Circe, and in his longing after the earthly, confiding wife of his home — the fundamental idea, as the Hellenic mind conceived it, of a longing, the expression of which we find again, infinitely enlarged and enriched, in Tannhäuser; so we find in Greek mythology the outline of the myth of Lohengrin, though probably by no means in its oldest form. Who does not know Zeus and Semele? The god loves a human woman, and comes to her in human shape for the sake of this love; but the loving woman discovers that she does not see her lover in his real shape, and asks him, impelled by the true zeal of love, to show himself in the full, sensual aspect of his real nature. . . .

"Lohengrin sought the woman who *believed* in him; who should not ask who he was, nor whence he came, but who should love him as he was, and because he was what he appeared to her to be. He sought the woman to whom he should not have to account for himself, to justify himself, but who should unconditionally *love* him. He had therefore to conceal his higher nature, for just in this not discovering, this non-revelation of his higher — or, more properly speaking, *exalted* — essence lay his only security against being merely admired and wondered at on account of this nature, or against receiving adoring homage as one

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not comprehended, whereas he desired, *not* admiration and worship, but that which could alone redeem him from his solitude and still his longing: *love, to be loved*, to be *comprehended through love*. With his highest sense, in his inmost consciousness, he wished to be nothing else than a full, entire, warmly feeling, and warmly felt man, a *man* above all things, not a god: that is, an absolute artist. Thus he longed for woman, — for the human heart. He stepped down from his blissful, barren solitude, on hearing the cry for help of this woman, of this heart, out from the midst of humanity down below. But the treacherous halo of his exalted nature still adheres to him, not to be stripped off; he cannot but appear wonderful; . . . doubt and jealousy confirm to him that he is not *comprehended*, but *adored*, and tear from him the avowal of his divinity, with which he returns, crushed in spirit, to his solitude. . . .

"It is, to-day, hardly conceivable to me how the deeply tragic character of this subject and of this figure can pass unperceived, and how its nature can be so misunderstood that Lohengrin seems but a cold, repulsive apparition, more capable of exciting aversion than sympathy. This objection was first raised by a friend of mine, whose mind and knowledge I highly esteem. It was in his case that I first made the discovery, which has been often repeated subsequently, that on first becoming acquainted with my poem he only manifested a thoroughly affecting impression, and that objection of his arose only when the immediate effect of the work began to be wiped away, to give place to a colder, more reflecting spirit of criticism. Thus, his objection was not an involuntary act of immediate emotional perception, but a voluntary act of the mediate understanding. This phenomenon showed me the tragic element in Lohengrin's character and situation as one strongly confirmed in modern life; it repeats itself in the work of art and its creator, just as it manifested itself in the hero of this poem. I now recognize with the clearest conviction the character and situation of Lohengrin *as the type of the only really tragic material, as, upon the whole, the tragic element in modern life*, of the same significance in the *Present* as Antigone was — in a different relation, to be sure — in Grecian civil life. Beyond this highest and truest tragic moment of the Present stands only the complete unity of sense and intellect, the only really *joyous* element in the life and art of the Future at their highest potency. . . .

"I come here to the main point in the tragic nature of the true artist's relation to life at the present day, exactly the same situation that I put into an artistic form in my version of Lohengrin: the most natural and urgent longing of the artist is to be accepted and comprehended through the emotions; and the *impossibility* that modern art-life has brought about of finding the emotional nature of that ingenuousness and undoubting directness which is necessary for such comprehension, — the *compulsion* the artist is under to appeal almost entirely to the critical intellect, rather than to the emotions, — *that* is, above all, the tragic part of the situation which I, as an æsthetic man, inevitably perceived, and which I was destined to become conscious of to such a degree in the path of my further development, that I broke out in open rebellion against the tyranny of the position. . . .

"Elsa is the antithesis to Lohengrin, yet of course not the diametrically opposed, absolute antithesis, but rather the *other part* of his own being, — the antithesis which is contained in his own nature, and is that complement of his own masculine individuality which he is instinctively impelled to seek. Elsa is the unconscious, involuntary element, through which the conscious, voluntary individuality of Lohengrin seeks its highest development; but this *seeking* is in itself again the unconscious, involuntary element in Lohengrin, which he feels to be the connecting link between himself and Elsa."

— The best of Gottschalk's posthumous works that we have yet seen is his Tarantelle de Bravura[1] (it seems impossible for publishers to confine themselves to any one language when composing a title-page). Here we have Gottschalk in his most fascinating vein. If the composition were to be put into the retort of criticism on high art principles, very little real musical value would probably be found at the bottom, after the more volatile parts, such as brilliant piano-forte effects, curious combinations of chords, and a certain indescribable charm and vivacity of style had been distilled off. But we have no desire to subject the piece to such a process. It is commonplace enough, if you will, but full of brilliancy, fascinating effects of sonority and rhythm, and is worked up with never-

[1] *Célèbre Tarantelle de Bravura.*

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flagging spirit from beginning to end. The true aim and end of a tarantella, namely, frenzied hilarity, is never for a moment lost sight of. It is extremely difficult in the sense of requiring great strength and power of execution, but even players who are far from being able really to *play* it, can appreciate the consummate skill and ingenuity with which the most sparkling effects are produced, and the ease with which the fingers adapt themselves to what are apparently the most hand-racking passages. Probably only those who have heard Gottschalk play, and can vividly call to mind the maddening fascination of his playing, will get much enjoyment from the piece. With the memory of the composer's playing still strong upon us, we had rather stumble through its pages ourselves and by ourselves, than hear any one else attempt it. Really to *play* anything by a man who had such a disheartening command over his wrist and fore-arm as Gottschalk had, and who never seemed contented unless he kept the whole seven and a quarter octaves in full vibration at once, is what few of us can aspire to with any reasonable hope of leaving any room for spirit and *entrain*. Unless the thing is done with consummate ease and *abandon*, it had better be left undone.

—The Souvenir de Lima[1] is an innocent enough mazurka, not wanting in strongly marked effects of rhythm and certain rather queer vagaries of style, which Gottschalk himself, and probably very few others, could have made fascinating. The edition is unfortunately rather too full of misprints.

—Francis Boott's The Brooklet,[2] apart from being a very pleasing, easily flowing duet for soprano and tenor, contains one of the most ingenious and skillfully carried-out contrapuntal conceits that we remember to have seen as yet. The words are from Longfellow. The soprano begins in E flat major, and sings,

> "The brooklet came from the mountain,
> As sang the bards of old,
> Running with feet of silver
> Over the sands of gold."

This little limpid melody in E flat is followed by a more solemn strain for the tenor in C minor (the relative key) to the words,

> "Far away in the briny ocean
> There rolled a turbulent wave,
> Now singing along the sea-beach,
> Now howling along the cave."

At this point both voices unite on the words,

> "Now the brooklet has found the billow,
> Though they flowed so far apart,
> And has filled with its sweetness and freshness
> That turbulent, bitter heart,"

both voices singing their previous melodies *note for note*. What is most curious is that the C minor melody harmonizes perfectly with the one in E flat; in fact, it really becomes itself a melody in E flat when brought into conjunction with the other, thus carrying out the expression of the text, "And has filled with freshness and sweetness that turbulent, bitter heart," to the fullest extent.

EDUCATION.

According to the census of 1870, the illiterate population ten years old and over, in this country, amounted to the fearful number of 5,658,144. In other words, of the whole number of persons ten years of age and more, a little above *twenty* in every hundred are set down as incapable of reading and writing. In view of this prodigious mass of illiteracy, in a country of universal suffrage, the question of compulsory education deserves the serious consideration of every citizen and statesman. It is already attracting considerable attention in different States, but as yet action on the subject has been hesitating and timid. The notion has prevailed very generally among us, that the exercise of compulsory powers to secure school attendance is somehow incongruous with the spirit of republican institutions. And besides, it has been the common belief that in due time universal instruction would be attained through the agency of good free

[1] *Souvenir de Lima.* Mazurka. Par L. M. Gottschalk. Œuvres posthumes, publiés sur manuscrits originaux avec autorisation de sa famille, par N. R. Espadero. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

[2] *The Brooklet.* Duet for soprano and tenor, or baritone. Words from Longfellow's Aftermath Music by F. Boott. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

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schools, without resort to coercive measures. But such opinions are justified neither by reason nor by experience.

The history of education affords the strongest proof of the necessity of compulsion as a means of combating illiteracy. The compulsion meant here is not the obligation, so generally imposed on towns or other territorial districts, to set up and maintain schools, but the obligation imposed on parents by legal provision, and enforced by legal sanction, to send their children to school, or otherwise to provide for their instruction. Compulsion has nothing to do with the higher grades of education, its sole object being to secure universal instruction in those subjects which are deemed essential for all children, without regard to their social station or their future occupations. The need of coercion for the attainment of this object may be inferred from the fact, which cannot be disputed, that no considerable community can be named where, in the absence of this agency, illiteracy has as yet been conquered. The census referred to revealed an unexpected percentage of ignorants in those parts of our country most favored educationally,—where for many years good free schools in sufficient numbers have been open to all.

To show the advantages of the compulsory system, there is nothing more instructive or more convincing than a comparison of the educational results in countries where it has been in operation, with those in countries which have not accepted it. The school systems of France and Prussia afford a striking contrast in this respect, which the issue of the Franco-Prussian war has brought out in bold relief.

The law of 1833, proposed by M. Guizot, then minister of public instruction, founded in France the national system of elementary education, which with some modifications has continued in operation until the present time. Of this law Matthew Arnold says, in his report on education in France, in 1860, "It has the great merit of being full of good sense, full of fruitful ideas, full of toleration, full of equity; but it has the still greater merit of attaining the object it had in view. . . . It was not more remarkable for the judgment with which it was framed, than for the energy with which it was executed. . . . The results of the law were prodigious. . . . I believe that the great mass of the population now passes, at some time or other, through the schools." But subsequent official inquiries showed a vast aggregate of non-attendance, and revealed a most deplorable prevalence of ignorance among the people as the consequence. A recent authentic account states that one out of four and a half of the children of school age attends no school, that two fifths of those who attend leave school having learned so little that they soon forget it, that three fifths scarcely profit by the instruction received, that a third of the conscripts can neither read nor write, that of the men contracting marriage twenty-eight out of a hundred cannot write their names, and that of the women so contracting forty-three out of a hundred are "completely" illiterate. Professor Bréal, of the Collége de France, in a recent able work on public instruction in France, goes still further, and says, "Instead of two fifths, *three fourths* of our children must be regarded as devoted to ignorance." Such is the result of the French system, which established schools, but did not compel the children of France to enter them. Of the disastrous consequences of this ignorance, M. Émile de Laveleye, an eminent publicist, in an elaborate review of popular instruction, says, "It is an indisputable fact that ignorance combined with universal suffrage was the immediate cause of the recent reverses of France." M. Guizot lived to be convinced, by such facts as these, of the mistake in not making education in France compulsory, in accordance with the views of his ablest associate in the work of educational reform, Victor Cousin, who had thoroughly studied the working of the coercive system in Prussia and other German states. Speaking of this system in 1831, Cousin said, "In my judgment, such a law is not only justifiable, but absolutely indispensable; and I know not a single example of a country in which such a law is wanting and in which the education of the people is in a flourishing and satisfactory state." This judgment the French people were not then prepared to accept. But since the events of 1870, the wisest men in the nation are earnest for the adoption of the plan which contributed so largely to the success of their conquerors. Professor Bréal perfectly expresses this new conviction in saying to his countrymen, "We must take our model from our adversaries."

The condition of Prussia after Jena was more humiliating than that of France after Sedan. But when the Prussian monarch saw his army annihilated and his kingdom at the mercy of Napoleon, he said, "The

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state must regain in intellectual force what it has lost in physical force." Such men as William von Humboldt, Fichte, and Stein put their hands to the work of reorganizing the national education, which was begun in 1807 and brought to completion in the famous *Regulative* of 1819. The obligation of school attendance was rigorously imposed on all children from seven to fourteen years of age whose instruction was not otherwise satisfactorily provided for. Subsequently the obligation was extended to children from six to seven years of age; and, more recently, children from fourteen to seventeen years of age, after completing the regular elementary course of instruction, have been required to attend supplementary or "improvement" schools, a certain limited number of hours each week.

In advocating the strict enforcement of obligatory instruction, at the beginning of this reform, Fichte said, "The first generation will be the only one upon whom it will be necessary to use constraint; for those who will have received the proposed education will voluntarily send their children to school." Experience proved this opinion to be substantially correct; in 1863, it was found necessary to inflict the prescribed penalty in only seven cases of delinquency. In proportion as knowledge advances among the masses of the people, public opinion is more and more in favor of the system. It has become rooted in the legal and moral habits of the country.

A few facts taken from the recent educational statistics will serve to indicate how far the object in view has been attained. It appears that the actual school attendance of the children from six to fourteen years of age is about ninety-eight out of a hundred; that is to say, it is substantially universal. Illiteracy is almost unknown. Among the conscripts of the districts purely German, hardly one in a hundred is without education; in Berlin, the proportion is *two in a thousand*; the average is raised to three per cent. by the drafts from the non-German districts in the eastern provinces, where it is difficult to furnish qualified teachers on account of the dialects required to be spoken. It was in view of such facts as these that Jules Simon, the late minister of public instruction in France, wrote, "Prussia, with obligatory instruction, has conquered ignorance, a victory from which we are separated, after thirty years of efforts, by nine hundred thousand children, ignorant and neglected."

The comparison of the results of the French and Prussian systems of education would seem to be sufficient to demonstrate the advantages and the necessity of obligatory instruction; but there are still other examples equally convincing.

In Saxony, compulsion was not strictly applied until 1835. It was only in the first years that it was necessary to punish delinquents. Soon parents were convinced that it was for the advantage of their children to attend school. And now to send children to school has come to appear as natural and as necessary as to supply them with daily food. Constraint has disappeared and habit has taken its place. The number of pupils in the schools corresponds almost exactly with the number of children of school age.

In Belgium, where much attention has been bestowed on education, and where the expenditure for this object is proportionally larger than in Saxony, but where the children are not obliged to attend school, a very different state of things exists. The last official census of the kingdom places *half of the inhabitants* under the head, "not knowing how to read and write."

A comparison of Switzerland and Holland would lead to the same conclusion in respect to the operation of the obligatory system.

Of the recent progress of this system England is just now presenting the most interesting illustration. In the long agitation for national education in England, although one of its most illustrious advocates, Macaulay, contended *that the right to hang involved the right to enforce instruction*, it has generally been taken for granted that it would not be practicable to compel the two million schoolless children to learn the alphabet. Matthew Arnold expressed the belief, some years ago, that the gradual rise in their wealth and comfort was the only obligation which could be safely relied on to draw such a "self-willed" people as the English to school.

But the world moves. The framers of the elementary education act of 1870, which for the first time gave to England and Wales a national system of instruction, ventured to insert a provision *permitting* the local boards of education to make by-laws compelling attendance at school. It was intended as a feeler. Many members of Parliament who voted for it believed it would remain a dead letter.

But it turned out that public opinion was

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in advance of the legislators, on this subject. Rate payers who had been compelled to put their hands into their pockets and pay heavily for fine school-houses and good teachers, sufficient for the schoolless multitude, were not long in coming to see the justice and expediency of compelling the street Arabs to go to school, and take a dose of reading and writing and good behavior. The result is almost astounding. Already in all the great towns, comprising millions of inhabitants, compulsory education is as rigorously imposed as it ever was in Prussia. The metropolis, with its three and a quarter millions of inhabitants, is completely covered by a corps of attendance officers under the direction of a general superintendent, who go from house to house with their official lists of children in their hands, to see that all are receiving instruction. As it is always the first step that costs, of course it is often found necessary to exercise coercive powers. The same thing is doing in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and many other places.

All this is certainly very noteworthy, but what is still more remarkable, there are unmistakable indications that Parliament will soon be forced by public opinion to make educational compulsion absolute and universal throughout England and Wales. On one day last August, the school board of Sheffield dedicated, with interesting ceremonies, five of the sixteen noble school-houses comprised in their scheme for meeting the educational wants of that town. Excellent speeches were made by the Archbishop of York, Mr. Roebuck, M. P., Mr. Mundella, M. P., and the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, the head of the educational department, in the Gladstone ministry, whom Mr. Mundella characterized as "the father of the education act, one of the statesmen of the future, and the hope of the country." Mr. Forster, in his admirable speech, planted himself squarely on the compulsory platform, saying, "I believe the time has come at which it will be only fair to school boards like the Sheffield board, which has been passing a by-law and working it regardless of any obloquy it might possibly cause,—the time has come in which it is only fair to them that Parliament should step forward and support their efforts by declaring by Act of Parliament that it is the duty of every parent to see that his child is taught, and for the state to say, 'We can't allow the parent to exercise what is called parental neglect by leaving his child without food for the mind any more than without food for the body.' It is too dangerous for us; it is too sad and distressing, too fearful in its results for the child; it is too dangerous for the whole community for us to allow it. I believe public opinion is quite ready for this." He expressed the hope that the present government would speedily pass the act, and added, "*Our* government declared that it was the duty of the state to see that in every locality sufficient school room was provided; but it is far nobler for *them* to have an opportunity of passing a law declaring what is the duty of the parent, and how that duty shall be enforced." So it is found at last by actual experiment that these compulsory laws are not un-English at all, but purely an English and practical method.

We are of the same stock, and when it has been fairly tried in America, it will be found that the system is not un-American, or undemocratic, but an eminently democratic instrumentality. Universal suffrage and universal instruction must be one and inseparable. But little has been done as yet in this country in the way of actually enforcing instruction. There has been an over-confidence in the power of moral suasion as a means of securing the school attendance of the more degraded classes, on the one hand, and a want of faith in the efficacy of compulsion, on the other. Although compulsory acts have been passed in eight or ten of the States, no adequate provision has been made for their execution, and so they remain for the most part inoperative. The truant laws of Massachusetts and two or three other States have, however, been to some extent enforced. The truant system of Boston is administered by a corps of fourteen officers who devote their whole time to the looking up of absentees. The compulsory act of the State of New York went into operation on the 1st of last January. The State superintendent of education does not cordially indorse it, but deems it entitled to a fair trial.

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